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INFORMATION FOR ADVERTISERS.

The average circulation per issue of the Farm and Fireside for the six months ending May 15th, has been

316,933 COPIES

This issue will be

250,000 COPIES.

Estimating at the usual average of five readers to each copy, Farm and Fireside has

One and a Half Million Readers

Farm and Fireside has More Actual Subscribers than any other Agricultural Journal in the World.

Topics of the Time.

THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

The principal part in the great coal strike was taken by the foreign element. This was its most conspicuous feature. The deeds of violence have, almost without exception, been traced to the foreign miners. Never before has the attention of the American people been turned so forcibly to the subject of anarchistic immigration. Commenting on this subject, the *Philadelphia Ledger* says:

"As a social study this strike exhibits a widespread development of anarchistic ideas since 1877, when the riots, though formidable, were limited to a smaller region and enlisted relatively few aggressive law-breakers. Since that time there has been a spread of anarchism, which is traceable through the reports to the employment of a low order of foreign workmen, mainly Poles and Hungarians, in mine work. Nearly every disturbance is led by them, and whenever names are given of active participants in the fights, they disclose the foreign origin of the rioters. This is not an impeachment of the nations from which they come, which, like other nations, have their good people and bad, but it is an impeachment of the immigration laws of this country, which, through their own defects or defects of administration, permit the landing here in large numbers, sometimes under contract, of ignorant and vicious men whose only argument when they feel aggrieved is violence, incendiarism or murder, and who have not the first conception of the true character of liberty, or of the blessings of orderly government by the people."

Not only has anarchy been imported into the country, but it has been assiduously cultivated here. For years political demagogues have been developing anarchistic sentiments among native Americans. The wonder is not that anarchistic ideas are widespread, but that there have not been more violent demonstrations during this period of social unrest. On the necessity of restricting immigration, Professor Swing, of Chicago, says:

"The governor or nation hesitating to enforce the law of person and property is

encouraging anarchy out and out. Such a trifling state or nation is only a bedlam. But our problem is more complex. We need a law that will cut off, for ten years or more, immigration. We have more labor than capital can use. We have made voters of the men who are ignorant and criminal. We have made the stuffed ballot-box, and have made the mobs valuable because they can stuff the ballot-box at every election. The officers hesitate to prosecute those who have manipulated them into office. What intellect the nation possesses has a large task in its charge. It must think deeply and act promptly in these hard times. You must consult the teacher, the doctor, the lawyer and the farmer who know nothing of strikes, but who know more of the value of life in a republic. You must consult the farmer, who is more concerned about the clouds in the sky than the coal mines or the problems of philosophy. It is a great relief to turn from a senator gazing over a tariff statute in Washington to the negro gathering cotton in Florida. We must cheer our nation instead of being depressed. Our country must not be imperiled because of these troubles. We must not omit a single duty in these days. We are heavily taxed because we deal with those who do not admire our laws and customs; however, immigration will soon be checked by the evident fact that there is no more work for the millions from abroad. The American paradise is at last overrun. We have no more work. There is more work for those we have if they will turn from the city to the farm. But when one man can do but one simple job, and turns the earnings of that job into drink, it is folly to bring them here. The saloon and death will get ahead of the school-house and church."

THE SUGAR SCANDAL.

In its investigation the Senate committee has struck pay-dirt. But the sugar trust's dictation of the sugar schedule in the tariff bill, and the speculations of senators in sugar stock, are only minor features of the greatest scandal in the history of American politics. The most conspicuous feature of this gigantic scandal is in the bill itself. It is in the sugar schedule adopted by the Senate. By the terms of that schedule the new duty of forty per cent on raw sugar is not to go into effect until January 1, 1895. Nearly all the other provisions of the bill are to go into effect July 1, 1894, or as soon as the bill becomes a law. This arrangement would enable the trust to buy, and import free of duty, enough raw sugar to supply the domestic demand for a year. After the first of next January the trust would sell the sugar refined from this free raw material at the increased price of sugar refined from raw sugar imported under a forty-per cent duty. This single alteration in dates made by the Senate finance committee would transfer from the treasury of the United States to the coffers of the sugar trust more than thirty millions of dollars. The trust's gain would be the government's loss. The public revenue from sugar for one year would be donated to the trust. Furthermore, having stored its warehouses full of free, foreign sugar, the trust would take this season's domestic product of raw sugar only at its own price.

When the president of the sugar trust was before the Senate investigating committee he was asked if the trust had not endeavored to control congressional legislation, with the object of protecting its interests and making money out of such

legislation as might be enacted, and he bluntly replied:

"Undoubtedly. That is what I have been down here for."

Does it not look like it was in a fair way to succeed?

The tariff bill is not a law yet, and there will be an opportunity to thwart the infamous scheme by which thirty or forty millions of dollars would be diverted from the United States Treasury to the sugar trust. When the Senate gets through with the bill it will go back to the House. If the House makes no other change in the sugar schedule, it can and ought to change the date under which it goes into operation. Changing it from January 1, 1895, back to the time the bill becomes a law will save millions of public revenue. Will it be done? It may, if the storm center of popular indignation reaches Washington in time. But this scheme has been most shrewdly planned to carry it through the House. Sugar is an article of necessity in every family in the land. Any change in the retail price is noticed immediately. The congressional elections occur next November. Many congressmen are desirous of re-election. It is to their advantage that no increase in the price of sugar should take place before the fall elections. Therefore, this sugar scheme, with its schedule going into effect next January, is expected by its promoters to pull through the House. The price of sugar is not to be increased until after the election.

When the Gorman tariff bill is considered in the House, a proposition will be made to alter the date in the sugar schedule. Watch the vote on that proposition. Then, at the polls next November, vote against every congressional candidate for re-election who favors the trust by voting for the date of January 1, 1895, no matter whether he is a Populist, Republican or Democrat. There may be an honest difference of opinion about laying duties on imported sugars, but there is no honest difference of opinion about this scheme of the sugar trust. If Congress wants to put duties on imported sugars, let it do it honestly. If the House does not upset this scheme, the people will upset the House at the ballot-box next November.

AGAINST THE FREE-TRADE THEORY.

In an open letter, Mr. Gladstone recently lamented the fact that the principle of free trade is falling into disrepute among the nations of the earth.

"According to his view," says the *Baltimore Herald*, "England stands practically alone as the free-trade nation. All over the continent of Europe, the governments, one after another, have been adopting the policy of high tariffs, both with reference to raising revenue and protecting home industries. Mr. Gladstone not only deplored this fact, but called attention to the growing tendency on the part of the British colonies to adopt the protection principle, and to subject the mother country to the imposition of their tariffs. It was a significant and suggestive confession on the part of the greatest and oldest statesman of Great Britain that the policy which he has enthusiastically pursued for thirty years is doomed to failure."

"The cause of this difference of policy between England and the other nations of the earth is not difficult to find. England is the great manufacturing country of the world, but she produces very little of what may be called food stuffs or raw materials. She buys everything, manufactures it and

sells it again, and it is the most natural thing in the world for an Englishman to be a free-trader. She invariably wants to buy in the lowest market, and have her manufactured goods sold in the highest markets of the world duty free. But with the other countries of the world the shoe is on the other foot. They are producing countries, and manufacturing is only a subordinate part of their industries. Then, too, the countries of Europe are burdened with enormous expenditures for their armies and navies. America is fighting out the problem against direct taxation to meet her enormous national requirements, and all the colonies of Great Britain are struggling to develop their resources and to establish manufactures in order that they may produce their own commodities in their own way. That America is a high-tariff country, both in principle and in practice, has been significantly demonstrated in the proceedings of the fifty-third Congress. As between tariff for revenue and a tariff for protection, there is an honest difference of opinion; but as between a revenue tariff and what is known in England as free trade, there is not much diversity of conviction among Americans. While human nature remains what it is and as it is, the political policies of states are bound to be selfish, and America will probably not cease to be a country of reasonably high tariffs for many years to come."

NO DIVISION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL FUND.

The New York State Constitutional Convention has been hearing arguments on the following proposed amendment: "No law shall be passed respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, nor shall the state, or any county, city, town, village, or other civil division, use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation or otherwise, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or in any other manner, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or an institution, society, or undertaking, which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

The principles involved in this amendment ought to be embodied in the constitution of each and every state in the Union. It is in harmony with the spirit of the constitution of the United States, which declares that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion. Our government is not to provide, directly or indirectly, for the teaching of sectarian dogmas in public, private, parochial or denominational schools. Church and state are to be kept separate. Division of public funds raised by taxation for public use among denominational schools is wholly indefensible. The state constitution of New York needs the amendment. In a number of cities and towns in that state the public school fund is now being divided between public and sectarian schools.

BIMETALLISM.

The act of Congress repealing the silver bullion purchasing clause of the silver act of 1890, contained a declaration in favor of the continued use of both gold and silver as standard money, and the coinage of both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the maintenance of the parity in value of the coins of the two metals and their equal debt-paying and purchasing power. The movement toward such a safe system of bimetalism is gaining force every day. State party conventions are declaring in favor of it. Public men are going on record for it.

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Springfield, Ohio.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

Wheat Area. The June 1st crop report of the department of agriculture makes the acreage of wheat 95.3 per cent of what it was last year. Mr. E. M. Thoman, the statistician of the Cincinnati *Price Current*, from reports of an organized list of correspondents, estimates the total wheat area at 35,480,000 acres, against 38,501,000 acres last year, or 92.2 per cent. The condition of spring and winter wheat June 1st indicates a total harvest of 443,000,000 bushels.

Chinch-bugs. Chinch-bugs are doing considerable damage in various parts of the country. One of the methods used in destroying them is by the introduction of their contagious diseases. The Illinois experiment station is prepared to infect live chinch-bugs with their contagious diseases and distribute them to farmers who desire to experiment with this method. Those wishing such material should send to the station some thousands of live insects, inclosed with a little green vegetation in a tin box. Upon receipt these insects will be exposed to infection by confining them in a tight box with a large quantity of dead and dying chinch-bugs, and then returned without charge to the senders, with full directions for use. Address Prof. S. A. Forbes, State Entomologist, Champaign, Ill.

For Good Roads. An informal conference of representatives from road associations will be held at Asbury Park, N. Y., July 5th and 6th. The following extracts from a letter of the New Jersey State Road Improvement Association set forth the objects of the meeting: "The conference is for the purpose of promoting organization for road improvement where such organization does not already exist; for strengthening the hands of existing organizations, and for the gathering and diffusion of general information on the subject of road improvement." "We, in New Jersey, have reaped the benefit of good organization, and its results in practical legislation. Several of our counties have now complete road systems, and road building by state aid is fairly inaugurated. Full details of our experience will be communicated to the conference by those who have administered the state aid law, and those who have benefited by it."

"This is not to be a convention of delegates, but a conference of road associations, state, county, township and municipal authorities, corporations and individuals concerned in road improvement."

"We meet to interchange views and to give and get all the information we can to promote the cause of road improvement. Manufacturers of road machinery will be present with their plants to crush rock and lay down roads, materials for which will be furnished by the municipality."

Nitrogen From the Air. The most expensive element of plant-food is nitrogen. The market price of nitrogen in chemical fertilizers is now about sixteen cents a pound. Any process that will produce it in large quantities and reduce the price will prove of inestimable value in agriculture. Nitrogen is absolutely necessary for keeping up the fertility of cultivated lands, and for the renovation of worn-out soils. There are boundless quantities of it in the atmosphere, but only a few plants, like clover, have the power, with the aid of certain microbes on their roots, to take it from the air and store it up in the soil.

If the claims of a New York inventor are true, there soon will be cheap nitrogen for farmers and a revolution in agriculture. He claims to have invented a process of making fuel gas from coal, crude oil, steam and air, by which large quantities of sulphate of ammonia are turned out as a by-product. The nitrogen in this sulphate of ammonia is taken directly from the air. Sulphate of ammonia is now worth \$60 a ton. The inventor claims that by his process the cost of producing the gas will be more than covered if the by-product of sulphate of ammonia sells as low as \$20 a ton. It is said that the process has proved to be successful in an experimental way, and that it will soon be tested on a large scale.

Objectionable Food Preservative. The following bulletin on an objectionable food preservative is issued by Chemist Huston, of the Indiana agricultural experiment station:

"In the month of December, 1893, I received from Mr. H. F. Smith, of La Porte, Ind., a package of material for use in preserving fruits and other perishable food material. The compound was for use in the 'Great French Preserving Process,' the business headquarters of which were in Chicago. It was also stated that the various fruits on exhibition at the world's Columbian exposition were preserved by this process. There were also inclosed various advertising sheets relating to the selling of the compound itself, and of the rights to territory in which the compound should be sold.

"The examination of the compound showed that it was composed of sulphur, charcoal, nitrate of soda, cane sugar and common salt. The salt may have been an impurity in the nitrate of soda used. Nearly 58 per cent of the compound is sulphur.

"The essentials of the directions for the use of this material were that the compound should be burned in a closed space, and the fumes arising from the burning should be absorbed by water placed in suitable vessels, and that the fruit in some cases should also be exposed to the fumes. Finally, the fruit was to be placed in the water which had absorbed the fumes of the burning compound and the vessel closed.

"The burning of the compound would result in the production of sulphur dioxide, also known as sulphurous acid, as one product, and it is this substance which exerts the preservative action in the process. The other ingredients are merely to aid in the burning of the sulphur. This sulphur dioxide is an intensely poisonous gas, and its use is prohibited as a food preservative in European countries. When the gas is absorbed by water, sulphurous acid, a powerful therapeutic agent, is formed. There is no doubt that its preservative action will be effective, for it is one of the best antiseptic and bleaching agents. But there are grave objections to the indiscriminate use of powerful therapeutic agents in food.

"The parties having the material and rights for sale state that the material or process is covered by a patent. On inquiry at the United States Patent Office, we

learned that the patent with the number said to belong to this process was issued for some sort of machinery, and had no relation to this subject. The advertising matter calls attention to the very large profit arising from the sale of this compound, and to the larger profits in disposing of rights to sell in certain territory. No doubt the profit ought to be large, for it sells at one dollar per pound, while the cost of the material in one pound would not exceed six cents, even if material of the very best grade was used in its manufacture.

"We would advise people not to buy the material, on account of its high price and objectionable character as a food preservative, and to have nothing to do with the purchase or sale of territorial rights, unless they want to be imposed upon or impose upon others."

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

THE OUTLOOK.

It certainly looks bad just now. Rain, rain, now for nearly three weeks, almost without cessation, and the ground soaked full of water. Even if it should stop presently, it will be days before we can think of finishing our planting, and then it will be on ground not by any means in the fine condition we got it in by dint of hard work and efforts before the rain set in. Corn planted just then has rotted in the ground. Potatoes may come, or may not. If they do, the ground will be packed hard and solid, and the crop, perhaps, not what we expected to secure by our careful and thorough preparation of the ground. Hundreds of Carman No. 1 potato-plants, and of choice tomatoes, egg-plants, peppers, etc., stand in my greenhouse, tall, overgrown, waiting for a chance to go out in open ground. Celery-plants in my frames are crowding each other for room, and cry for a place in the field. In the meantime the weeds everywhere make the most of their chances. They grow, and I have to stay off the land, and let them have their own (by no means sweet) way. Yes, it looks bad just now.

For my own comfort and consolation I have read and re-read my own article on "true temperance" in the FARM AND FIRESIDE of June 1st, and tried hard to practice that "temperance in fears." Then I tried to look on the other side of the question, and finally to draw the lessons from disaster. Not everything is lost. Never before have I had a more promising field of prizetaker onions, a finer patch of peas and many other vegetables, or better plants to set whenever the rain will allow us to set them. Grass and grain are doing well. Before long the sky will brighten, and our prospects with it. The land will dry out again, and redoubled efforts will get it again in fairly good order and free from weeds. Finally, the crops may turn out far better than we feared in our period of despondency. In short, we have no reason to give up in despair.

It would be a piece of folly to expect, or even hope, that everything will be in our favor. About everyone of us has to learn the lesson that things usually turn out far different from what we wish, and that they come our way only as an exception. Ours, indeed, is a life of fight against enemies of all sorts, of which unfavorable atmospheric conditions are not the least. We might as well become reconciled to this state of affairs first as last.

LESSONS OF THE FLOOD.

It is our business to be prepared for all emergencies, and the solution of this task is the test of the good farmer and gardener. With all the rain that has fallen during the last three weeks, the crops on our best-drained and best-prepared soil are doing well. Sweet corn and even Lima beans came up all right. During the few intermissions of the rain we could cultivate and weed our onions, etc. But where the drainage is deficient, and in all low spots, the crops are damaged or ruined. We seldom pass over a spring without the drawback of one or more freshets or floods. The owners of naturally-drained, loose, sandy or gravelly soils have a natural advantage in this respect. The rain-water passes right through into the subsoil, and when the rain is over, work can at once begin again. But we who work soil that needs artificial drainage, cannot be too careful and thorough in draining it. Few of such fields are provided with drains enough to carry off the surplus water as fast as it falls. Yet that is a necessary condition if we want crops and soil to go through the ordeal of such rains as we have had lately.

Our lands cry for drains placed half as far apart as we usually put them, and often for larger tiles. One crop saved by these means may pay for the whole outlay, and possibly for much more, if a garden crop. Then, no matter how good the underdrainage, it is always well to provide for surface drainage beside. Plow the fields in lands with deep furrows between to carry off the water as fast as possible. If all these points are seen to, we have done our part, and can defy the heavy or long-continued rains—a day or two of clear weather will make the land fit to resume work; but if the drainage is not sufficient, it may take weeks of dry weather to relieve the soil of the excess of water, and then leaving it sticky and finally as hard as a brick. All these are precautions of the utmost importance. Before you spend a cent for manures and extra labor, see that the drainage, both under and above ground, is perfect. After that, and usually after that only, manuring will pay all that it can be made to pay.

Another lesson of the flood is that it is always desirable for us to reserve some of our ammunition. We may think the season is all right, and go to planting our last bushel of potatoes, every Lima bean, every tomato or egg plant, etc. The possibility of accidents—floods, frosts, etc.—should always be kept in mind. The wise will hold seed and plants in reserve. I planted about four quarts of bush Limas (a mixture of Dreer's and Burpee's), but have enough left to fill in vacant spots, or plant another good big row, if the early planting should fail altogether. In regard to plants I have made special provisions for emergencies. Tomato-plants, when well hardened, can stand a light frost well enough. But I find they can't stand with their feet in water and their heads in a rather cold atmosphere, for weeks at a time without being badly damaged. Some weeks ago I set large plants in eight to ten inch pots. They are now full of bloom and fruit, and when warm, sunshiny weather returns will be set out in open ground, and be as early then as any plants that might have been planted out in April or early May in this climate. Egg-plants were handled in the same way. So after all I do not expect to lose much by the failure of the early-set plants, and the delay in planting. The matter is a little more serious in regard to potatoes. My main crop is all planted, and the rains have left the ground pretty wet. If the potatoes rot in the ground, I will have to find new seed, and my own seedlings will be all exterminated. There were some good ones amongst them. I find, however, that my way of heavy seeding usually helps me well over the rainy spells. A whole or even a half potato seldom fails to grow all right, rain or no rain; while small pieces often come to grief, unless they have been especially treated for the purpose of starting the eyes into life before planting.

UNSAFE PROPHECIES.

We are not prophets; yet almost everybody likes to indulge in predictions occasionally. We only too often undertake to predict the weather and crops and other things, only to find, after awhile, that we have hit wide of the mark. Wise politicians and editors predicted better times to begin with the repeal of the Sherman silver bill. This was repealed, but the better times failed to come. Some now claim that better times would come with free coinage of silver. But why should they? The last issue of the *New England Farmer* publishes the views of a number of farmers on the "hard times." One writer says that times would get better at once if the tariff question was settled. But how does he know? I imagine that only the Almighty knows how soon there will be an end to this "business depression," and what means would bring an improvement about. My conviction is that "hard times," like any other disease, will run their course. The enactment of laws may be of some influence, but of rather a slight one. The tariff discussions might be dropped, or a new tariff law passed, or the McKinley bill simply repealed or allowed to stand. I imagine it will not materially change the natural run of the "hard times." The chief trouble, it seems to me, lies in the fact that American farmers and American manufacturers can produce in nine months more than the American people can consume in a year. Production goes on until there is a congestion, bringing business depression and hard times. When the congestion is relieved times will improve.

T. GREINER.

Our Farm.

BARN AND THEIR USES.

STRUCTURES AND SUGGESTIONS.

An excellent farmer in my town recently lost by fire a barn which is said to have cost \$3,500. The owner had but sixty acres of land, and although he was one of the best of farmers, it was not often that the barn with its immense area was made to groan with its fillings. It was planned on too liberal a scale, and could not in a dry or unfavorable season be stuffed as our fathers stuffed their little 30x40 low barns.

Most barns are built too large and costly, and it is far better to build smaller than to build large and acquire a debt or mortgage as a result. I know several farmers who got out of debt and then made another building a gigantic barn, and in some cases this debt or mortgage will outlast the owner and be left as a heritage to his children.

If the space in these immense barns could be utilized during the greater portion of the year there would be more reason for building so large, but the fact is that fully half the space is used for only about six or eight weeks in a year.

Let me illustrate with diagrams a barn which is a fair sample of the way many of the mammoth modern barns are used.

Fig. 1 is the ground plan of a barn that is 80 feet long and 44 feet wide, with 20-foot posts. It has four sections, bounded by five bents of heavy, framed timber. Nos. 2 and 3 are driving-floors with large doors; Nos. 1 and 4 are mows filled from the floors. Fig. 2 shows a cross section of the barn elevation. The dotted lines indicate the height to which the barn is filled with hay when the grain was threshed. Mow 1 was filled first from floor (2) up to the line A B in Fig. 2. Floor 2 was then filled 11 feet deep also with hay, this being represented by the line E F in Fig. 2. Harvest then stopped haying for a few days, and the wheat was put on top of the hay in No. 2, a little being allowed to flow over onto No. 1 when the mow got as high as the hay on No. 1. After wheat harvest mow 4 was filled with hay up to the line C D, and six or seven acres of oats was afterward mowed on top, remaining about two weeks, when oats and wheat were both threshed and the straw stacked outside. Floor No. 3 has only been used to drive upon and store the hay-rack and wagon, excepting that a load of wheat that got wet in drawing was thrown upon the scaffold (H). There are two scaffolds, each with an area of 240 square feet, and head-room at the eaves of eight feet, but the storage capacity of the barn is so immense that these scaffolds are rarely used. After corn-husking the space on the hay on floor 2 was covered with corn stalks nearly to the plate.

To sum up, the mow 1 was used to the plate for hay, floor 2 was used for hay 11 feet deep, and the rest used for wheat five weeks. Mow 4 was used for hay 18 feet deep and filled to the plate for two weeks with oats. Afterward the balance of 2 was filled with corn fodder, while floor 3, being one fourth of the entire elevation above the basement, was used for one load of wheat; to store wagon and rack, and to set the threshing-machine upon for one day's threshing or less.

This waste of room is not confined to this one barn, but is nearly as bad in all

put it on the empty floor, by driving up sideways to the door and pitching it in, setting the machine in place of the wagon at threshing-time. By this method the barn would have been but 60 feet in length instead of 80 feet, and would have cost at least one fifth less than it did cost.

As it is the owner has been to the expense of 880 feet of 2 and 1½ inch flooring, 1,100 feet of shingling and roof boards, 800 feet of siding and doors, besides rafters, heavy floor timbers, and one entire bent of frame for the sake of housing a wagon and rack, and 25,000 cubic feet of air.

I do not forget that underneath is a basement stable, but this, if built in the form of a lean-to, would only require a roof as good as the barn, while all other parts could be of the lightest and cheapest, and it need be but seven feet at the eaves, and the pitch of the roof would subtract that much from the siding of the barn. Farther than this, my observations have been that barn basements are often as wasteful of room as the barn above, and that in many cases they could be contracted one fourth, without materially lessening their usefulness or convenience.

An acquaintance in another county is reported to have said, "I lie awake nights thinking what a 'dog-gasted' fool I was to

attention to skim-milk as an egg feed, and a cheap one, to those dairymen who make butter a specialty.

I have kept an accurate account with my hens for years, and I know that I can feed a hen for five cents a month, putting the feed at full market rates and including meat, oyster-shells and an insecticide in the expense account. Now, an ordinary hen, if not too old, will lay from 110 to 125 eggs a year, and these eggs, if sold at low prices, will leave a profit after paying for the keep of the hen. In average years, one dollar per hen profit can easily be made from the sale of eggs alone, and if the best laying breeds are kept and reasonably good care given them, the profit may run up to two dollars per hen.

The man who sells his butter to consumers, gets more than the quoted rates for it, provided he makes a first-class article, and if he will make the production of eggs a partnership specialty with the butter business, and sell the eggs to his butter customers, he will realize much more than wholesale prices.

I have said nothing about selling poultry, for the broiler business would require more care and attention than most dairymen have to spare, but in growing pullets for layers there will be a large per cent of

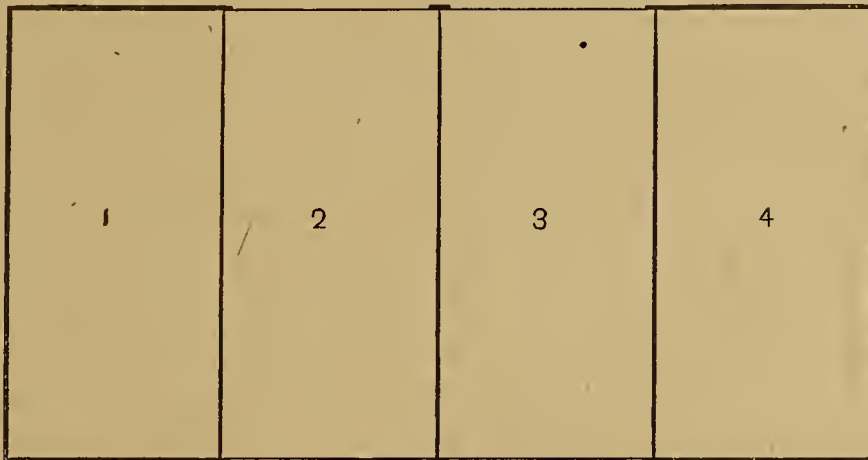


FIG. 1.

mortgage my farm for \$1,500 in order that I might build a mammoth palace wherein to store sixty-cent wheat." Now, his foolishness did not consist in building a convenient shelter, but in building it so high and large that he could not profitably use it. I can see no object in building a barn with 20-foot posts and then make no use of all the space above the plate. A barn filled half way up to the ridge may have posts four or more feet shorter, and thus save four feet of weather-boards and upright timber, and one row of nail ties all around, besides paint and nails for the same. A gain is also made in cost of covering, as boards 20 feet long cost \$4 more per 1,000 feet than those of only 16 feet long. To those contemplating building large barns, I urge the advantage of visiting such structures in early winter, and observe the actual proportion of filled and waste space, and then be governed in their plans accordingly.

L. B. PIERCE.

BUTTER AND EGGS.

There are no two branches of farming that fit so nicely together as butter dairying and egg production. Even though both of these products should be sold through a commission merchant they can be sold profitably, but if they can be sold direct to consumers the profit will be still more satisfactory. Many dairymen now sell their butter to regular customers, who take it by the year at a fixed price, and these same customers can be made egg customers as well.

The butter dairyman has a large quantity of skim-milk as a by-product, and the feeding of this milk to the best advantage is quite an item. I notice that some dairymen practice feeding this skim-milk to the cows, but I never could see where the profit of this came in, when there are other kinds of stock that will pay more for it. Of course, when calves are raised they should have a certain amount of the skim-milk, and little pigs will pay well for a liberal allowance of it also; but I think that a good flock of laying hens will give the best account of all the skim-milk the young calves do not require of any kind of stock we keep.

The present extremely low price of eggs is rather discouraging, I know, but the past winter and this spring have been a remarkable exception in the way of ruling prices for eggs, as well as for some other articles produced on the farm. But even at the low prices eggs are now selling at they can be produced at a profit, and I wish to call

attention to skim-milk as an egg feed, and the same persons who buy the butter and eggs.

THE SPECIAL-PURPOSE HEN.

I would advise a dairyman to keep a special-purpose cow—either a milk or a butter cow—and I would just as strongly advise the keeping of a special-purpose hen. If eggs are to be made the chief interest in hen-keeping, then get the breeds that have been bred specially for egg production, and they will pay much better than the breeds that are fitted for the broiler business. When we are endeavoring to get the largest number of eggs a year per hen, we want the breeds that are non-sitters, and as these breeds are, on an average, considerably smaller than the sitters, we not only get more eggs per hen, but it costs less to feed them, on account of their smaller size; so we have a profit in two directions. Though the greatest egg producers are called non-sitters, there will be enough broody hens in a flock of two-year-olds to supply sitters to hatch sufficient chicks to keep the flock full in number, after allowing for the disposal each year of the hens that get too old for profitable egg laying.

I have tried this plan of selling eggs to private butter customers, and know that it is a good one, and can confidently recommend it to others. A certain amount of money invested in special-purpose hens will return a greater per cent of profit than if invested in any other kind of stock, but I do not advise any one to rush into the egg business, building a lot of hen-houses and stocking them with purchased hens, for the result will be a disastrous failure; but to begin with a small flock, learn how to care for it, and then increase its size as experience justifies is a safe enterprise, and should be a very profitable one.

In these days of cheap wheat, one way to sell it to advantage is to convert it into eggs through the medium of a flock of hens. I have received over \$1.50 a bushel for wheat sold in egg-shape, with eggs at eighteen cents a dozen. There is money in this egg business for those who have the faculty of properly caring for the hens.

A. L. CROSBY.

FARM NOTES FROM MISSISSIPPI.

CRAB-GRASS.—Some time ago I noticed in a Florida paper that crab-grass yields as high as four tons of hay per acre, near De Land. This, of course, on rich land. This reminds me that the yield of this grass throughout the Gulf and South Atlantic states is invariably good where the

soil is reasonably fertile and the seasons fairly favorable. As a rule, however, the yield is from one to two tons per acre, the first cutting. It is often the case that two cuttings can be made in one season. If cut when beginning to head, while quite green, then properly cured, there is no doubt but that the quality is excellent. Any land that has been in cultivation the previous year, if broken up late in the spring or early summer, will generally insure a crop of crab-grass, the grass growing spontaneously, without any expense to the owner of sowing seed. It is also valuable for summer grazing. One of the most valuable hay crops that can be grown in the South is a combination of cow or field peas and crab-grass, the two grown together. The peas are sown at the rate of one bushel of seed per acre, in drills three feet apart, and are not cultivated. The crab-grass comes up and fills any space left vacant by the peas, and the two are, at the proper time, harvested together. The presence of the crab-grass facilitates the curing of the peas. This is a grand crop for southern farmers, and one that should be more largely grown. It would be hard to find any better hay for horses, cattle or sheep; a crop of high chemical and practical feeding value for all kinds of stock.

GYPSUM, OR LAND-PLASTER.—The composition of gypsum is lime, sulphuric acid and water, in the following proportions: 32½ quarts of lime, 46½ quarts of sulphuric acid and 21 quarts of water. It is the general belief that gypsum gathers ammonia from the atmosphere when applied as manure; that it also gathers moisture from the air in dry weather. It is certainly a stimulant to plant growth. It is beneficial to such crops as clover, peas, corn, cabbage, turnips, etc. Yet on some soils the benefits of the good effects of this application are not apparent. What crops and soils the gypsum will benefit can only be determined by experiment; there is no other reliable method of finding out. About one hundred pounds per acre is the usual quantity applied. In the South, the use of this plan of top-dressing has been very limited, so far as I can learn. More extended experiments ought to be made. In a neighboring county a few years ago, a farmer in the prairie (lime-belt) region experimented with land-plaster on several acres of red clover, and the results were astonishing. The yield was not only unusually large, but the plants were green and thrifty in a severe season of drought, that wilted all surrounding vegetation and other clover that did not receive an application of plaster.

CURING HAY.—The old system of drying the life out of hay is being changed for the better. Hay is now more largely than ever cured with as little sun as possible, avoiding the dews as well. Dew injures the hay as well as the sun. The best manner of curing the hay is to put it up fairly green in cocks, after being wilted more or less. To determine the exact stage to perform the work depends on circumstances and conditions—the state of the weather, whether the sun is shining hot or whether the sky is clouded, or the atmosphere heavy and full of moisture, or whether the air is dry and parching, the age and succulence of the plant and the special kind of plant being mowed. These cocks, after standing a certain length of time, are torn down and several of them combined into one large one, and here remain until ready for housing. This hay retains a green color, and is far better than the sun-dried article. If the hay undergoes a sweat in the cock or shock, there is very little danger of this being repeated when it is stored away in the barn. Cured in this way, I have seen clover and pea-vine hay almost as green as when mowed, yet well cured and free from any danger of heating or spoiling after being stored away in the hay-barn. It requires experience, good judgment and careful personal attention to insure the proper curing of hay.

HAY-STACKS are better for being large, since less hay is exposed and spoiled. The secret of stacking is a very simple one. Keep the center full and well tramped, and the outside will take care of itself, provided you distribute the hay evenly and in proper order to give the necessary and desired shape to the stack. It is well to rake the sides down before the job is pronounced finished. There is really no necessity for the pole in the center, as is practiced by most southern farmers.

EDWIN MONTGOMERY.

HOOD'S IS GOOD.

"I have been troubled with that tired feeling, also loss of appetite. I could not sleep at night, my face broke out in pimples, and I had headache almost contin-

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

usually. Last April I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my troubles are all gone. I gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to my baby, not yet eight months old, for sores on his body, and it cured him." Mrs. W. J. ROACH, Kibbourn, Illinois.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box.

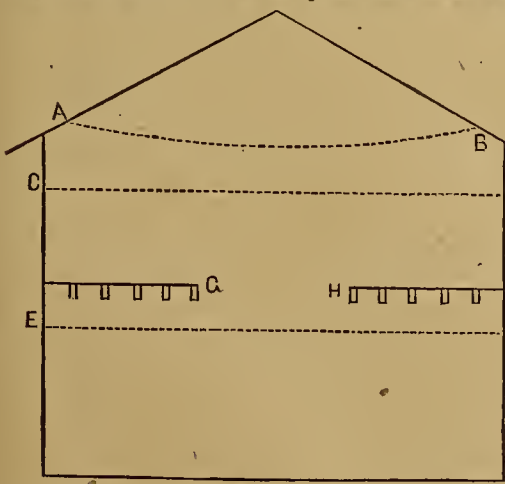


FIG. 2.

the mammoth barns I know of, and in some even worse.

By a little study of Fig. 2 it will be seen that all the hay on floor 2 could easily have been put onto the mows 1 and 4, and this floor entirely dispensed with. "Yes, some one answers, but where would you have put the grain?" Well, I would have

Our Farm.

IN GARDEN AND FIELD.

PLANTS FROM CUTTINGS.—O. H. W., an Arkansas subscriber, writes me that the runners taken from sweet-potato vines make the best potatoes. He has set them out as late as the first of July and grew large, smooth tubers from them. That sweet potatoes can be grown from cuttings admits of no doubt. Sometimes we may be short of slips, or have a particularly valuable variety which we desire to propagate as fast as possible. In that case cutting propagation may be resorted to. Of course, the cuttings should be rooted in sand, under glass and shade protection, in the same way I root cuttings of house plants, shrubs, etc., and then transferred to the open field. Where the season is long enough, we may allow the runners to strike root between the rows of our regular potato-patch, then take them up and plant where wanted. But this is a roundabout way at best, and not usually practical under ordinary conditions. Whoever makes a business of raising sweet potatoes for table use, invariably uses "slips."

It is pretty much the same thing with various other plants. I am still propagating the Carman No. 1 potato. The one half peck planted out on greenhouse-bench, and which has given me hundreds of plants (now growing finely in open ground), is still furnishing crops of sprouts, and really seems inexhaustible. In pulling the "slips," sometimes one or more break off, leaving a stub attached to the seed piece. The stub keeps on growing, comes to the surface again, and is then pulled with the roots, thus furnishing a hill. In the meantime the broken-off, rootless top has been stuck into the ground and become a "rooted cutting." This also goes out in open ground and makes another hill. The seed ends (each one, perhaps, only of thumb-nail size) also give a full crop of sprouts, although these are usually more spindling than the sprouts from the whole potatoes. Finally, the seed ends themselves, and the single eyes cut from the tubers, that have furnished us crop after crop of sprouts, will be planted out also. This is the way of making the most of a peck of seed potatoes. What the outcome will be, of course, remains to be seen.

Quite frequently I practice the cutting method of propagation with tomatoes. When I have only a few seeds of a particularly choice variety, I usually am all the more anxious to get a good supply of plants. The seedlings are topped, and the top pieces rooted and planted out in flats. The first seedlings, of course, produce laterals in abundance, and part of these again may be cut off and rooted. Even in field culture, a plant cut off by cutworms, or destroyed in some other way, may be replaced by taking a lateral from one of the nearest plants (if calloused or showing signs of rooting along any part of it, all the better), and setting it in the vacant spot so that only the tip remains above ground. But any one who grows tomatoes extensively for market or canning purposes, will seldom care to spend extra efforts in propagating plants in any other way except the usual one of raising seedlings in the ordinary fashion.

PRICES OF SEED POTATOES.—Just at present (early June) lots of people would like to plant potatoes, especially of early kinds. Many of the earlier plantings have been drowned out in this vicinity. The consequence is that seed tubers are scarce and high-priced, although not really of prime quality. Of course, it cannot be expected that growers of seed potatoes will hold a large part of the crop until this late, simply to provide for uncertain emergencies. Pure and well-grown seed stock usually brings a good price, and "second-crop" stock should bring an extra one. Is it not feasible for our southern brethren to furnish us northern fellows early potatoes fit for planting by July 1st, so we can grow a fine, "second-crop" seed stock to use another spring? This seems to me a question worthy of investigation. Frequently we have a piece of good soil, a strawberry or pea patch, etc., which we might put to good use by planting some early variety of potato, if we could only get the seed. Why can our southern friends not furnish them?

The *Rural New-Yorker* quotes my prediction from the FARM AND FIRESIDE that the Carman No. 1 will be worth \$5 a bushel next spring. This prediction is a safe one. I might have put the price much

higher, say \$30 a bushel, and it would come true, for many bushels will be sold next season by the single pound at fifty cents (possibly \$1) a pound. I have not tried the variety before this year, and cannot say anything of its quality or value for general purposes. But a variety that has the advantage of Mr. Carman's name and recommendation, of being boomed by leading seedsmen, and yet so scarce that there were not half enough last winter to satisfy the demand for them at a high price, may be counted upon to be in great demand next season. In cases like this I simply take into consideration all the circumstantial evidence I can find, and this evidence strongly points to a period of popularity—probably deserved—for the Carman No. 1 potato. For the producer of seed potatoes it would be worth a great deal to know what variety is the "coming" one. We have to take our chances.

THE POTATO-BEETLE.—One of the advantages found in late planting of potatoes is that the beetles are nearly all "spoken for." They have congregated on the earlier patches, and if we poison the slugs in time, on our early plants, the later ones will most likely escape without much harm being done to them. The long cold and rainy weather has kept the old hard-shells back, and if any eggs were laid by them earlier in the season, they probably have been destroyed. But with sunshine and warmth the beetles return in full force. Potatoes just coming up are liable to suffer. I am now fighting them by hand-picking, the boys going over the patches once or twice every day, picking up every beetle they see and depositing them in a pail containing a little water and a few tablespoonfuls of kerosene-oil. If this treatment is continued the potatoes will suffer little injury. The few slugs that will come later, in spite of all our precautions, will fall an easy prey to the Bordeaux mixture seasoned with Paris green, with which we try to keep the plants coated all the time. Egg-plants are in especial danger from potato-beetle attacks. If left without attention, every plant might be eaten down almost to the ground by the hard-shells. The boys have to look them over for beetles several times a day. This perseverance always pays. It never fails to save the plants, and when the latter once commence to make rapid growth, favored by hot weather and rich soil, the few beetles that come later on will do them comparatively little damage, while the young generation is easily destroyed by Paris green applications. Since I have learned to protect my plants from the potato-beetles, I can raise egg-plants as easily as corn or tomatoes or potatoes, and in a small way I find the crop as profitable a one as I can raise.

PRUNING AND TRAINING TOMATOES.—My main crop is always left without attention as to pruning and training. The only thing that I would be willing to do for a patch of a number of hundred plants would be to put straw or brush around them. Yet I like to have a few plants staked or trellised. When trimmed up to single stalk and tied to a stake, for instance, or when trained to any kind of neat support, a dozen or two of tomato-plants may be made quite an ornamental feature of the garden. Besides this, the fruit will be less liable to rot, and sometimes come out much nicer and larger, although the plants may not yield quite so much fruit. I have not found fruit on trained plants much earlier than on plants left without support and trimming. It will also be well to bear in mind that foliage is needed to bring the fruit to full development. There may be no objection to the removal of a surplus of foliage, and the cutting out of an oversupply of succulent laterals; but we must carefully avoid robbing plants of the full amount of foliage needed to mature good fruit. JOSEPH.

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Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Young Trees in Old Orchards.—E. C., Ohio, Ill. Young apple-trees will grow where old apple-trees have been taken out, provided the land is thoroughly manured, but it is generally preferable to plant in new soil.

Grafting the Cherry.—W. F. H., Glenville, Md. Cherry-trees may be grafted if the work is performed early in the spring, before the sap starts, but the operation is generally unsatisfactory. They should be budded in August or September.

Sapsuckers on Evergreens.—M. H., Nottingham, Ohio, writes: "What can I do to prevent the woodpecker from destroying evergreen trees? They are full of holes all up the body, and look as if they would die. What is the reason the bird attacks them so?"

REPLY:—The woodpeckers—or as they are sometimes called, the sapsuckers—probably attack the trees that they may catch the insects that collect around the exuding sap. All woodpeckers are not thus injurious, but the injurious species should be destroyed by the shotgun or other means as the only preventive of a very serious injury.

New or Old Vines—Trees in Poultry-yard.—C. L. N., Hemlock, Ind., writes: "I wish to set out a few grapes in my garden. I can get plenty of vines from an old vineyard which was grubbed up on account of the rot, several years ago. Would they be desirable?—I have a hen-yard set with apple-trees. The hens keep down every spear of grass. Ought these trees to be hoed or worked to promote their growth and health?"

REPLY:—Do not bother with the old grape-vines, but get thrifty, two-year-old, first-class vines from some reliable nurseryman. Old grape-vines seldom do well if moved, no matter how carefully the work is done.—It would be a good plan to work up the soil around the trees in your hen-yard.

Leaf-rollers.—C. F. H., Mecosta county, Mich. The worms inclosed, rolled up in a leaf on which they have been working, are what are called leaf-rollers. There are several species, and they attack various plants, such as strawberries, apples, plums, raspberries, etc., often causing great injury. The remedy lies in spraying the foliage and young growth with Paris green and water at the rate of one pound to two hundred gallons of water. If London purple is used, apply it in the same proportion, but also add one pound of quicklime to every pound of the London purple used. The lime neutralizes the acid of the London purple, which is liable to burn the foliage, and renders it harmless to the plant, but takes away none of its poisonous action.

Fertilizer for Grapes.—S. D. D., Cross Plass, Tenn. The best fertilizer for grapes will depend largely on the location and soil. On general principles, grapes do not need much fertilizing. If the vines are making a satisfactory growth of wood, do not manure them at all. Nitrogenous manures are apt to encourage a large amount of poorly-ripened wood. The phosphates and potash encourage fruitfulness and early maturity of the wood. What we want, then, in the older sections of the country where the vines need manure, is something that is rich in potash and phosphoric acid, and contains a small amount of nitrogen. The best and cheapest form in which to apply these elements will vary according to the location of the vineyard. In your section these elements would perhaps be most easily and cheaply applied by using one hundred and fifty pounds of cotton-seed meal and ten bushels of unleached, hard wood ashes per acre. But by giving a light dressing of stable manure and wood ashes you would probably get as good results.

Red Rust—Sun-scald.—E. K. M., Arcola, Ind. The raspberry-plants affected with red rust should be pulled at once and burned. The ashes did not cause the red rust, but the plants were probably diseased when received. Do not set any new raspberry-plants where the old plants now affected with rust are for at least one season. The red rust is liable to spread from one plant to another.—I think the trouble with your apple and pear trees is the result of a sort of sun-scald which is very common in parts of the West. I think you will find it most abundant on trees leaning to the northeast, which thus have their trunks most exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The best treatment for them will be to earth-up to those that are already injured and to wrap the trunks of the rest of them with burlap or heavy building-paper. Many of the best western orchardists keep the trunks of their apple-trees protected from the sun until the trees are large enough to shade their own trunks. If your young trees are thrifty, and there is no sign of woolly-aphis on the roots, you certainly have nothing to fear from the pest at present.

Codling-moth—Gen. Hand Plum.—M. H. C., Webster, Mass. From your description should think your apples were infested with the codling-moth larvae. This is very common in Massachusetts. The eggs are laid in the calyx end (the eye) of the apple just after the blossoms fall, while the apple is still erect on the branches. This insect may be destroyed by spraying the tree with Paris green and water, at the rate of one pound of the poison to one hundred and fifty gallons of water. The poison is thus placed in the end of the apple near the egg, so that when the

egg hatches the larva is poisoned before it can do any injury.—The Gen. Hand plum is not near as reliable a fruit as several other plums, but if it is growing freely will probably fruit occasionally after it commences to bear. If growing strongly, pruning off half of its new wood in July will check its growth and probably cause it to set fruit. Your treatment of the black-knot by cutting off and burning the infested parts is the best practice where it will not result in too serious injury to the trees. When the knots come in places where this is not practicable, they should be partly cut away and then be painted with linseed-oil.

Varieties of Fruit—Corn Ground for Berries—Ashes—Strawberry Culture.—H. O. L., Pollock, Mo. The Crystal City is a very early strawberry, but not very productive. Michel's Early is a fine berry for home use, but is hardly bright colored enough for marketing. It is a good kind to have in the strawberry patch on account of its producing so much pollen. You will probably be better satisfied with Haverland and Warfield for your main crop, if they are fertilized with the Beder Wood, than with any other varieties that have been well tried. There are many varieties of grapes that will do well in your section, but to be sure of a good crop, any of them should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture. Among the best varieties are Concord, Delaware, Worden and Catawba. The best early red raspberry, I think, is the Marlboro; that is, if you mean for marketing. It is early, large and of good color, and commands the highest price, but the quality is too inferior for home use. For home use, the Turner is much better.—Good corn land will produce good berries, but the better it is manured and cultivated the better it is for the berries.—Wood ashes that have not been leached are a good fertilizer for berries on most of our soils. Apply in the spring or early summer at the rate of thirty bushels per acre. Low land will answer for berries, provided the water does not stand so near the surface as to prevent the roots going deep, but berry crops are more certain on land that is somewhat elevated above the surrounding country. On very moist land the bush fruits are rather liable to winter-killing.—I prefer to set strawberries two feet apart in rows four feet apart. Mark the rows both ways and cultivate both ways until the plants commence to make runners. Then cultivate only the four-foot way.

HARVESTER HISTORY.

For the benefit of the younger generation, we reprint below some interesting figures from the *Deering Farm Journal* showing the dates on which the Marsh Harvester, the Wire Binder and the Twine Binder were first put out by the leading harvester manufacturers. The older generation does not need to be told. It remembers Hussey's Reaper in 1833 and the McCormick some twelve years later. It remembers about reading in 1858 of the success of the Marsh Brothers in their new harvester. It remembers how the Deering people held the field alone with this machine during most of the seventeen years' life of the patent. Then, when the patent did expire, the older generation remembers that William Deering & Co. came out with the Wire Binder. This was in 1874, and the younger generation even, can remember the rapid strides that followed. How, after this pioneer in automatic binders had had the field for three years, McCormick and the other manufacturers fell into line; and how in 1878 the Deering people spoiled the whole wire binder business by coming out with the Appleby Twine Binder. Both old and young must smile as they now look back at the frantic attempts made by the late converts to wire binders, to push that machine in the face of the wonderful twine binder; and how they finally were all ultimately compelled to fall into line and manufacture the twine binder under the Appleby patents. The *Farm Journal* tells the story of the successive steps in manufacture by means of a witty drama entitled "Crow and Quail," which is clinched by the following statement:

"The following are the dates on which various manufacturers began building and putting on the market harvesters, wire binders and Twine Binders. The dates for Deering machines are exact. Those for competing firms are according to our best knowledge.

MARSH HARVESTER.

DEERING.....	1858
Wood.....	1874
Osborne.....	1875
McCormick.....	1875
Buckeye.....	1877
Champion.....	1881
Plano.....	1882

Automatic Binders were first put upon machines and sold as follows:

DEERING.....	1874
Wood.....	1874
McCormick.....	1877
Buckeye.....	1877
Osborne.....	1878
Champion.....	1881
Plano.....	1882

The Appleby Twine Binder was applied to the Marsh Harvesters as follows:

DEERING.....	1878
Esterly.....	1880
Excelsior.....	1880
McCormick.....	1881
Buckeye.....	1882
Champion.....	1882
Osborne.....	1883
Wood.....	1892

Our Farm.

FRUIT CULTURE IN WASHINGTON.

THAT fruit culture is destined in the near future to become one of the most important and profitable industries in the state of Washington, must be clearly apparent to every intelligent man who has given the subject careful consideration. The conditions of soil and climate, two of the prime essentials in the successful culture of fruit, have been amply demonstrated, by actual experiment, to be admirably adapted to the production of all varieties of large and small fruits indigenous to the north temperate zone. The yield is immense and the quality is the best. A mild, genial, equable climate, a warm, friable and marvelously fertile soil, exactly meet the conditions demanded for the successful growth of the trees and maturing of the fruit.

The Washington fruit grower is not threatened with that dire disaster which so often overtakes the eastern fruit raiser. Late frosts that damage fruit are of infrequent occurrence on Puget Sound, if they even occur at all, while the ravenous insects that so often ravage the orchards and fruit gardens of the East, are almost unknown here.

In the very inception of the fruit industry in this state, orchardists are making an intelligent, organized and vigorous effort through the office of state orchard inspector, to ward off the danger that threatens the fruit industry from this source.

In regard to market, the third essential to successful fruit culture, a magnificent and practically limitless market, both domestic and foreign, is open and waiting for us. In regard to transportation, either by rail or water, our facilities are unequalled. Three magnificent transcontinental railways traverse the Sound country, while vessels from every quarter of the globe touch at our ports to carry our surplus produce to foreign lands.

A most successful attempt was recently made by some gentlemen on the Sound to introduce Washington fruits into the Orient, and so favorable was the impression made, that large orders were immediately received for more shipments; but owing to the limited supply of the choice stock, these orders could not be filled, and the field, like so many others, must be handed over to others until our growers realize the measure of their opportunities.

Washington fruits have size, flavor, color and lasting qualities, and can reach the St. Paul and Minneapolis markets several days quicker and at much less cost than from California. The rapid influx of new population, the marvelous growth of our towns and cities, the development of our mines and fisheries, the establishment of new logging camps and a multitude of manufacturing industries that will come in the course of time, and all of which employ a large non-producing class, assure us a magnificent domestic market for our surplus fruit. Thousands of acres of the finest fruit lands on the globe are waiting for him who will come and occupy. They can be bought for \$10 to \$25 per acre.

We would say to those who contemplate a change of location to engage in the growing of fruits, enter the open door of opportunity by coming to Washington and engaging in a business that is destined to be a magnificent success.

L. D. P.
Clearbrook, Wash.

WESTERN NEW YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

"ARE NOVELTIES WORTH THEIR COST?"

Was the subject of a logical paper by Professor Bailey. "There were so many worthless things being imposed upon the public that many were getting tired of trying new things, and looked upon everything new as a base imposture. This was a narrow view, although there were provocations to taking such a view.

"Varieties do not run out, but are constantly changing. The variations are most numerous in varieties whose period from infancy to maturity is shortest, as in berries. Varieties grown from seed change constantly, until a variety quite different is obtained, and where a line of improvement is continued in a certain direction it results in a change that is equal to a new species. Novelties need not surpass in all respects what has gone before. New varieties are needed to fill gaps—for new or different markets, for new localities, for new soils, for new household uses. There is

supposed to be more varieties of living forms than ever before, and differentiation is still on the increase. New specific forms may and have been originated. Native plums have given more than two hundred varieties in the line of improvement, and grapes are a standing monument to the labor of improving varieties. Old and well-developed forms give the least hope of improvement, while those kinds producing seed and possessing abnormally-developed characteristics are most susceptible to change. Finally, too much should not be claimed for novelties, and telling the exact truth about them may often result in more profitable dissemination than advertising them as suited for every climate and location.

"Such claims may do for patent medicines, but not for fruits."

SOME OPINIONS ON FRUITS, NEW AND OLD.

J. H. Hale, the well-known peach man, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, was asked if any of the new peaches were more hardy than the old ones? He replied, "Some of the old varieties are quite hardy, and so are some of the new. Elberta is one of the hardy new ones, being the equal in this respect of Hill's Chili and Alexander. The Crosby is entirely hardy, even in southern New Hampshire, where it has borne for ten successive years. As none of the buds get winter-killed, it is necessary to thin the fruit severely or it will overbear and be undersized. Beer's Smock is quite hardy and productive. Stevens' Rareripe was very inferior and unprofitable." Mr. Smith, of Geneva, said the Stevens did finely in the lake region of central New York. L. B. Pierce said Stevens' Rareripe was no good in northern Ohio. It was very irregular in size and quite unattractive in form and appearance. The Beer's Smock was the best lake peach that could be relied upon. Salway did well in the right kind of season, but some years failed to ripen. Mr. Willard said the remarks reminded us that all kinds of fruits did not do equally well in every locality. Besides, different markets required different varieties. The Hill's Chili was not showy enough for the city market, but owners of canneries who prided themselves upon the quality of their output, would buy this peach every time, as it was of the very highest quality.

Mr. Wilder, of Cayuga county, spoke very highly of the North Star currant. It is of a bright red color, with extremely long clusters. The berries are of medium size. It is hardy and productive. Messrs. Hooker and Willard agreed that the White Imperial was by far the best white currant for family use; also that white currants did not sell well in the market, and were therefore an unprofitable fruit to grow more of than could be consumed at home.

Irvin Cook, of Genesee county, told how profitable the Duchess pear was, it being the leading pear grown there. The crops in some orchards have for a series of years sold for more than enough each year to pay for the land. He told of an orchard of German prunes that contained two hundred and forty trees, that last year, at six years of age, produced three hundred dollars' worth of fruit. The Boiken apple, one of the few Russian apples proving to be good for anything, was on exhibition by Hammond and Willard, of Geneva. It is a yellow, tapering apple, about the size and quality of a well-developed Newton pippin, and is claimed to be a long keeper and very hardy. The specimens on exhibition were fully ripe, and I cannot see how they could be kept until April without cold storage. The scions were imported from Austria several years since.

L. J. Farmer, of Pulaski, gave an interesting account of fruit production in Oswego county. This county supplies New York City with strawberries in quantity later than any other section, and in 1893 shipped seventy-five thousand sixty-quart crates. Usually they net the grower eight cents per quart, in 1893 only seven cents.

Mr. Willard mentioned as the best three Japan plums for western New York, Sweet Bhotan, Burbank and Yellow Japan. For six best market plums for same locality he recommended Reine Claude de Bayey, Hudson River Purple Egg, French Damson, Fahlenberg (Italian prune), Grand Duke and Monarch. The French Damson and Fahlenberg are such poor growers that he recommended planting some free-growing kind and top-working these varieties upon it. For stock, the Lombard, Union Purple or Geui could be used. For six additional next best varieties he mentioned Field, Coes' Golden Drop, Bradshaw, German Prune, Geui and Peters' Yellow Gage.

The Columbian raspberry was described by President Barry as being of the Shafer type and a very rampant grower. Plants upon the grounds of the originator, Mr. Thompson, at Oneida, were six to eight feet high and loaded with fruit.

A reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE wrote to me asking about the President Barry pear, and whether the claim that it was the best late-keeping winter pear in the world could be substantiated? It took some pains to inquire concerning it, and find that it is proving to be very nearly what it is claimed to be. Ellwanger and Barry had a plate on exhibition, and Mr. Barry had a half-bushel basket. They were as large as a Bartlett and nearly the same shape. The skin is thick, dark green, partly covered with russet, resembling the Duchess. In an ordinary cool chamber or cellar the fruit will keep until April, and with cold storage or in a retarding-house may be kept until midsummer.

L. B. PIERCE.

SORGHUM.

EDITOR FARM AND FIRESIDE:—In your issue of May 15th, from the pen of J. M. Rice, on the subject of sorghum, I learn that sorghum was first introduced by Orange Judd as Chinese sugar-cane in 1860. In the spring of 1857 I received two packets of seed marked Chinese sugar-cane (something I never heard of before). I planted it on the 20th day of May and gave it extra care. It made a growth of from ten to twelve feet in height, and matured sufficiently to save some seed that would do to plant. I made a small wooden mill, and on the 27th of September I worked up the cane and made some fairly good syrup. In 1858 I raised another crop and put in a good iron mill, and made over 400 gallons of syrup. I followed it up in 1859 and 1860; but in 1861 I got somewhat discouraged on account of the lateness and uncertainty of the Chinese cane; but in the spring of 1862 I secured half a bushel of what was called Early African Imphee, and distributed it among my neighbors, and in the fall put in one of Cook's evaporators, and that revolutionized the business, so that within two years we had to put in a four-horse mill and one of Cook's plantation pans, although that Imphee was inferior to the Early Amber I now have. This was in Wisconsin. I will not ask space to give my experience in Minnesota, but simply want to correct the mistake in the date of the introduction of sorghum, and for the proof of the correctness of my dates, I will simply say, I have done what I think would pay everyone to do; I have kept a diary of the weather, and some of the events of every day since 1851, and I find it very handy for reference many times.

Minnesota.

MILO BALDWIN.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM TENNESSEE.—We have some fine lands. Our county is a good fruit country. Wheat, corn and oats are the principal grains raised. Our county has very fine water. We have good schools and good churches. We raise fine horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. Times have been dull here, but we think they will be better this summer. Land is worth from \$5 to \$100 an acre. Hogs are worth five to six cents a pound on foot; cows, \$15 to \$30; sheep, \$1.50 to \$5 a head.

J. A. P.

Siam, Tenn.

FROM MISSOURI.—Times have been very dull at Bevier ever since April 21st, the commencement of the miners' strike. No one can tell how long the strike will last. The miners want three cents a bushel of eighty pounds for mining coal, which every fair-minded person considers fair for them to have, as they are exposed to more danger than most persons whose vocations are above ground. So far, everything is peaceful, and no disturbance is tolerated. They consider that their cause is just and fair, and are determined to fight it out in a peaceful manner, in spite of all the exposure and suffering a strike produces. Bevier stands at the head in this state in the mining and shipment of coal. Farmers are all busy at work. Owing to the drought we had up to June 9th, meadows will be very short; some hardly worth cutting. Oats are worthless, and wheat will be very light. Corn seems to be doing very well.

J. H. J.

Bevier, Mo.

FROM TEXAS.—Henrietta, the county-seat of Clay county, is a prosperous town of 2,500 inhabitants, with electric lights, waterworks, a handsome, brick court-house, public school-building and numerous business houses. The general surface of the country is rolling, with wide and level valleys along its numerous

streams. The soil is a deep, rich loam, well adapted to cultivation, yielding a good average crop every year of wheat, oats, millet, corn, cotton, sweet potatoes, peanuts and all kinds of garden produce. Peaches, pears, apricots, apples, plums, grapes and blackberries grow and mature well. Pecan-trees bear abundantly. Water of a good quality is obtained from springs and wells. The pastures are covered with native grasses, where stock keeps in good order all year. The climate is both delightful and healthful. The few doctors who are here say it is distressingly healthy. Improved lands sell for from \$5 to \$20 and upward. The county has two railroads, both running to Henrietta.

Henrietta, Texas.

J. W. B.

FROM NEBRASKA.—Ohiowa is in a level valley extending many miles east and west. We had scarcely any rain last spring, and our pastures were all dried up by the drought. Wheat that was not winter-killed is very short. A great deal was plowed up and put in corn. What remains will make one third of a crop. June 9th, our severe drought was broken by a good rain. Oats are short, but I think they will fill out now. A great many acres of oats were plowed up and put in corn on account of the hard freeze we had in May, which also hurt our wheat and our garden crops. I think the supply makes the prices. Few years past, farmers thought there was money in wheat. They all thought alike and sowed wheat, hence an overproduction and too low a price. What he is apt to do now is to go into something else to an extreme and leave off the wheat entirely too much. Let us know what our neighbor farmers are doing, and equalize our farming and not go to extremes. We will have more even prices.

G. K.

Ohioia, Neb.

FROM TEXAS.—Texas has the largest free-school fund and lowest taxes of all states in the Union. The climate of southern Texas is unequalled. The land around Wallis Station is rich, black waxy and black sandy prairie, with timber enough along the stream for firewood. Good water and plenty of it is found at an average depth of forty-five feet. Land can be bought at from \$8 to \$15 an acre, and four or five years' time. A great many people from all parts of the North are buying homes here, and all say they are well pleased. This is the home of the grape. Wild grapes as large as Concord grapes are found here in abundance. Southern Texas is fast coming to the front for fruit growing. Fruit-trees of all kinds are being set out by the thousands. Peach-trees that I set out one year ago are now loaded with peaches. We do not have to fertilize or irrigate. Vegetables of all kinds also do exceedingly well. Crops of all kinds are very fine at present. Corn was laid by on the 15th of May, with a prospect of a heavy yield. I have no land for sale. To misrepresent the country would be of no interest to me, but being a northern man, and knowing the advantages that are offered here to men of small means, I write for their benefit. A man with \$500 can do well here. That would enable him to make his first payment on one hundred acres and improve the same. In a climate like this expensive buildings are not necessary. The first year's crop will pay all expenses, and pay for the land it grows on. On the prairie we have the best of health. We have good schools and churches.

H. I. C.

Wallis Station, Tex.

FROM WASHINGTON.—We have a climate that is mild, equable and healthful, and a soil that is marvelously fertile and adapted to a wide diversity of products. Washington is a state rich in the undeveloped resources of timber, coal and precious metals. We have the world for our market, merchant vessels coming to our ports for our timber, coal, fish, hops, fruit and other produce, from almost every quarter of the globe. Already two transcontinental railways traverse our state, affording means for rapid transit and transportation to the markets of the vast midland empire and the eastern seaboard. We have a population that is intelligent, energetic, enterprising, and withal, keenly alive to the opportunities and responsibilities of citizenship in a new country, and which cordially welcomes accessions to aid in the grand work of development. Our school system is second to no other in the Union. Churches are found in all our villages. Emigrants need not fear that in forsaking their old homes they are leaving behind them all the comforts and privileges peculiar to the same, and coming to a class of people who are rude and inhospitable. This country offers special inducements to the tiller of the soil. Whether he wishes to engage in stock raising, dairying, hop raising, horticulture, gardening or diversified farming, he may reap a handsome return for the labor and money invested. I was reared on a ranch in Illinois, and am engaged in ranching here, and have no hesitation, with my experience, in saying that the conditions surrounding the farmer here are much more favorable to his gaining a competency or even amassing wealth than in the East. In the near future, when the East and Central-west understand the capabilities of the Pacific northwest, the Evergreen State, so prolific in all the elements of prosperity, will become rich and powerful. To-day's figures will become shelved by the unfolding of to-morrow.

L. D. P.

Clearbrook, Wash.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammondon, New Jersey.

EARLY-MOLTING HENS.

As a rule, when the hens begin to molt early in the summer, they cease to lay, the result being that they are at once sent to market as no longer profitable. This is a mistake, for all hens must shed their old feathers and take on new plumage, some beginning early in the summer, while others do not commence until late in the fall; but the process requires about three months' time. In other words, a hen takes one fourth of the time during the year to molt, giving her a period for laying not exceeding three hundred days as the maximum.

The molting period has something to do with winter laying. Granting that three months' time must be lost, it is plain that if a hen begins to molt the first of August, she will not be in full plumage again until the first of November, and she will not lay until the molting has been completed. If November opens cold, she will not lay, and goes into the winter to recruit from the debilitation of molting until spring. If the weather is mild, however, during November, and winter does not set in before December, she will have a full month's rest, and will begin laying and then continue laying through the winter. Hence, this rule must not be overlooked, which is that if the hens begin to lay before cold weather, they will lay during the winter, but if cold weather overtakes them before they begin to lay, they will probably not lay before spring.

What then should be done with the hens that begin to molt early? Keep them, of course, as they will soon finish molting and be ready for work long before some of the other hens begin. When you sell off the hens now, because they are shedding their feathers, and do not lay, you will be selling off the very hens that you should keep over for producing eggs during the cold months. So do not sell the molting hens, but sell those that are very fat and do not lay. Old hens molt earlier than the pullets because they begin about eleven months from the last molting, which causes them to molt a month earlier every year, and therefore it will be noticed that the hens which molted in July of last year will molt in June this year.

Feeding of the molting hens is a matter to receive careful consideration. When making the new feathers they require food rich in nitrogen and mineral matter. Linseed-meal, bone, meat and milk should be given in preference to grain, and they should have free access to grass, especially clover. It is also important to give them dry quarters, so as to protect them when nearly naked, as dampness may induce roup, which is contagious, and may carry off the whole flock.

FEEDING FOR SHELLS AND EGGS.

It is well known, that by a proper system of feeding we can supply every element of food that enters into the composition of an egg. In considering this subject of feeding hens, two things must be remembered: First, the kind of food required, and second, the peculiar nature of the bird's stomach and digestive functions. The food must necessarily contain every element required to sustain the fowl in good health and to provide material for the production of eggs. The principal requirement of a hen a year old is carbonaceous matter for the sustenance of the animal heat, and nitrogenous substance for the support of the muscular system. These are provided sufficiently in grains, and if a hen was not expected to lay eggs on exclusive grain diet furnished in moderate quantity, would supply all her needs. But eggs are made up of various substances in a concentrated form. They contain a large proportion of albumen and considerable fat and sulphur, while the shells are nearly all carbonate of lime.

The feathers contain much sulphur, and these need also to be provided for, so that to secure a liberal production of eggs all these substances must be furnished in the food, and in such a form that they can be easily digested, or they are worse than useless, as they must be injurious to health. Any food that is not digestible taxes the excretory organs to get rid of it, and this undue call upon them disturbs

the balance of the system and produces disease.

The necessary requirements of an animal should be furnished in food substances and should not be given in crude form. Because a hen requires lime and sulphur it is not right that limestone, or stone-lime, or crude sulphur should be given. The stone is not digestible, and the sulphur is laxative in its effects, and disturbs the bowels. Food rich in these substances should be given in at least sufficient quantity to supply the demands of the hen for at least one egg per two days. None of the common grains supply these elements in sufficient quantity, but some others to be produced quite easily are rich in them. Rape-seed, which is easily grown, contains eight pounds of sulphur in one thousand pounds, and mustard-seed has ten pounds of sulphur in the thousand. Hemp-seed contains eleven pounds of lime in one thousand, and rape and mustard-seed five to seven pounds respectively. Lucerne leaves, dry, contain twenty-eight pounds of lime to the thousand, and white clover nineteen and one fourth pounds. Some of these grains are as cheap as wheat, and are much more valuable for this use.

Oxford, N. Y.

J. G. P.

POULTRY PRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES.

According to the report of the eleventh census, for the last decade, the production of eggs for that time is very large. During 1890 the number of eggs was 456,875,080 dozens, which, at twelve and one half cents per dozen, amount to the large sum of \$57,000,000, while the number of chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys is 285,288,700, which are valued at more than the eggs, even at only twenty-five cents each, the total far exceeding, for both poultry and eggs, the sum of \$100,000,000 per year, or \$1,000,000,000 for the decade. These figures are authentic, only that we have estimated the prices at a minimum, and also placed the total sum at a round figure. It is to be considered, also, that the enumerators did not succeed in deriving a correct knowledge of the facts, and rather underestimated the production. Hence, it is safe to rely on the figures given as within bounds, and they at least convey some idea of the magnitude of the poultry industry.

GREEN RYE.

To use a rye-field for poultry, turn the hens and ducks on the field for an hour each day. Young, growing rye is watery, as well as laxative; and will sometimes do harm if too much is eaten. The difficulty with those who use rye as green food for poultry is that they turn the hens on the rye, and expect the hens to secure all the food they desire from the rye. This cannot be done, as the rye is not a complete food when in its young stage. The hens will soon become weak and emaciated. If green rye be used as an assistant to the regular food, however, it will prove very beneficial, owing to its succulent condition. In its early stages it possesses very little nutrition, however, being mostly composed of water. With judicious use it will prove a boon to the hens, and every poultryman should sow rye in the fall.

DAMP POULTRY-HOUSES.

When a poultry-house is lined with tarred paper it is frequently the case that the house is damp. This is due to several causes, among them being that new lumber gives off more or less moisture, and tarred paper condenses the moisture of the room. When the house is thoroughly seasoned this may not happen. The doors and windows should be kept open during the day, and during cold weather a lump of stone lime should be placed in the corner of the room to absorb the moisture. It is not due to the exhalations from the birds, but rather to the dampness of the atmosphere, which is condensed by the cold tarred paper. Ordinary building-paper does not condense the moisture. The damp boards will also give off considerable moisture in the room, which will be condensed and precipitated on the colder tarred paper.

FATTENING.

To fatten rapidly, feed the birds three times a day, giving potatoes thickened with bran and meal. Milk may also be added, and if potatoes are scarce, use chopped clover, cut very fine, and well mixed with the meal and bran. Cracked corn and wheat should also be allowed, and plenty of sharp grit must be within access. About ten days is sufficient time to fatten a fowl for market.

REDUCING STOCK.

Reduce the stock to a minimum as soon as the hatching season is over and the hens cease to lay, unless such as may be molting. During very warm weather, crowding the poultry in the poultry-house at night will be favorable to the propagation of lice. When the hens are not comfortable they will not lay. Send the males and very fat hens to market, as they are not only useless now, but will bring less later on in prices. All pullets that are backward, and which will not mature in time to become winter layers, should also be disposed of. In fact, keep nothing that is not needed, and save expenses by lessening the number of fowls, which means a proportionate increase of eggs from the remainder.

THE PIT GAME.

The uses to which a class of lawless men have put the Pit Game is no reason for discarding it from the list of meritorious breeds. No breed excels it for the table, and though the hens are not as good layers as some breeds, yet they will bravely defend their broods against enemies of all kinds. As a mother, she will raise more chicks than any other hen, for the cat, dog and hawk will have to do battle with her before they can have her young. A cross of the Pit Game and the Leghorn results in good laying hens and excellent fowls for the table.

FENCES AND GARDENS.

No fence will confine a light and active fowl if it is disposed to fly over it, but a fence four feet high will confine Brahmas and Cochins. Those who live in cities (suburbs) or who wish to keep their hens out of the gardens, should not overlook the fact that some breeds can fly high while others cannot, hence the breed plays an important part in the matter of fences, although cutting the wings will prove advantageous if the appearances of the birds are not considered.

FRESH WATER.

Fresh water and plenty of it is a necessity in egg production, as an egg is composed largely of water, and the hens require a greater supply in summer than in winter. The easiest method of supplying water when warm weather appears is by the use of wooden troughs, as they not only hold a large quantity, but can be easily cleaned at any time.

THE MALES.

As soon as hatching is over, the males should be disposed of, as eggs from hens not with males can be kept twice as long as those that are fertile. Males consume food that is too valuable for them, as they will not bring more than one half price compared with other fowls, and every day that they are retained is so much loss that should be avoided.

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Are now almost unheeded;
And yet its music softly floats—
Around the world, from angels' throats—
A song that is much needed.

It is the song of love and peace,
Chanted throughout the ages,
That bids the world's great discord cease,
Bringing to hearts a large increase
In joy, in rest, in wages.

For he that reaps love's golden fields,
With songs of peace resounding,
Shall find no want when winter yields
Its barrenness and icy shields—
No woodland echoes sounding.

O man of strife and busy brains!
Stunn'd by conflicting voices,
Stand still awhile, and hear the strains
That float to you from heavenly plains,
Rebuking Mammon's noises.

Open your hearts, O restless men!
Unfold the soul's bright portal;
While to the angels' holy strain
Your faith repeats the loud "Amen!"
And hails the song immortal.

THE OCTOROON'S DAUGHTER.

BY PAUL S. KIRKLAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

YOU lie, and you know it!" the girl hissed at him between her set teeth. "It was for this that you brought me here, you vile coward!"

"I'm tellin' you the truth," Watson said, without meeting her glance.

"It was with this you hoped to force me to marry you," Florette continued, ignoring the man's remark. "But your wish that I should be your wife proves to me more than all else the falsity of what you say. Do you pretend to me that if in reality I was what you would have me believe, you would consent to a marriage with me?"

"Yes, yes, Florette!" the man cried, "I don't care what you are, or who you are, you shall be my wife!" His lips were quivering, and he trembled violently. "Listen to me," he went on, with pauses between his words. "Just you an' me of all the world know this, an' if you marry me it won't never go no further. As God is my witness, it is true."

"Prove it, then," Florette exclaimed, haughty defiance in her tone.

"I never suspected nothin'," Watson began, "until you mentioned them Letoreys that day at the table in Paris, an' then when I seen how it upset your ma for us to talk about it, why I put my thinkin'-cap on."

Florette's eyes were dilating with a wild terror, but she did not speak.

"When she had to leave the table," Watson went on, "I was certain in my own mind, but without no proofs that wouldn't do no good. I couldn't make no use of the proofs, neither, as long as you all stayed over the water, but luck is mostly on my side, an' somehow, I always thought you might happen to want to come back here. I was racking my brain to try to find out how to get you to do it, when you mapped it all out, without givin' me no trouble—just dropped in my lap, I may say, like a ripe apple off the tree."

Florette had not moved from her former position beside the mirror, but her lips were compressed, and her hands tightly clinched, as she stood there, battling with herself, trying to thrust back a belief that was stealing into her heart.

"Then I went to work that day after I left you," Watson told her, "an' step by step I found out who you was. The day you landed there on the Mary Ann, where you went, when you took the house you used to live in (you know they keep account of all such stuff in the old country), an' inch by inch it every bit tallied with what I thought, so

you see, when you got here you didn't need to be no governess. Act reasonable, now, say you will be my wife, an' there won't be no more trouble. Your secret will be in safe keepin', an' as long as nobody else don't know it, I'll get the license an' marry you. When will you be ready?" he asked, slipping his arm around her.

"Never! Never!" the girl muttered, thrusting him from her with unnatural strength.

"Then," cried Watson, pinioning her against the wall and holding her there, as he gazed hungrily at her rosy lips, her beautiful face, her gracefully rounded form, "we needn't trouble about the weddin'. You are my property—mine, do you hear? Just as much as Ella is, or any of the rest of my niggers. You may run off from me, but I can bring you back. I was man enough to want to do the right thing by you, but as you ain't willin', why, I won't cry about it. It ain't goin' to harm me none."

All that was evil in the woman leapt into her eyes. Could she have killed Watson with a glance, she would have done it. It was no longer a question as to whether or not he had spoken the truth. She felt strangely indifferent to that, and there seemed no room in her heart for emotion, save that of implacable hate for the man who had thus decoyed her to him.

"Jus' take off your hat, an' make yourself easy," he announced, smiling. "This is your home, my love, an' before I go out and leave you, give me a kiss to show we have made friends."

Another instant, and his arms, that seemed as strong as steel, had closed about the girl,

CHAPTER XIV.

When the door closed upon Watson, Florette walked calmly to the tall mirror, and looked at her own image reflected there. She studied her face dispassionately, almost indifferently, as though she had been some stranger. Her heart felt numb and chilled, and she thought of her former self as she did of her mother—as some loved one dead and buried. She pushed back the rebellious little curls from her brow, that clustered there in soft rings, she noted the fullness of her red lips, the creamy tint of her skin. Yes, she was exactly the type of the beautiful octoroan who had passed them that morning on the street—the one whose brother was black. She shuddered and felt almost afraid of herself. Her ancestors had been negroes, too—hideous, loathsome creatures, like those she had seen on the levee. This accounted for her mother's reticence regarding her early life. It was all very plain now; she had been a slave herself, and that was why she was poor. But what about her father—he was surely a white man. Her mother had told her he was dead, but also that he belonged to a fine family. Why had not his parents helped their son's widow? Ah, white people could not marry negroes over here; she remembered hearing her mother say so once.

She sank on her knees by the bedside, and covered her face with her hands. All was hopeless and desolate. There was nowhere to turn, no way out of the darkness, and in the eyes of the law she was Watson's slave. She no longer battled against the inevitable, no longer doubted the truth of what she had

asleep, and when again she opened her eyes, everything was dark. She felt faint and dazed, and at first could not determine where she was. Groping her way to the window, she turned the Venetian blinds. The subtle perfume of dew-laden roses stole in upon the midnight air, and far away she heard the hoarse whistle of a steamboat upon the river. Then the horror of it all came back, and she sank upon her knees, and prayed for strength to take up the burden, to hear it patiently to the end. But there was still a wild tumult raging in her soul. She could not surrender hope, love, everything, thus quietly. Despite her early training, despite the example of the sweet-faced sisters in the convent, her spirit rose in mad revolt at her fate. She did not sleep again, and in the gray of the early morning, when a key turned in the lock, and Watson stood before her, she faced him fearlessly.

"Put on your hat and come with me," he commanded, in a voice strangely at variance with his honied tones of the day before.

As she reached the veranda, she saw a harouche in front of the gate, and Watson called out cheerily to a man inside:

"I hope your wife will be pleased with her, Mr. Howard. Her mother was first-class—belonged to the Letoreys, you remember."

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Howard, absorbed in his paper, sat upon the back seat, and Florette, together with the driver, occupied the front one. The ducky—a good-natured, stupid creature, now and again addressed a question to the girl under his breath, but the gentleman seemed oblivious of her presence.

She had not asked either of them as to her destination, but shrank as far from the driver as the space would permit, and the long, white road stretched interminably on. Anything was better than being in Watson's power, and she felt that it was his cowardice that she had to thank for his sending her away. After her threat to kill him, he was afraid to keep her in his house. His remark to Mr. Howard, relative to her mother, left no doubt in her mind about his having betrayed to him her secret, but she thought despite this fact they had perhaps consented to take her as their governess. She was very ignorant as to her true position in this new land, and she had not even yet fully realized what this taint in her blood meant here. But the indignity of sitting outside with this dirty negro had sent the hot blood coursing through her veins—she was accustomed to receiving homage from men.

After a journey of ten miles or more, they came in sight of a spacious white house, in a grove of wide-spreading trees, and over in the distance a large fish-pond sparkled like a jewel in the sunlight.

As the carriage drew up to the front door, Mr. Howard stepped out, and addressing Florette, asked:

"What is your name, my girl?"

"Florette Lebrun," she answered quietly.

"Well, go 'round to the kitchen, and I will send Mammy to show you your room. Mr. Watson recommends you highly, and I hope you will try to please my wife. You are a likely looking girl. Jim, let Florette out at the side gate, and point out the kitchen to her."

"You's ter be de new maid, ain't you?" queried Jim when they were alone. "You ain't gwinter hah no hed ob roses, nuther, kase mistess is sho high strung, an' noshunate. Now, marster, he's mighty easy goin', but ez fur mistess—" the old man shook his head meaningly.

The frightful truth was beginning to dawn upon the girl, and she grew hot and cold by turns, and bit her lips until the blood came, that she might not cry out in her agony.

"Spec marster hatter giber pile ob money fur you, didn't he, honey? You look lak white fokes, an' I 'low you gwinter cut out ev'ry gal on de place. Jes jump out, an'



FOUND THE GIRL FULLY DRESSED, CALM AND BEAUTIFUL, ASLEEP IN DEATH.

his red, repulsive face pressed against her own, while he kissed her, again and yet again, greedily, lingeringly, passionately. It was then that Florette remembered the little dagger that had belonged to her mother. It had been overlooked in packing, and rather than leave it behind, she had hidden it in her bosom. The knowledge that it was there nerved her to renewed effort. With a hound, she eluded his grasp, the dagger was out of its sheath, and she held it firmly in her uplifted hand. Watson paused, irresolute.

"One step nearer, and I will send it through your heart!" and like a tigress roused from her lair, Florette faced him. She did not quail, she did not falter, and it was the man who was afraid. "What you tell me may or may not be true," she said slowly, as though weighing her words while she spoke. "It matters little either way now. The doubt would always remain, and I can never feel what once I felt; I can never be what once I was. It would have been more humane to have taken my life outright. But mark my words, if you try to keep me here, I will kill you. If I do not succeed in one way, I will in another. As heaven is my witness, sooner or later, I will do it. Send me away from here—somewhere, anywhere, that I may hide myself and my shame from the world. A kind word, a gentle hand may save my soul from the pit that I see opening before me. God, be merciful!"

heard. She even wondered why she had not suspected it all before.

As the day wore on, some one knocked at the door, and inquired softly if she was ready for lunch. She remembered the voice as Ella's, and a mad impulse seized her to call the woman to her—to study her face—to ask her if she, too, felt this brand upon her, burning into her soul. But she did not speak, and after awhile the mulatto's footsteps died away in the hall.

What would be the end of it all? Would Watson come back again? Ah, why had she consented to leave Paris? Why had she not listened to Henri's entreaties to be his wife? She started up as though stung by a lash! Had she the right now to marry a gentleman? Would he care for, speak to her, if he knew? And she had promised to write to him the day she reached New Orleans. His letter to her was already on its way, and he was dreaming of the time when they should meet again. Then in memory, she went over their parting once more. That last day in the Bois—how he and she had discussed this new world, how they had together laughed over Watson's presumption in making love to her, how they had danced together when they were children at the dancing-school. It all passed before her mental vision like some beautiful panorama, and as it faded away, she burst into an agony of tears.

Still sobbing like a tired child, she fell

yander's de kitchen. You kin set dar an' res' twell mistess call you."

The old man lifted Florette hoddily from the seat, the portly yellow woman who met her at the gate encircled her with her strong arm, and supported her into the kitchen. She sank into a splint-bottomed chair in one corner, and covering her drawn, white face with her veil, sat there motionless. A woman, black as ebony, and of decided embonpoint, bustled about preparing dinner, and a bevy of small darkies were picking chickens, drawing water from the well, bringing in chips and otherwise getting in the way.

"Heah's er cup ob tea," said Mammy, sympathetically. "Drink it, chile, fnr you sho looks pol'y."

Florette laid a trembling hand on the old woman's arm, and shook her head—she dared not trust herself to speak.

"Well, den," continued Mammy, "mistess want ter see you. Come 'long wid me, an' try ter look er little pyeter. Mistess, she monst'ons high strung. Tek off yo' hat, too."

They had entered the back door together, and in another moment stood before Mrs. Howard. She was a fragile, querulous-looking woman, with big gray eyes, and traces of faded beauty. Dressed in a pale blue cashmere wrapper, she lay upon her bed, and only raised herself on her elbow as Florette entered.

"Mr. Howard tells me that he bought you principally upon your mother's reputation—so like a man. Does she still live with the Letoreys?" she asked, petulantly.

"My mother is dead, thank God," the girl replied haughtily.

Mammy bustled about the room uneasily, and gave Florette many meaning looks, all to no avail. Mrs. Howard glanced up surprised.

"Don't reply to me in that tone," she commanded, "come, kneel down here and rub my head."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was one evening, a week after Florette's arrival at her new home. Mrs. Howard was suffering from a nervous headache, and had been all day more exacting than usual. After her bath she discovered that her wedding-ring was missing, and accented Florette of having stolen it. Like a creature at bay—goaded beyond endurance, the girl confronted her. She hurled the insult back in her mistress' face, and undaunted, untamed, she stood there, her black eyes flashing, her cheeks aglow with passionate anger, her every pulse throbbing and defied her to do her worst.

Mr. Howard was away on business, and it was long before Mammy succeeded in inducing Florette to go to her room.

"I will send you to the overseer in the morning," Mrs. Howard called after her, in a voice tremulous with rage, and the girl's stay upon the plantation had taught her what that meant. All her mother's early teaching, all her religious training now counted for naught.

If that woman—her mistress—lived to see the morrow's sun, she, Florette Lebrun, was to be lashed by that brute who held sway at the quarters. In her ignorance, she had hoped to escape from this life of bondage, to immure herself in some convent, forgetting the world, by the world forgot, and there pass the remainder of her life.

Alone in her little cabin she paced the floor, and listened for the stroke of twelve. It sounded at last from the dining-room clock, and slipping off her shoes, she left the room. A mocking-bird was singing upon a cedar-tree beside her door, the moon was almost full, and the long, gaunt shadows lay stirless on the grass.

Going on tiptoe to the medicine-chest, she took from the shelf where she had seen it the day before, a bottle of chloroform. None of the hatred, the burning anger died out of her heart because her mistress was in her power. Instead she felt a savage delight that she had not been balked in her purpose. Pouring the chloroform upon her handkerchief, she held it above the sleeper's face. She did not know how long she had stood there, when Mammy, who lay on a pallet near the bed, awakened suddenly, and Florette stole out into the protecting darkness of the hall.

The sun had climbed over the tree-tops the next morning when, faint with nausea, Mrs. Howard rang for her maid. But Florette failed to put in her appearance, and after the lock to her door had been forced, Mammy entered the room and found the girl fully dressed, calm and beautiful, asleep in death. About her neck hung a locket in which was Henri's picture, upon her finger shone his ring, and by her side, near the empty chloroform-bottle, lay a letter addressed to him at Paris.

The octroon's daughter had escaped to a higher tribunal.

THE END.

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THE DAUGHTER'S RIGHTS.

How to keep the boy on the farm is often ably discussed, and his rights are strongly pleaded for; but his sister is generally too tender-hearted to leave, though often she feels her rights are not even thought of or considered. The neglect of a daughter's rights, it seems to me, might account for the many unhappy marriages that are secretly mourned to the bitter end or loudly bewailed in a divorce court.

To illustrate, a woman I know, when but a child of fourteen, stayed out of school all winter to "help mother." And the mother said (and she was not one who would flatter) that she would rather have her than any dollar-and-a-half-per-week girl she knew of. And yet because she was their own child, she was not given a dollar with which to buy Christmas presents. She went to school whenever she could be spared until she was nineteen. And then helped, or rather, did most of the house work, excepting two years, until she was twenty-seven years old. Two years she taught school eight months each year, spending the vacations helping mother.

At twenty-seven she prepared to marry, and her cow was chosen and she bought another. She felt so rich that she laughingly said "she guessed she'd go into the dairy business alone, and not get married." But her father said to the one to whom he was giving her, "She's not yours until you're married."

As she had saved some money from teaching school, and was considered able to provide for herself, besides the cow she was not given more than thirty dollars. Her younger sisters married younger, and so their father fitted them out well. "But we needed more help," was their explanation.

But that seems to me to be going farther than Henry George. I believe he gives one what he earns by the sweat of his brow.

And I know of another daughter in the same neighborhood, who has not married yet, and she is thirty-five, perhaps. For twenty years she has been her mother's "right-hand man." Indeed, the mother herself has not been more faithful in her devotion to the family. And though now they are able to dress her well, her wardrobe is the extent of her possessions. She sees her young married sister happy in the possession of a home, after having received quite a start from their father. But if the father should die to-morrow, would the unmarried one receive any more from the estate than the other? Assuredly not, unless there is a will to that effect. And there isn't, for I think the difference has never been noticed.

And now comes the danger of an unhappy marriage. The longing for independence is supposed to be gratified in a home of one's own, and then if one is offered with only the incumbrance of a husband, may it not be accepted, and too late be found that the incumbrance is such that it embitters the whole?

Bellamy says love alone will be the cause of marriage when the state of things come which are described in "Looking Backward," because the woman will not need to marry for a home. But it seems to me we need not wait for so great a revolution as that. Let girls as well as boys be taught to provide for the future. Give them wages as soon as the boys. Allow them to own horses, cows or land as soon as possible. For believe me, ownership gives as delightful a sensation to a girl as a boy, and one has as much right to their earnings as the other. I do not think parents intend to be unjust. But I do think the facts prove that they often are.

Much has been written of what woman has gained in the past fifty years, but it all refers to the woman who goes out into the world of business, for the woman in the home as wife and daughter is as dependent as ever. It requires great wisdom, love and a high sense of justice in the husband and father to insure a woman her rights. Too often love is considered sufficient. Let every wife and daughter have her own purse, give them full control of their lawful earnings, and how soon their financial abilities would develop. And one great cause of unhappiness—dependence—would be gone. Oh, husbands and fathers, be honest about this matter, and "do as you would be done by."

There are homes we know where love is not the corner-stone, and the woman suffers indeed; where thrift is not the leading characteristics of the man, though the women may be naturally thrifty, and also good financiers, but they have no chance to better themselves. Give all women that chance of controlling their earnings and see the happy results.

RAY MORRIS.

REFORM HIM FIRST, GIRLS.

Girls, you often sing, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." May you truly be able to put the song into practice. May you also have the courage to say and to carry out the saying, "The lips that touch tobacco shall never touch mine, the lips that utter impure and profane thoughts shall never touch mine, the hands that are soiled by bad habits shall never clasp mine, the feet that tread in forbidden paths, and wander with bad company shall never walk with mine, the man who speaks lightly of mother or sneeringly of God's house and of his people shall never be mine." Do this, and you will not have to "repent at leisure" because of an ill-considered marriage.

Be firm. Make the young man reform now. If he will not mend his ways now to win you, he will not after he has won you. Set a high value upon yourself. Make yourself a prize, and if the young man loves you, he will do anything to win the prize.

In the days of chivalry the lady gave her lover a silken scarf, and bade him go forth and win her by deeds of valor. The knight went forth to battle in the name of his lady-love, and in her name did valiant deeds, and for her was ready to die. Girls, make this a modern age of chivalry. Give the seeker for your hand and heart a token of love. Bid him win you with deeds of true manhood. Let him understand that when he has overcome bad habits, conquered besetting sins, become proof against the temptations of youth, is known as a champion of the weak and oppressed, and has proved himself a knight of truth and righteousness, then and only then can he claim his lady-love.

Do this, young woman, and you will bring on a reformation among young men that only you can effect. Do it, and you will make for yourself a true husband and a good home, and will have turned a son! Christward.—Rev. John D. Ramsey, in *Golden Rule*.

A NEEDED REFORM.

Rhetoric and composition are included in the course of study of almost every educational institution that issues a catalogue. Yet rhetoric and composition, or reading and writing, as these high-sounding titles signify when plain English is used, are so much neglected in our schools that a reform in regard to them is imperatively demanded by the progressive spirit of the age.

To be able to read aloud is a rare accomplishment. And professional readers are paid highly remunerative prices, and listened to night after night, by delighted audiences. Yet clergymen, lecturers, lawyers, teachers—people whose avocations require them to be reading in public, almost constantly blunder through their work, usually in such a bungling manner that instead of being edifying or entertaining, it is positively painful to listen to them. And although the average man and woman is called upon by the requirements of business or society to write a letter, or an article of some kind, almost daily, scarcely one in twenty is equal to the task of conveying to paper his or her ideas on the most ordinary topic without laborious effort.

These are facts that cannot be gainsaid. They are apparent to all. They confront everyone who gives the subject any consideration. And they are strong, presumptive evidence that a system of education which virtually ignores matters of such vital importance is radically defective.

Why should boys and girls be allowed, if not encouraged, to neglect the study of branches that are almost indispensable to them, when men and women, in their daily pursuits and employments; and be permitted, if not compelled, to spend years in acquiring a knowledge of dead languages and abstruse sciences that can never be of any practical use to one in a thousand of them? Will some of the professors and teachers who have charge of our colleges and seminaries rise and explain? To educators the reasons may be apparent. To plain people of average intelligence they are utterly incomprehensible.—*Jennens Miller Monthly*.

IN THE COUNTRY ARE THE TRUE AMERICANS.

Great cities among us are typical of the republic as a whole, but the citizens of our great cities have their nationality brushed off at their elbows. In the country there are still purely American communities, whose fathers and grandfathers were American before them. Moreover, in the country the foreigner becomes more quickly Americanized. In New York he hardly pays us the compliment of learning our language.

And it is not strange that the few foreigners who have either the wit or the good fortune to penetrate into what they call the "provinces," are our kindest judges; for they have seen the American at his best. They have touched both the picturesque and the gentle side of our national character. It is not in the great cities, but in the little cities and the villages that one sees the class that Emerson loved, the plain livers and high thinkers, or another class, not so plain in its living, not so high in its thinking in one way, but practical followers of righteousness and exceedingly pleasant people to meet. Many of them have what counted for wealth in a simpler generation; all of them have education and a generous habit of mind. They love their country, but they are a little shy of politics; nevertheless they furnish the pith of the republic. They are the silent Warwicks that makes and unmake party kings, asking and expecting no reward, and only half conscious of their own power. Most of the women treasure up somewhere, an old sword or a pair of tarnished shoulder-straps, belonging, it may be to a gray, it may be to a blue uniform, but worn by equally honest and gallant fellows. The men are in touch with the present, but they keep the sturdy virtues taught them by their fathers; and God be thanked, they will transmit them to their sons.—*Octave Thanel, in Scribner's*.

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How much I loved—how vainly strove
To find an answer in your love;
Nor weep to think what loss is yours,
Since neither life nor love endures,
Say not with tears and cries and prayers,
"Would that we showed her tenderer cares,
Had patience with the faults we knew,
Clung to the heart so warm and true,
That now weep with hopeless pain
And know will never come again."
Ah, breathe not then the useless vow,
But if you love me, love me now.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

IN THE CHEERING-UP BUSINESS.

When the hard times began last year it was reported that a clever woman declared that if she had to earn her living she would become a "general sympathizer," going to any one who wished to pour out her troubles and worries, listening and comforting for a fixed sum per hour; the interviews to be strictly confidential, and the professional sympathizer never to allow herself to have pains or trials greater than those of her client. This seemed an odd little fancy, as impracticable as original, until a short time ago, when, reading over the lists which a woman's exchange prepares to meet the wants of its patrons, the eye fell upon this item:

"In the cheering-up business. A lady who has had successful experience will read to or amuse invalids or convalescents."

Then there is such an occupation, after all, and one which this cheering lady has made successful as well. How does she manage her delicate work? By what cunningly devised means has she bottled up the sunshine which carries its brightness into the lives of those who are strangers to her? And from what founts does she draw sparkling, exhilarating draughts? And who, after she has spent her day in "reading to and amusing invalids and convalescents," cheers her when twilight gives her back to herself?

It is a beautiful and self-effacing occupation, demanding special gifts of tact and sweetness, and calling for keenness of eye and quickness of ear, and also, contradictorily enough, for a certain judicious near-sightedness and mental deafness, which can leave unnoticed and unheard all that tends to mar the perfect harmony which it is so essential to maintain. Yet while as a means of gaining a livelihood the business is undoubtedly new, it is really an old, very old, vocation, to which from time immemorial women have spontaneously devoted themselves. In the home nest, as daughter and sister, a woman learns to express the sympathy of a loving heart, and in the new relations of wife and mother her opportunities increase immeasurably and unceasingly. Upon the so-called weaker partner has ever fallen the duty of lightening by her ready responsive cheerfulness the burdens borne by her lord and master. When everything down-town goes wrong, home is made to take on more than its usual attractiveness, and the domestic atmosphere has a soothing calm which refreshes the tired man, whose wife and bairns are at their brightest when poor papa comes in. A married man is more apt to retrieve his fallen fortunes and to reinstate himself more speedily than the unfortunate bachelor, whose only comfort is that when he puts on his hat his whole family is under it!

It is by no means claimed that women have a monopoly of this inspiring, bliss-imparting quality, yet it is always conceded to be such a right womanly talent that the highest compliment that can be paid to one of the other sex is to liken his powers of sympathy to those of ours. The men whom one must depend on in the dark hours of life, when illness and sorrow and losses depress the most buoyant nature, often possess in the highest degree the power of cheering—physicians, whose mere presence seems to bring healing; lawyers and clergymen, whose help glows with the unaffected goodness of their sunny natures; and others, weighted with the exacting cares of business life, who yet have a pleasant word and a bright smile in even the darkest hour of their own troubles.

Blessed be all, of whatever age, sex or condition, who are "in the cheering-up business!"
—Harper's Bazar.

"STOP MY PAPER!"

Every man has a right to take a paper or to stop it, for any reason or for no reason at all. But at the same time there is a certain responsibility attaching to all actions, even to so trivial a one as stopping a paper because the editor says something one doesn't agree with. There is complaint that newspaper editors lack fearlessness and honesty, that newspapers are too generally mere partizan organs that disregard the claims of truth and justice when political interests are at stake. There is too much truth in the charge! But let us ask how it is possible for a fearless, honest, outspoken journal to live if every man is to cry, "Stop my paper!" whenever he reads something that does not accord with his views? The men who insist that the paper they read shall never say anything contrary to their views, are the ones who are in large measure responsible for the craven cowardliness and the weather-cock propensities of modern journalism. In a community composed entirely of these "stop my paper!" true, independent journalism would be an impossibility.

When you are convinced that a paper is dishonest and deceitful, stop it. When convinced that it is unclean, stop it. When it lacks enterprise and fails to give you the news, stop it. When some other paper gives you more value, stop it. But don't stop a paper that you believe to be honest, courageous, enterprising and clean, simply because its editor has written his own sincere views instead of yours or somebody else's; for if you do, you are putting a premium on insincere journalism, and serving notice on an editor that the way to succeed is to write what he thinks will best please his readers, instead of what he honestly believes to be the truth.—*Springfield Republican.*

GIVE UP WORK, AND REST.

Are you irritable, nervous, sleepless? Do you feel often as if you must scream? Do you find yourself clutching your hands at times in an effort to keep from giving way to an attack of hysterics? Look out. You are going the pace that kills, the pace of high pressure, which is so common with the modern American woman.

Now, why do work, worry, hurry, break down people? It is not physical labor alone, or professional men and women would be exempt; it is not mental, or farmers' wives would be exempt; while the combination of physical and intellectual labor cannot be the cause, else society women, who live almost entirely for pleasure, would be exempt. In all these classes, victims of nervous prostration and worse ills are found.

It is lack of nerve force that causes the every-day physical and mental collapse. Nerve force nowadays is extravagantly used and insufficiently replenished. When you find yourself overwrought, your nerves tense and quivering, it is high time to stop and relax.

Tension causes a woful waste of nerve force. What are some of its signs? Holding the arms close to body when seated, locking the fingers tightly together, tapping the feet, jerking the head, grating the teeth, working the lips, contracting and elevating the eyebrows, holding every muscle in iron-like rigidity. This unnatural and wasteful tension is antagonistic to nature's attempts to replenish the nerve forces. It is most important that you should rid yourself of this menace to your health—perhaps to your reason.

Relax, then. Relaxation is of more value than distraction, pleasure or holidays. Relaxation means the freedom of organs and tissues from this hateful tension. How often do we hear a hurrying woman say, "I haven't time to rest. I've so much to do." Hurry and worry are physical sins. When you feel most hurried or worried, then is the time to relax.

What is relaxation? Simply doing nothing. Give up; let go; surrender the nerve forces. Here is the first step toward learning how to relax. With your arms hanging at the sides, forcibly agitate the hands until they feel heavy, like dead weights. Shake them forward and backward, laterally and in circle, from and toward each other. Shake all the stiffness out of these direct agents of the mind that by their restlessness and tension report mental strain. By continued practice of this simple exercise, you will soon be able to withdraw nerve from them at your will.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CHILD PHILOSOPHY.

It is said that the patient endurance shown by the children of the London poor is something pathetic and wonderful. However hard their lot, they seem never to question the justice which decrees it. When we consider their inevitable ignorance, it seems the more marvelous that they should be able to accept with patience riddles over which the wise and learned are in constant perplexity.

"I once," said an English artist, "asked an interesting little boy with a pale, careworn face and an intelligent expression, if he had ever wondered why it was that he had no hoots, and sometimes no bread to eat, while I had plenty of everything. He looked at me with a calm, patient expression, as much as to say, 'I have never wondered at such things.'"

"Tell me," I persisted, "have you ever thought about this difference?"

"It's the Lord's will," he replied; but he seemed reluctant when I pressed him to explain what he understood by the Lord's will. At last, he said in a timid, hurried voice:

"It is all the Lord's doing, this way: You are grand-like and dress nice, and lives in a big house, and you have a pianner, and—and—he looked about the room, that he might enumerate all our titles to consideration—"and a sof; so the Lord sees as how you're gentle-folks, and he thinks lots of such-like as you. But we are very poor, we are; mother pawns the blankets, and father beats mother and swears awful. We ain't got no Sunday things; we're all raggety, so the Lord don't take much notice on us."

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT IN SETTINGS OF GOLD.

Diamonds are the most precious stones and gold the most precious metal. When a book contains the very best and most precious things found in the literature of the world, and profusely illustrated by superb engravings, it may justly be called "Diamonds of Thought in Settings of Gold." This is exactly what the book of 400 poems and illustrations advertised on page 18 is. You can get this magnificent work free. Its actual value is \$4.00. Read the advertisement on page 19.

CONTENTMENT.

We met the other day with a very short sentence which contained within it a very great deal of truth. It was this:

"Analysis is the death of sentiment."

"To analyze" is to break up anything into its component parts and see of what it is made. It is to pry into all about it. You can catch a sunbeam in a glass and analyze it, splitting it up into the various colors of which it is composed, but though wiser about it than the man who, when he saw it reflected in the wayside pool, remembered that it came from the same sun that shone on the bosom of the wide ocean, and said so, yet you may know far less of the sentiment of light and of sunbeam than he. Be content to enjoy many things without knowing all about them. Don't pick all the rosehuds and all the daisies to pieces; don't want to know the "why" of everything. There are pleasures of ignorance as well as pleasures of knowledge. When we think of what man gained by eating of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, let us also think of what he lost. There are many beautiful things in this world which will be heart-food and fancy-food, which will sing to you the poetry of life, if only you will take them as they are, and not worry them by asking too many questions about them.—*The Quiver.*

DURABILITY OF WOODS.

Several years ago a farmer made a series of experiments with different kinds of wood to ascertain which would last longest when exposed to all the vicissitudes of weather. He took a number of stakes two feet long and one inch thick, drove them into the ground and left them there for four years. At the end of that time he found that the elm, ash, hickory, white pine, oak and fir were entirely rotten so that in some cases the stick could not be drawn out of the ground, and in several it left only a line of vegetable fiber. Yellow pine and teak were decayed on the outside only, the interior remaining firm and sound, while the best cedar was as good as when put into the ground. The experiment ought to be of value to people who make fences, also to builders, as showing what kind of wood will best suit places where dampness and moisture are the natural conditions.

THE MELANCHOLY JAPANESE WEDDING.

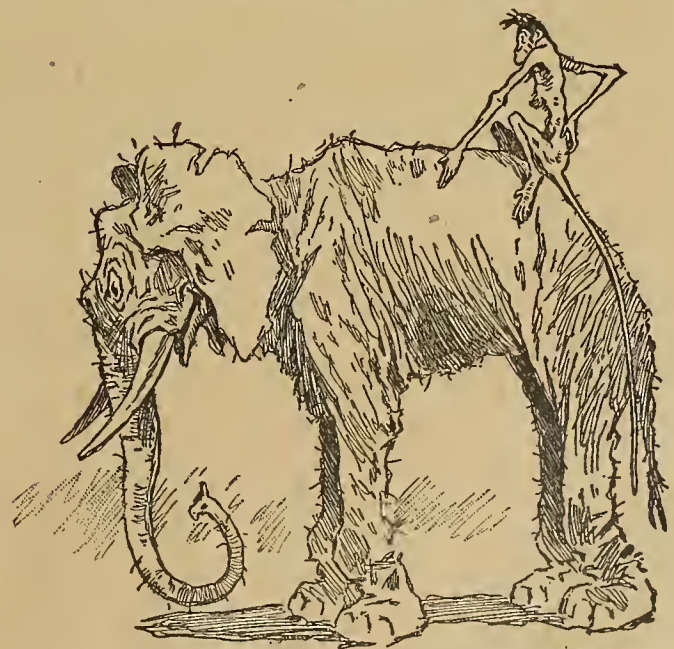
A Japanese wedding would appear to be a melancholy affair. It is not good form for the bride over there to admit that she is glad to get married. When she is told of the process she is expected to howl loudly and long. Also she must keep it up by day and by night until the ceremony takes place. After she has been richly dressed for the event she must renew her shrieks and hang back until one of her attendants throws a veil over her face. Then an old woman takes her on the back and carries her to a sedan-chair. When she arrives at the bridegroom's house she is a wife, the simple ride in the flowery chair being the only legal ceremony required, though profuse entertainments and congratulations from assembled guests follow her arrival.

TO SET THE COLOR IN WASH FABRICS.

I learned from a retired dry-goods merchant that if gingham, lawn, dimities or other delicately-colored summer fabrics were dipped in a solution of hot salt-water in the proportion of one pint of salt to one gallon of water, the colors would never fade. This should be done before the cloth is cut, after which it should be smoothly ironed. S. R. C.

A TALE OF A TAIL.

(In four chapters, complete in this issue.)



Elephant.—"Drat that monkey!"

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Our Household.

HOME TOPICS.

SUMMER SOUPS.—The heavy, rich soups that are relished in cold weather should be replaced in the summer by light ones.

The length of time it takes to make soup from a soup-bone is one reason for not making it in hot weather, when we do not wish to keep the fire up longer than is necessary; but if the bones from a roast and the trimmings from steak and chops be put over the fire in cold water and simmered while there is a fire, then put in a cool place, and the process repeated when the fire is next lighted, good broth will result, from which many kinds of soup may be made by the addition of different kinds of vegetables. Then there are ironing and baking days when the fire is kept up long enough to make soup stock, if wood or coal fires are used; but when the fuel is oil or gasoline, and a fire must be kept burning for the soup-making alone, some of the creams and vegetable soups are handier.

Put a tablespoonful of butter in the saucepan and let it brown slightly; then add a quart of water and any vegetables you desire, cut fine, or any cooked vegetables left from yesterday's dinner, as onions, peas, string beans, cabbage, tomatoes, asparagus or mashed potatoes—any or all of these are good. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and just before serving, rub all through the colander to reduce them to a pulp; then return the soup to the fire, and add a teaspoonful of flour, either browned or raw, mixed with a little cold water. This will prevent the pulp from settling. Where neither carrots nor tomatoes are used, sorrel, spinach or lettuce leaves will impart a delicate color and flavor to soup.

Asparagus, peas or sweet corn, either one makes a nice soup alone with only the addition of salt, pepper, butter and cream or milk.

CARE OF MILK AND BUTTER.—A cool, dry, well-ventilated cellar or milk-room is essential to the best care of milk and butter. To secure this, the cellar windows should be opened only after the air has become cooled at night, then closed before sunrise in the morning and kept closed and shaded during the day. If air is admitted during the day, it not only makes the cellar less cool, but the cooler air of the cellar condenses the moisture from the warmer air, making the cellar damp, and it will soon become musty.

Besides whitewashing the walls, cupboards, etc., of the cellar in the spring, if there is any tendency to dampness, a peck of fresh, unslaked lime should be put in the cellar in an open vessel. This will absorb the moisture and consequently dry the air.

Where one lives several miles from the market it is no easy matter to get butter to customers in good condition during hot weather without ice. If one has much butter to market, it will pay to have a zinc-lined box made with a tightly-fitting cover. Just before starting to market, make a strong brine in the box with water just from the well or spring, set the jars of butter in it, shut the cover and put a flannel blanket over the top, or some fresh-mown grass. Do not have the brine deep enough to get into the jars. In this way butter has been carried eighteen miles to

market and reached there in prime condition.

BUTTERMILK.—There are people who cannot drink buttermilk, or, in fact, milk of any kind, but many others find buttermilk a very healthful drink, being food, drink and medicine combined. Cases are reported where patients suffering from fevers, malaria, indigestion, etc., have been materially benefited by its use. I know one gentleman who believes that buttermilk has saved his life. He had suffered from gastritis, and had hemorrhages of the stomach, but by the daily use of buttermilk he is now a comparatively healthy man.

Some people who cannot use sweet milk find that buttermilk agrees with them perfectly. It is best to begin its use gradually,

lines, their possibilities, consequently their profits, will increase.

We have in mind one family living fifteen miles from town who have for years raised sweet-potato plants for sale. While they cannot, of course, sell so many as the family previously mentioned, they do well at it. A few dozen plants of extra choice varieties of cabbage, tomato and celery might also be sold to many a customer, thus increasing one's income. A notice put up in any frequented place would advertise one's wares.

Poultry raising is always profitable if carried on intelligently. If one is far from market, probably the best plan to pursue with chickens would be to raise as many early ones as possible, selling the roosters to shippers in the fall, as soon as the price

turkeys, if hatched fairly early, can hardly help but average one dollar each by winter, and sometimes bring almost two dollars each when sold to shippers. But they must be well cared for during the first two or three months of their life, and be kept growing right along; for one cannot expect to make a success of money-making with anything, if due attention is not given.

Few women realize the possibilities of money-making in dried corn, yet they are great.

Grow some good variety of sweet corn, and when it is at its best for table use, dry it. The best way I have ever seen to dry corn—a way in which it is hard to tell by the taste that it is not fresh—is as follows: Instead of cutting the whole grain from

the cob, as is usually done, shave it off in thin slices, without cooking. Put in moderately thin layers in dripping-pans and set in a warm oven for a few hours until the milk is set, stirring and watching to prevent scorching. Finish drying in sun and air. Of course, an evaporator would be easier and one could dry much more at a time, and in the corn season, when two or three days will render it too hard to use, "time is money."

I have in mind a lady who sells all she can dry at fifty cents a gallon. If one could sell to private customers—and although remote from town it may be done—it ought to bring seventy-five cents a gallon, and then be cheaper for the purchaser than canned corn, beside being so much better.

Last winter, visiting in the country, I ate some old-fashioned pumpkin-butter that was delicious. I am confident that if a housekeeper would make up a lot of pumpkin-butter that was "just as good as it could be," she could get one or more grocers to sell many gallons of it for her on commission. If I were going to sell it, I should take a gallon jar of it to the grocer's to give away in small quantities as samples. That intended for sale, unless he should advise differently, I would put into large, stone jars holding about five gallons each, and let the grocer sell it by the pound, and I think there would be no question about selling large quantities of it at a good profit.

CLARA S. EVERTS.

DIRECTIONS FOR WASHING LACE.

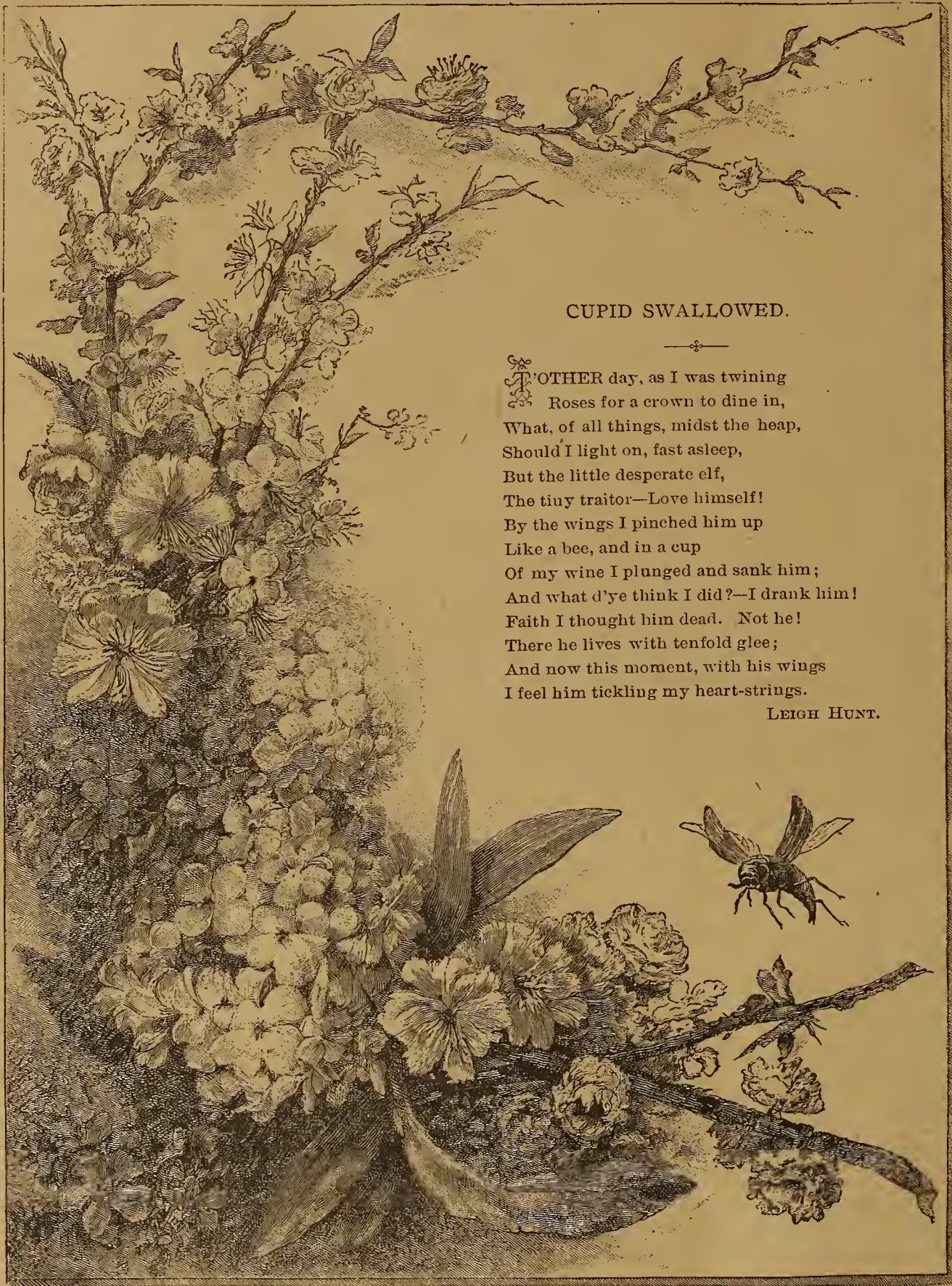
Lace is easily spoiled, both in washing and getting up, if not carefully managed. If washed in the manner given below, it will look equal to new after several washings: Into a quart or more of rain-water dissolve shavings of Ivory soap (or some pure, white soap)

and a little soda. Put in a jar, and when dissolved, put in the work and shake good. Set the jar in a cool oven and let stay until morning. Then take out the lace, put it in clear water and let remain several hours. Then pat it between clean clothes to absorb the water; shake it out, pull in shape, and carefully pin it out on a board or cloth to dry. If a little stiffening is desired, dissolve in the rinsing-water a little white sugar—never use starch. M. E. SMITH.

You can obtain a geographically correct map of the United States, showing counties and standards of time, by sending 15 cents for postage, to D. O. IVES, G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, 604 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

A GOLD DOLLAR FOR TEN CENTS.

If gold dollars could be purchased for ten cents each, it would not be as big a bargain as the People's Atlas at the price asked for it on page 18.



CUPID SWALLOWED.

ANOTHER day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor—Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him!
Faith I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT.

The above engraving and poem is ONE of the 400 Poems and Illustrations advertised on page 19. As mentioned in the advertisement, the book contains a great many different kinds of pictures and poems. Many of the poems are long ones, occupying from one to two pages, while a great number of the pictures cover a whole page. To get this book Free, see our offer on page 19.

and use it always the same day it is churned.

MAIDA McL.

MONEY-MAKING FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

FOURTH PAPER.

The preceding articles have been mainly for the benefit of those who are situated conveniently to market, or only a few miles from town, where they can drive in quickly and frequently. Now we shall consider the possibilities for those who live in remote districts, far from trade centers, with perhaps only a post-office and small general store within easy reach of them. To such the possibilities are not so great, yet they have many chances, that if rightly used may bring many dollars during the course of twelve months, with the added assurance that as the years advance, and they obtain more experience and knowledge along these money-making

advances, and keeping the pullets for winter layers.

Of course, one would want to raise large chickens—Plymouth Rocks or Cochins are good. Set most of the eggs up until June, raising all the chickens possible, then let the hens take a rest if they want to while eggs are cheap, and be ready to go at the business of laying in good earnest by September. With a good, comfortable poultry-house, which need not be expensive, and early-hatched pullets one can easily have an abundance of eggs when they command the best price of the year. Surplus chickens should, as a rule, be sold between August and the holidays. But there is more money in raising turkeys than in chickens, provided one raises good ones.

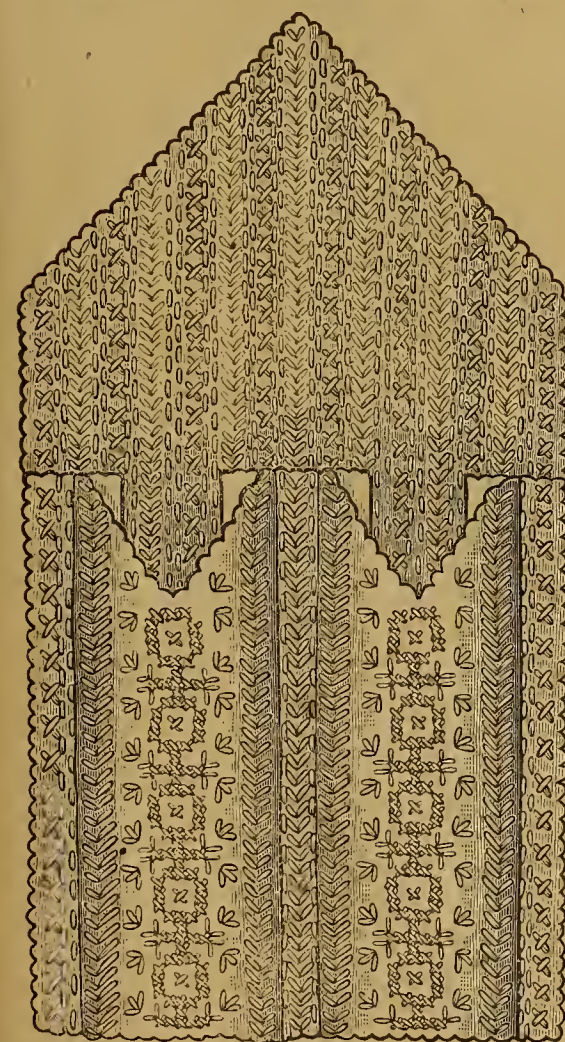
But at the present day one does not get pay for time spent in raising the little old-fashioned varieties. Well cared-for Bronze

IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

A few authors are so great that the mere mention of their names conveys universal recognition. It is doubtful whether so wide an acquaintanceship can soon be expected for artists, but as the art of engraving becomes every day more generally used, it is not too much to hope that sometime the pictures of artists may become as familiar as the process of printing has made the thoughts of authors. Our recent Columbian exposition has done much to widen the popular knowledge of painters. Many readers will remember in Great Britain's department two pictures by G. F. Watts. The titles were "Love and Life" and "Love and Death." These were peculiarly striking because they were very large, upright panels, and on account of the treatment where nude figures suggested ideal refinement without a sensuous thought. Other pictures from the same artist were "Pavlo and Francesca," "The Genius of Greek Poetry," and portraits of Robert Browning and Walter Crane.

Mr. Watts is getting to be an old man, for he was born in 1818. He was a native of London, where at twenty he made his first exhibit as an artist. His success began five years later, when he obtained a three-hundred-pound prize in a competition for designs to decorate the Houses of Parliament. Larger prizes and greater honors soon followed. He has compelled admiration in many different phases of his profession. As an historical painter in portraits, and with ideal subjects, he is equally successful. It is the last, however, for which he shows greatest love. Now, at seventy-five, ripe in mind and polished in skill, he loves to speak in pictorial parables. One of his admirers says, "He paints not scenes, but principalities and powers that rule the true realism of life." Among his latest pictures is one of woman; not of a woman, but the ideal of womanhood.

The figure is nude, but of the chaste type always chosen by this artist. Over life size, it receives the chief light on the upper portion. A tall, pure lily rises to the thighs and mingles with a modest cloud to clothe this part of the body. The lower part of the figure is associated with the best of earthly things. She treads on a crocus-bed; there are other flowers and birds. And there among them, is it a rainbow or a serpent that twines and mingles with the sweet things of the world? That



SHOE-POCKET.

is part of the parable. The earthly joys may be rainbows to cheer or serpents to ruin. Read it otherwise if you can. Every onlooker has a right to interpret a picture.

The upper portion of the picture is properly spiritual and intellectual. Near it hovers a butterfly, symbol of the soul. But the face is drooping and half veiled in shadow. The chief light falls on the chest. Why is this? Is it merely the love of physical loveliness which leads every artist to paint these most beautiful curves of woman's form? Is it not rather to ex-

press the idea that woman's power is not so much of the will and brain as of the heart and its affections?

But how can words describe the grace of line, and the luminosity of color which, apart from all expression of poetic thought, make this picture a delight to the senses? Words cannot do it, but they convey a faint dream of the reality which will be clearest to those readers who remember that ideal group, "Love and Life."

K. K.

SHOE-POCKET.

This little convenience can be made of heavy duck, such as is used for awnings, and the embroidery, which is done in cross-stitch and Holbein-stitch, can be done by basting embroidery canvas over the material to give regularity to the stitches. After it is finished the canvas-threads should be drawn out.

L. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY DINNER-PAIL.

A way back in the school-days, out of a ponderous volume which bore the title, "Hamilton's Metaphysics," we used to study about the laws of association. This law must have been in effect the other day at the table, for upon tasting a certain article of food my mind involuntarily was opened upon the interior of the little old frameschool-house, where we learned to add six and seven and "carry one."

"Oh!" I cried out.

"Well, what?" came the response from the other end of the table.

"Did you ever take to school bread spread first with butter, then with apple-butter, in your dinner-basket?"

"Yes, and I can't endure apple-butter to this day."

What a host there was of us at that old school-house—full to overflowing with big boys and little boys—girls who wore their hair in shining braids on top of their heads, and girls who wore two pig-tail braids, tied securely at the bottom with carpet-warp, or, perchance, if the braids were a little unruly, the warp was braided in with the hair for a short distance from the bottom.

At dinner-time what a rush there was for the dinner-baskets! The big sisters who "parsed," and the big brothers who wrestled with intricate problems, and the little sisters and brothers who sang the fives or made awkward, scrawling letters on their slates, gathered around their respective dinner-buckets with a very businesslike air. I remember two girls who used to "swap" pie, because one's basket contained mince and the other's custard, and each found her favorite in the other's basket.

And then I remember—oh, how painfully vivid some recollections are!—one time when I fell into deep disgrace, which came about in this wise: Whether our little stomachs actually grew gaunt with hunger, or whether it was all habit, I cannot say; at any rate, we little ones were allowed, at recess-time, to visit the dinner-basket and take a piece of bread and butter (accompanied by the never-failing apple-butter), or an apple. So far and no farther did the law allow us to raid. The school-teacher boarded with us, and my older sisters were always particular to have the lunch neat and attractive. One morning—unlucky morning it was—I had every reason to

suppose that cheese was put into the basket. I, like some other mites, had a very strong love for cheese, and when recess-time came, it seemed an endless while to wait until noon for that coveted bit of the dinner, consequently my naughty fingers began to investigate, and they found at the very bottom the object of their search. I remember to this day the stern look that was bestowed upon me at dinner-time, when my sister beheld in dismay the confused mass of dinner, and easily divined the cause. I also remember that the next day I carried a little tin

pail containing my lunch by itself—there wasn't much in it, either, except humble pie.

Another time that the dinner-pail played an important part was on a very different occasion. We had been to the woods at noon, and some big boy told us that Indian turnip was splendid to eat. Another "Innocence Abroad" and I put ourselves into possession of some of this highly recommended vegetation, but for some forgotten reason failed at the time to test its merits, but instead, safely stored our treasure in our own desks, out of sight. Along in the afternoon a strong desire



DETAIL OF SHOE-POCKET.

took possession of me to taste my Indian turnip, and forthwith I popped my head under the desk and took a generous bite. Oh, ye gods and little fishes! Talk of tortures inflicted upon the unfortunate ones in days of old! Talk of the martyrdom of saints, and compare them to a thousand tiny needles thrusting their sharp points simultaneously into every possible portion of tongue and mouth and throat, and if there is credit due on either side, give it to me for refraining to scream aloud. But the tears did flow copiously, and the teacher, through pity and fright, sent me to my dinner-bucket with the command to eat some bread and butter. Right welcome it was, too.

MARY D. SIBLEY.

UNDERSUNG.

'Tis said that joy doth most illumine the heart,
Yet sometimes sorrow sings. A bruised rose
Is sweet; the nightingale, pierced with thorn-
dart,
Pours forth divinest warblings of her woes,
That elave the list'ning air, and swelling,
floats
To blend faint harmony with angels' notes.

As the far ocean's moans, on sullen stones,
Die with faint music in their undertones,
So in the soul, the after-time of pain
Makes a soft undersong like dropping rain.
Late, soon or late, the pendulum of fate
Swings from despair to hope—thou must but
wait;
Soon, late or soon, is given the final boon,
The glorious radiance of eternal noon.
How know we but that heaven's sweetest
tones
Are transformed echoes of earth's saddest
moans?

—Mary Cornelia Francis, in Godey's.

AMUSING CHILDREN.

Have any of the mothers ever tried a sand-box for the children, asks a writer in *The Housekeeper*? A box three or four inches deep, full of clean sand, will afford amusement for many an hour. Put in a shady corner of the back porch in summer, or under a tree, or a sunny corner of the porch in winter. My little boy has played by the hour, alone, just out of my window, with his sand in a large tin tray which was originally made to hold my flower-pots in the house in winter. Sometimes he would have a tiny tin scoop or cup, and fill his iron cars with coal, ore or building material, according to his imagination, and draw them on a track he would lay with wooden toothpicks. Again, a little bucket and some shells, and he was a summer visitor to the sea-shore.

When old enough, a little water in the sand allowed me to show him about the mountains, lakes and rivers, and he would make bridges and tunnels, and build cities of blocks and chips. His little dresses were not much harmed by the contact with the sand.

A LITTLE GIRL'S ESCAPE.

HOW SHE WAS RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF TORTURE—ALMOST BEYOND THE HOPE OF RECOVERY—A LOVING FATHER'S GRATITUDE.

(From the Kansas City, Mo., Journal.)

Perhaps no disease with which a young person can be afflicted is so terrible and blighting in its nature as a nervous disorder, which gradually saps the strength of its victim and haunts him or her day and night.

This was the melancholy prospect which confronted Mr. L. L. Barbor's young daughter, of Edgerton, Kansas, and the gratitude of her parents when a complete and lasting cure was brought about may be imagined. Learning of the case, for it is one which has created a great deal of interest throughout the county, a *Journal* reporter sought Mr. Barbor to get the full particulars in the belief that much good could be done other sufferers by the publication of the facts of the case. The reporter found Mr. Barbor in his shop busily engaged on a piece of work. He at once narrated briefly the particulars of the cure which had been effected in the case of his daughter. The facts are set forth in the following affidavit which Mr. Barbor voluntarily and cheerfully made:

L. L. Barbor being duly sworn, on oath deposes and says:

During the spring of the current year, 1893, my daughter Bertie, aged thirteen years, became afflicted with a nervous disease which grew upon her to such an extent that it seriously interfered with her studies, and aroused the gravest fears that it would develop into St. Vitus' dance. My daughter became so nervous that she would drop her knife and fork while eating, and would at times be seized with nervous twitchings which excited the alarm of myself and wife. About this time my wife read in a newspaper of a wonderful cure of the same disease effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. So strongly was I impressed with the facts set forth in the testimonial that I wrote to ascertain the authenticity of the case. Receiving a reply which completely satisfied me, I sent for a box of the pills.

From the very first dose a marked improvement in my daughter's condition was noticed. She had become thin and excessively pale, as is common to sufferers from nervous diseases, and her weight had decreased to an alarming extent. After a careful and thorough trial of the pills, she not only began to grow less nervous, but also began to gain flesh.

It is needless to say that I was both surprised and delighted with the wonderful change brought about by the first box of the pills. She is a new girl, and all the symptoms of her disease have disappeared. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have certainly wrought a wonderful and complete cure, and I can say nothing too good in their favor. But now she is away on a visit, something she would not have thought of being able to do three months ago. From being shrinking, morbid and timid she has become a strong, healthy girl with no appearance of ever having been afflicted with any nervous troubles. The pills have done wonders, and I take great pleasure in recommending the pills to all who are afflicted with a similar disease.

(Signed) L. L. BARBOR.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of August, 1893.

[SEAL] W. H. KELLY, Notary Public.

Mrs. Barbor, who was present, cordially assented to all that her husband said regarding the remarkable cure brought about by the pills, and declared that they owed their daughter's life to them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, and that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

Our Household.

HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours,
With its tangles small and great.
Its weeds that smother the springing flowers
And its hapless strifes with fate;
And the darkest day of its desolate days
Sees the help that comes too late.

Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer;
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help, when the heart is numb?
What booteth a broken spar
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb
And life's barque drifteth far,
Oh! far and fast from the alien past,
Over the moaning bar?

A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday
It had brimmed with sweet the earth—
A fading rose in a death-cold hand,
That perished in want and dearth.

Who fain would help in this world of ours,
Where sorrowful steps must fall,
Bring help in time to the waning powers
Ere the hier is spread with the pall;
Nor send reserves when the flags are furled
And the dead beyond your call.

For baffling most in this dreary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome nights and its weary days
And its struggles forlorn with fate
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.

—Margaret. E. Sangster.

HOW TO AVOID INTERMITTENT FEVERS.

THE Italian investigators are laying the whole world under obligations, by their patient and thorough studying into the cause of common fever and ague, and all the other types of intermittent fevers. For many years experiments have been made with the soil of the Roman campagna, and lately Thomassi Crudelli has published a book that has a valuable chapter on how to preserve life in malarious climates. We give a short condensation of his conclusions. He says:

"We must be content to admit, for the present, that we have no precise knowledge of the nature of the malarious poison or of the means whereby it can be extirpated from an infected locality; that the



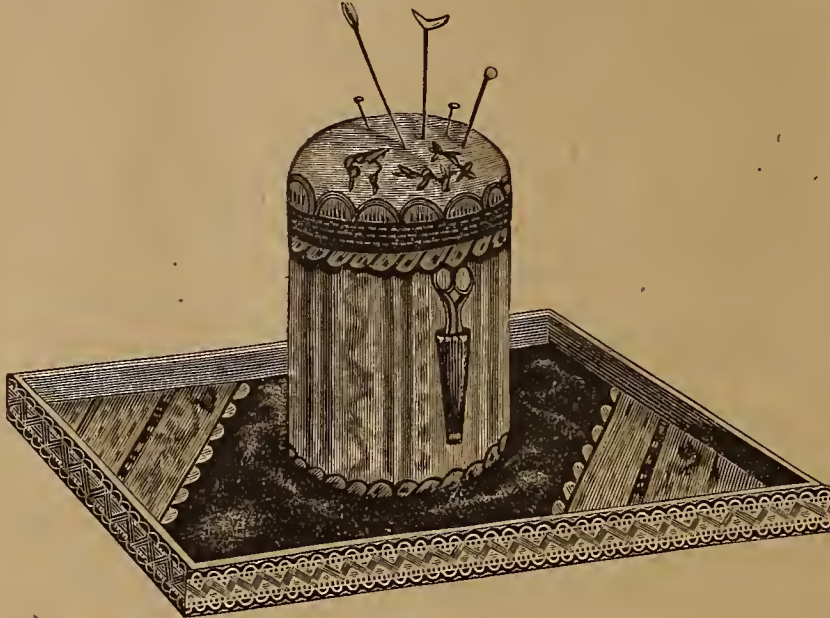
GIRL'S DRESS.

poison inheres in the soil; that it is under the influence of season, temperature and rainfall. It is excited to fresh activity by all measures involving the disturbance of soil, long left quiescent, but its ravages have been much reduced by drainage, and by the conversion of naked soil into meadow land, and by the erection of houses and the laying down of paved streets."

Professor Crudelli shows that precautionary measures have become traditional in malarious countries, and resolve themselves into two aims. First, to reduce as much as possible the quantity of malarial ferment which enters into the system

through the air breathed; and second, to prevent a lengthened abode of the same in the system.

In Italy it is thought unwise to work in the fields at the hours when the malarious poison is most active; namely, about sunrise and sunset; and a point of great importance is to avoid breathing the air in close contact with the soil, for the malarious poison rises only a short distance in a vertical direction. Thus, on the Pontic marshes people sleep on platforms four or five meters high, with perfect impunity. The day is shorter to him who goes late a-field, but if he escapes the ague, he has more of them, and is happier meantime.



TOILET TRAY PINCUSHION.

There has been, along the borders of the Charles river, near Boston, a notable reappearance of fever and ague, in the last six or eight years, and the Cambridge Society for Medical Improvement has set itself to find the explanation of this reappearance of an ancient enemy that it had been fondly hoped was effectually banished years ago.

Dr. Robert W. Greenleaf read a paper before the society lately in which he summed up his conclusions thus:

"In the blood of an intermittent-fever patient is a micro-organism which attacks the red corpuscles. Intermittent fever always originates locally, and is always found to have associated with its origin some conditions of local dampness. The micro-organism in the blood of intermittent-fever patients belongs to a group of animalculæ, many of which are known to live in damp soil. Such micro-organisms may be readily taken into the system by drinking water contaminated with moisture from damp, decaying soil, or by entering on food which is contaminated from dirty hands."

He calls attention to the fact that in all the region adjacent to Boston, for the last five or six years, there has been a constant upturning of the earth, in consequence of the building of many suburban homes, the digging of the metropolitan sewers, the laying of gas-pipes and water-pipes, and the construction of electric railways. He says:

"It seems to me quite probable that the uncleanly habits of laborers, who sit down to their dinner-pails without a thought of washing their toil-stained hands, may quite sufficiently account for the fact that relatively far more cases occur among hearty laborers than among other classes."

In the New Testament we are told that the "traditions of the elders" required that a man should not eat with unwashed hands, and nothing is more interesting to the student of Jewish history than the discovery that many of their obligatory ceremonials were strictly sanitary regulations. **MRS. H. M. PLUNKETT.**

GIRL'S DRESS.

For a young girl the skirt should be for a wash dress a plain, full skirt. Of gingham allow four and one half breadths. For thin wool goods, if gored, make the outside separate from the lining, as it hangs much better. The underskirt can be of soft crinoline faced up with the material. Even the China silks are much prettier made in this way. All the style of the dress is put into the waist and sleeves. Butter lace used for yoke and shoulder ruffles is very stylish, and it is used with good effect on all materials.

For challis, the addition of a few bows or ribbons makes it much more dressy. **L. L. C.**

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TOILET TRAY PINCUSHION.

Very often while dressing it becomes necessary to do a little repairing before one can go on with the toilet. A small rent, a button gone or going, which can readily be attended to, but if left is likely to become worse by another day's wear.

For this purpose a tiny convenience for one's dresser is nice to have. Your work-basket may be down-stairs. Who wants to run down for it?

Take convenient-sized box-lid, cover the inside with velvet sewed over a stiff paper to fit the bottom, putting cream lace over the corners. Draw a ribbon around inside and out, fastening it at the corners. A

lace insertion around the outside is a dainty finish.

A small, round box is covered and a small pincushion fastened on top. At the side arrange a band to hold a pair of scissors, which are almost a toilet necessity. With this always ready one could keep pretty well mended up. **L. L. C.**

FASHION NOTES.

Linen and duck dresses are to be popular again this year. They are made in the coat and skirt style and worn with vests and shirts.

Capes and loose wraps are a necessity not to be ignored while large sleeves are in style, so they are sure to be worn more than jackets.

New craped zephyr goods come in stripes, chine and dotted effects, some of the fabrics showing a crape-colored stripe alternating with one in cream or ivory-white, likewise crinkled.

Besides the leagues of fancy lace of every imaginable design, and of every width, from one inch to one yard, in cream, ecru, white, black and butter color, are more novel garnitures of frilled tulle hung with sparkling spangles and sequins. These will be alike popular for bodice trimming and decorations in millinery.

Very pretty vine-embroidered, brier-stitched or tuck and insertion, all-over fabrics in lawn, French muslin and India linen are shown this season, designed for yokes, waists and borderings for summer dresses.

The custom of wearing natural flowers is increasing. Not very long ago it was considered bad taste to wear natural flowers, but some gracious lover of their beauty and fragrance has originated the pretty idea of being known by a special favorite flower.

Skirts are slightly stiffened in the back by an interlining of stiff muslin or grass-cloth which comes for this purpose. It is more pliable than hair-cloth and not so heavy.

A pretty idea for a skirt trimming is black and white ribbon sewed together, gathered on one edge like a ruffle and finished at each side of the front breadth with a rosette.

A new idea for the coming summer is to have skirts and sunshades to match.

DO WOMEN KNOW?

That a great deal of the unpleasant odor from boiling vegetables may be avoided by putting a bit of bread into the water with the vegetables.

That when you put bed blankets away for the summer they should be carefully washed and dried, and cloves should be distributed plentifully among the folds.

That spirits of camphor, applied with a flannel cloth, will remove unsightly white spots from furniture.

That if grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, flour or meal should be sprinkled over it as soon as possible. Let it remain for several hours and it will absorb the grease.

That dress skirts will wrinkle less if folded right side out.

That asparagus is said to be a capital cure for rheumatism.

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SUMMER STYLES FOR DRESS—LATEST NEW YORK FASHION NOTES.

LADIES' BASQUE AND LADIES' SKIRT.

Fawn cashmere is thus trimmed with brown moire ribbon. The dressy basque has a full front of changeable taffeta in corresponding shades, on which three rows of the ribbon is sewed, the closing being effected under the center one. The ripple bretelles form stylish caps over the puffed sleeves, and finish in points in front.

The skirt, which fits smoothly over the hips, has the fullness confined to small space at the waist line in the back.

LADIES' DRESS.

This costume consists of a skirt and a full waist made over a fitted lining, which can be omitted if desired. The material is of figured wool challis, green on a white ground. It is trimmed with cream guipure insertion over green satin ribbon. Windmill bows of the small, green satin ribbon complete the decoration. This is a simple and very stylish design for gowns made of wash material, or of India or China silk. The trimming may be of broad gimp, ribbon or passementerie, or any preferred garniture may be adopted.

GIRLS' GUIMPES, WITH FULL AND SIMULATED YOKES.

No. 1 is make of fine, white lawn, the simulated yoke being of fancy tucking in groups of three, separated by bands of fine Hamburg insertion. The full sleeves are gathered top and bottom, and finished at the wrists with a band of insertion and frill of embroidery to match the neck.

No. 2 is of fine dotted Swiss, the gathered yoke being disposed in equal fullness and square shape. The sleeves are shirred at the wrists, the frill of Swiss being finished with fine Valenciennes edging. The neck is finished to match.

These guimpes are suitable to wear with any low-necked dress cut square, round or V-shaped. The guimpes can be finished as shown, or the lower part can be omitted if preferred, and gathered into a band at the waist line. Lawn, erape, mull, cambric, silk, taffeta, etc., are all used to make guimpes of this kind, and the yokes can be made of the same material, tucked, or of lace, net, or all-over embroidery and lace.

MISSIES' WRAPPER.

This useful gown is decidedly becoming to a young miss. Figured crepon in blue and white is the material used in this model. The pretty round yoke is covered with successive rows of narrow blue satin ribbon. A girdle of ribbon of wider width is worn at the waist, tied in front in long loops and ends.

MISSIES' COSTUME.

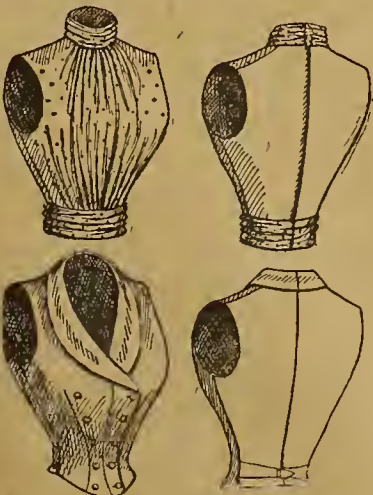
The stylish-looking waist has the pompadour neck filled in with gathered lace, the lining being cut away from under, in this instance. Stylish sleeve-caps of lace fall gracefully over the Empire puffs. The pretty waist decoration of ribbon can be easily copied from the illustration, the belt of ribbon being carried around the waist and finished with a bow and ends in center back. Many pretty combinations can be effected by the mode; taffeta, moire or China silk may take the place of the lace here shown.

The skirt fits smoothly in front and on the sides, the fullness being confined to the back.

MISSIES' STREET TOILET.

Mixed cheviot in oak and green is the material shown, trimmed with green gossamer braid. A blouse waist, or full front of changeable taffeta, is worn under the jacket. Stylish lapels turn back from the loose-fitting fronts, which meet the rolling collar in notches. A ripple cape collar flares from under its edges, giving new style to this popular garment. The smooth-fitting back falls in graceful ripple-like folds below the waist line.

The skirt also presents the ripple mode in its graceful folds, the fullness at the waist line being confined to the center back. The trimming can be omitted in favor of a plain tailor finish, the edges being stitched with a double row of machine stitching.



No. 6147.—LADIES' VESTS. All for 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 36 and 40 inches bust measure.

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Any THREE Patterns and the Farm and Fireside for the remainder of this year to NEW TRIAL subscribers, 35 cents.

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Tens of thousands of orders have been received from ladies all over the United States, yet we have not had a single complaint—instead, many letters of praise. "I paid 40 cents for a wrapper pattern last spring, exactly like the one I got of you for 10 cents," writes one lady. Another writes, "I find them perfect, and am able to do my own dressmaking by using them." Another, "I cut the dress by your pattern without making a single change and got a perfect fit." Another, "the patterns

are so complete and instructions so clear that they give perfect satisfaction." Another, "I don't see how you do it. You deserve the thanks and patronage of every lady reader of your paper." Another, "It does make your paper even more valuable than ever to your old friends. I saved enough to pay my next year's subscription, on the two patterns ordered from you."

The patterns are all of the very latest spring styles, and are unequalled for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. For twenty-four years these Patterns have been used the country over. Full descriptions and directions how to cut and put the garment together are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your

order will be filled the same day it is received. For convenience in ordering we have inserted a coupon below, which can be cut out and filled in as indicated, and returned to us with a silver dime, or 10 cents in new, clean postage-stamps, for each pattern wanted.

You can order any of the patterns which have been offered in the back numbers of the Farm and Fireside. Order by the number.

Do not fail to give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls and children. Order patterns by their number.

We guarantee every pattern to be perfect and exactly as represented. To get BUST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

Price of each pattern, 10 cents.



No. 6144.—MISSIES' WRAPPER. 10 cents. Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



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No. 6130.—LADIES' WAIST. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

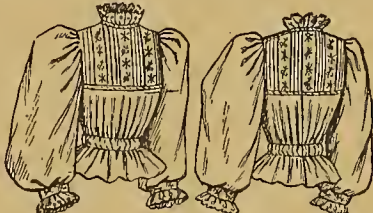
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No. 6124.—BOY'S SUIT. 10 cents. Sizes, 2, 4 and 6 years.



No. 6142.—LADIES' DRESS. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.



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Our Sunday Afternoon.

COMING BACK AGAIN.

Thou art coming, blessed Jesus,
Back to this old earth again,
Not a homeless one to wander,
But the King of kings to reign.
Saints with thee in regal splendor,
Jew and Gentile, ne'er to part;
Reigning with thee in thy kingdom,
Every subject pure in heart.

Thoughts like these bring inspiration
To the worn and homesick soul,
So we ponder while we're looking
Past the darkness to the goal.
Cruel waves would sweep and swamp us
As we sail o'er life's rough sea,
We should simply sink and perish,
But for hope of meeting thee.

Blessed hope! Thine, blessed Savior,
We would have thee come to-night,
For we know that at thy coming
Crooked things will be made right.
Earth again will bloom like Eden,
Birds forget their minor key,
Savage beasts will play with children,
All thy creatures glad and free.

Hasten then thy blessed coming,
Usher in the day of peace,
For creation groans and travails,
Yearning for a quick release.
Then we'll see and be like Jesus,
Thus the saints will all be blest,
So we pray and so we're waiting
For this deep, unfathomed rest.

—G. Tabor Thompson.

TO GROW OLD SLOWLY.

EAT moderately of healthful, nutritious food. Dress warmly, but lightly. Work moderately, and take gentle exercise and abundant sleep. Avoid carking care and anxiety. Do not strain, or lift, or run, or exercise violently. Do not try to show how smart an old man can be. Wash all over with hot water quickly twice a week. Treat young people so they will be glad to have you around. Make friends with all the children. Do not scowl, scold or fret. Give liberally before you get so stingy that you cannot.

Avoid stimulants and condiments, salt, pepper and spices. Do not carry big loads, do big day's work or eat big dinners. You may buy new teeth to grind food, but you cannot buy a new stomach to digest it. Do not smoke, chew or snuff tobacco, and so make yourself offensive, and subject yourself to heart disease and sudden death. Leave alone tea and coffee—drink milk and hot water, and so have a clear complexion, steady nerves, and be free from aches and quakes and shakes. Make yourself so pleasant, useful and agreeable that no one will think you a burden. Beware of cold rooms and cold weather; most old people die in the winter; do not get chilled. Avoid stimulants, excitement, passion, anger and worldliness. Do not try to build—there is little comfort in being buried from a new house.

Do not undertake great enterprises; give the boys a chance. Do not hang onto every office and position till you drop dead in your tracks. Learn to retire in good order, so people will be sorry rather than glad that you are gone. Use your money and do good with it. Do not give it all to your children, so that they will be in a hurry to get rid of you because they have got it; and do not keep it so close that they will want you to die so that they can get it. Do not sit in the chimney corner. Go to meeting, sing, pray, serve God, bring forth fruit in old age, and let your hoary head be a "crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness."—*The Christian.*

SALVATION NOT COMPULSION.

"Well, then," said a skeptic to me on one occasion, "why is the world not saved?"

"My friend," said I, "you misconceive the power required to convert souls."

There was a little boy in the room, and I illustrated my meaning by saying, "Suppose I will that that little boy leave the room. There are two ways in which I could give effect to that will: I could take him in my arms, and by my superior muscular force remove him; or I could take him on my knee, speak lovingly and persuasively to him, in order to induce him to leave the room himself. If I adopted the former, I should have merely removed his body; his volition would be against me, and he would feel that I had done him violence. If I succeed in the latter, I should have influenced his mind; and he himself would use his own limbs, and with a happy smile depart."—*Dr. Thomas.*

A VERY ANCIENT STATUE.

This was mentioned as "most rare and authentic," representing Caligula in Greek marble, and may be seen in a noted museum in Naples.

So intense was the hatred of the Roman people against the fourth emperor, that at his death they endeavored to utterly destroy every memorial of him; this statue was discovered and broken into fragments. The head was used by the ferryman of the Garigliano to steady the wheels of carriages crossing the river in a boat. Here and there, lying loose in the yard of a small osteria near by, were other fragments; these were gathered by Brunelli, who restored the legs, left hand, right arm, neck, beard and left ear; the countenance tells the story of low cunning and cruelty; the armor is fine and embellished with a spirited bas-relief, representing a horse (it may be the one the emperor made a senator), pounced upon by a griffin, while a soldier endeavors to hold him by the bridle.

The traveler giving this account adds that the chief interest attached to the statue is that it has been preserved to present times in spite of all the efforts of the Romans to blot out the memory of this detested tyrant.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Do not always be a drudge to your own household. Rest a little whenever you can, and allow some of the younger members to do some of the work. Have a chair by the stove, and when you peep into the oven, sit while you look, yea, even a moment after; you will work all the faster for the short change of posture. While mending have your chair in the coziest corner, where good light will come in, and let the sun strike upon you, if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health-giving influence of it. Drop your hands occasionally and let them rest. Let your eyes wander out through the window-glass as far as possible, and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of doors. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and, as it were, become again a child. Economize your strength. Sit when you can. Do not hold the baby when it can rest and grow just as well in its crib. By resting when you can, by planning the work to be done, and by being systematic and orderly in all things, a woman's work at home is more easily done.—*New York Weekly.*

EXCUSES.

Christian people, as a rule, admit that they ought to go to church at least once every Sunday. Yet in fact a very large proportion of church members do not attend one service each Lord's day. There is a very general impression that this shortcoming has its root in love of ease, self-indulgence and simple selfishness. Not by any such excuses, however, does the failing member justify himself. Not feeling well, the weather with its varied moods, unexpected company—these things are made to do duty. How little there is in these reasons, often so confidently put forth, we had good opportunity to see the other evening. There was much sickness in the place, the weather bad, walking difficult, the night dark and cold; but a popular bal masque filled the streets with thousands, and an admission fee of half a dollar did not seem to remind people that we are in the midst of hard times. What people want to do they evidently can do.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

GOOD WORDS COST LITTLE AND ARE WORTH MUCH.

It was said of Edward the Confessor that he could deny a request so sweetly that his "No" was pleasanter than the "Yes" of other people. "The love and admiration," says Canon Kingsley, "which that truly brave and loving man, Sir Sidney Smith, won from everyone, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen, his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerably, cheerfully, affectionately—so leaving a blessing wherever he went." "Sir Walter [Scott] speaks to every man as if he were their blood relation," said a Scotch peasant, seventy years ago, of the great story-teller.—*The Quiver.*

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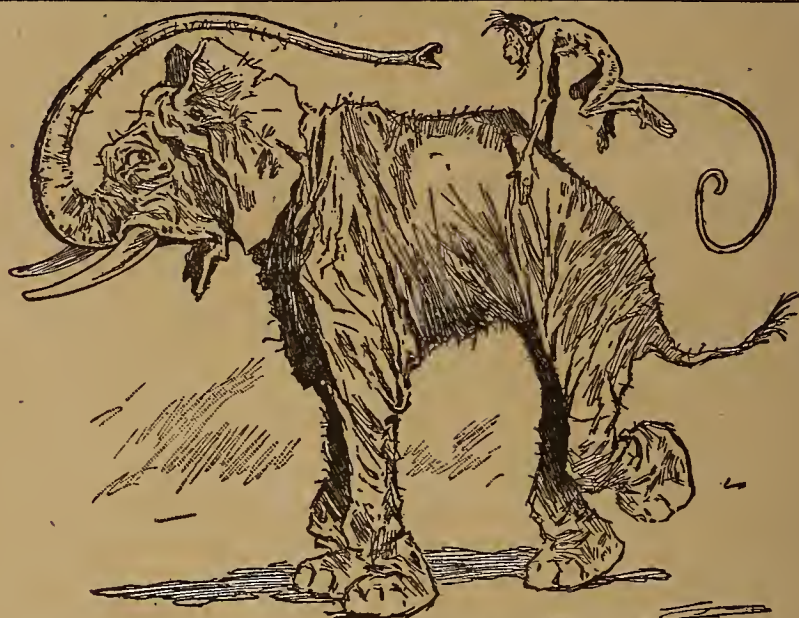
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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Queries desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Nursery Book Wanted.—G. H. H., Wise, Kan. One of the latest and best books on the subject is Prof. Bailey's "The Nursery Book." Price, \$1. Published by the Rural Publishing Company, New York.

How to Kill Quack-grass.—W. D., Flint, Mich. To kill quack-grass, first plow it in late in the autumn, then early in the spring begin with a good cultivator and thoroughly stir the ground. Repeat the cultivation every few days. Cultivate so frequently and thoroughly that not a leaf is allowed to show itself. No plant can endure such treatment during its growing season. If the work is done thoroughly, the quack-grass will disappear before midsummer.

Whitewash.—C. T., Ellerslie, Fla. Take nice, fresh-burned, unslaked lime, one half bushel; slake it with boiling rain-water, keeping it covered closely during the process. Add to this one peck of salt dissolved in soft water. Then add five gallons more of hot water, and stir the mixture well. Cover it up and let it stand a few days. Apply it hot. The secret of making it stick well is to have good lime, properly slaked, well mixed with the salt and applied hot.

Planting Navy Beans.—Mrs. T. O., Nettleton, Mo., writes: "Will navy beans get ripe if planted on wheat stubble after the wheat is cut, or is it too late for them?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Here we can plant navy beans about the middle of June, with a fair prospect of getting them ripe before frost comes, late in September or early in October. Possibly you might succeed with them if planted as late as July 1st. I am not sufficiently acquainted with your climate to be sure of it. A trial will tell the story.

Loss of Manure.—C. L. N., Hurlock, Md., writes: "Several years ago a field was heavily manured, but no crop was planted. Since then it has grown up to weeds, which have died down, the field not even having been pastured. Has this manure been wasted, or is it still all in the soil, having been taken up by the weeds and again restored to the soil when they died down in the fall?"

REPLY:—Some of the manure has been wasted, but undoubtedly the soil is the richer than it was before the manure was applied.

German Silver—Fulton's Steamboat.—W. F. H., Glenville, Md. German silver is an alloy of copper, zinc and nickel. It is used as a cheap substitute for silver. The other kind you mention is probably a new alloy or a new name for an old alloy.—In 1803, Fulton launched a steamboat on the Seine river, which, owing to faulty construction, immediately sank. Another boat was soon built, with the old machinery, and a trial trip made, but no great speed was attained. August 11, 1807, the "Clermont" steamed up the Hudson from New York to Albany, and successful steamboating dates from this event.

Remedy for Asparagus-beetle.—W. C., Mount Joy, Pa., asks for a remedy for the asparagus beetle.

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Fresh slaked lime (in powder) and insect-powder are the means usually employed. Put the lime on when the plants are wet with dew. Clarence M. Weed, in "Insects and Insecticides," says: "The plan most successfully adopted by Long Island gardeners to prevent the injuries of this insect is that of destroying by hoeing or other cultivation all volunteer growth of asparagus, leaving only the shoots designed for market for the beetles to lay their eggs upon. These shoots are cut and removed so often that there is no opportunity for the eggs to hatch in the field, and thus the increase of the pest is effectually prevented. The beetles are greedily devoured by domestic fowls, and in kitchen gardens these can sometimes be advantageously used against them. Of the artificial insecticides, pyrethrum (insect-powder, buhaeh) will probably give the best results. In small patches it has been found practicable to rub off the eggs from growing shoots."

Manure Questions.—W. A. P., Mizpah, N. C., writes: "Last year I put one hundred bushels of manure mixed with an equal quantity of vegetable mold from the woods, also eight hundred pounds of cotton-seed meal and four hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer, on an acre of sandy land that would have produced about twelve bushels of corn without the application. It made a rank growth of blade and stalk, but did not ear well in consequence of a severe drought. This spring I sowed the land to oats. (1) Is the land rich enough to produce a good crop of field peas and crimson clover, without any further applications of manure? Peas and clover-seed are to be sown just as soon as the oats are harvested. Will not the peas be an advantage to shade the young clover, and also the dead vines to protect it from the cold during the winter? My desire is, to get a good, rank growth of the clover to turn under next spring to improve the land. (2) Is crimson clover of any value as a manurial crop on sandy land? How much seed should be sown to the acre, and when should it be sown? Where can I get the seed, and what is the probable price? (3) Is spurry of any value as a orange plant on sandy land?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—(1) Possibly you might have had better results in ears by using less cotton-seed meal, which is a highly nitrogenous fertilizer, and liable to stimulate growth of leaf and stalk at the expense of ear. I should think you have made the land fully rich enough for a crop of corn, and the succeeding one of peas, clover, etc. (2) I have not had much experience with crimson clover, but this is undoubtedly one of the most valuable forage plants that we have. Experiments with it are in order. It should be sown in July or August, and will be ready for fodder or turning under early in spring. No doubt it would be a good manure crop, especially if fed and the manure put on the land. Any large dealer in seeds keeps the seed. It costs about \$12 per one hundred pounds. (3) Have not tried spurry.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. Detmers, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Note.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Stringhalt.—R. E. H., San Angelo, Texas. Stringhalt once fully developed is, as a rule, incurable.

Don't Let Down the Milk.—R. T. R., Pocalontas, Mo. If your cow don't let the milk down to save it for her calf, she can, from her standpoint, hardly be blamed. She will, very likely, yield it if you milk crosswise; that is, left fore and right hind teat, and left hind and right fore teat at the same time.

Lost an Eye.—J. C. O. C., Paulton, Pa. If your horse lost an eye, that eye, of course, cannot be restored. If the same is entirely gone, and the empty socket has healed, the appearance may be improved by an artificial eye (rubber), provided it is not too much trouble to you to remove, clean and replace the eye at least once or twice a day, and you are willing to run the risk of the horse losing it.

Coughing and Stiff.—I. T., Kinderhook, N. Y., writes: "I have a breeding mare eighteen years old. She had a dry cough nearly all winter. When that left her she became stiff in all her limbs. After she stands still awhile she can hardly move."

ANSWER:—Have your mare examined by a veterinarian, and then follow his advice. Your information is insufficient for a definite diagnosis.

Possibly Spavin.—W. F. M., Swanton, Neb., writes: "I have a three-year-old mare colt that is lame on the left hind leg. She has a swelling in hock-joint on the inside of the leg."

ANSWER:—It may be spavin, but upon such a meager description as you give, no definite diagnosis can be based. Have your mare examined by somebody familiar with the peculiarities of spavin.

Coughing Sheep.—A. A. M., Linville, Ark. Your sheep probably have lung-worms (Strongylus filaria), and if badly affected will die, because there is no way of removing them without doing more injury to the sheep than to the worms. To prevent the disease it will be necessary to keep the next generation away from low and wet places. But after all, it will matter very little how many sheep will die, because the prospect is that sheep will be worthless anyhow. Prospective free wool will remove more sheep than all the sheep diseases combined.

Probably a Fibroid.—P. J., Griswold, Conn., writes: "I have a pair of three-year-old steers. On the off side of one, about two inches in front of the shoulder, near the center of the neck (exterior), there is a bunch large enough to fill the hand. It is about as hard as a muscle. It does not appear to be sore. What remedy would you suggest?"

ANSWER:—What you describe is probably a fibroid tumor. If so, it will not yield to any external application, but can only be removed by excision or by caustics; hence, requires a surgical operation.

Internal Hemorrhage.—J. A. D., Rowlesburg, W. Va., writes: "I had a two-year-old heifer which I found complaining. She did not appear to suffer any great pain. Breathed rather quick and short, and on investigation I found from three to five gallons of water inside of her around the intestines, and on her kidneys was black, clotted blood about the size of her liver. The water around her lungs was frothy and her lungs were white."

ANSWER:—Your heifer, it seems, died of internal hemorrhage.

So-called Sweeney.—M. C. S., South Auburn, Neb., writes: "I have a fine three-year-old mare that is badly sweeney in one shoulder, caused by farm work. Please tell me how to cure her."

ANSWER:—What you complain of may be radial paralysis. Exempt the animal from work; give the same from six to nine months' time, good, nutritious food, and voluntary exercise, and everything will turn out all right. Avoid all kinds of external applications and other bores, which only serve to prevent a perfect recovery.

Umbilical Hernia—Thorngripin.—L. A. W., Celina, Ohio, writes: "I have a yearling colt, ruptured at the navel about the size of a turkey egg. Would you advise clamping?—It has a thoroughpin."

ANSWER:—Have the umbilical hernia operated upon (sewed off) by a competent veterinarian. The clamping you probably refer to is not a good method, because it too much incommodes the animal.—A thoroughpin may be temporarily decreased by judiciously applied artificial pressure, and also by repeated applications of iodine preparations (tincture of iodine, for instance), but a permanent cure is exceedingly seldom effected.

Diseased Lungs.—E. K., North Branch, Minn., writes: "I have a horse, about seven years old, which I bought a year ago. He is said to have had distemper in the spring of 1893. Last summer he had trouble in breathing. When I drive him to trouble in breathing. When I drive him to trouble in breathing."

ANSWER:—Your horse is affected with so-called heaves, or chronic and incurable difficulty of breathing, probably caused by diseased lungs. Some improvement may be effected if you follow the advice so often given in these columns in cases of heaves.

An Abscess in the Foot—Ringbone.—J. M. S., Rattigan, Pa., writes: "My horse is lame in left front foot. I can find no one who can tell what made him lame. One examined his foot. He found a little matter in the frog, and told me how to treat it. That was three weeks ago. Now the frog seems all right; still the horse is quite lame. Would matter gather in the frog if there was no bruise, or nothing wrong with it?—Is the horse too old to have ringbone? He is seven this spring."

ANSWER:—If an abscess was found in the foot (above the frog), there must have been a sore or a wound, caused, perhaps, by stepping on a nail or something similar, or by bruising.—A horse seven years old is not too old for ringbone. If both questions are about the same horse, it is possible that the nail, or whatever it was that caused the wound and the subsequent abscess, penetrated into the flexor tendon, or even injured the joint, and thus caused the yet existing lameness.

Deformed Feet.—W. R. McG., Cool Spring, writes: "I have a pony that is sore in the front feet. His feet are smaller at the heel; that is, they are contracted at the heel and flat in front."

ANSWER:—Your pony, it seems, has badly degenerated hoofs—contracted quarters, corns and flat hoof, conditions which are seldom found united. If you can spare the animal and keep the same in pasture all the summer, I would advise you to remove the shoes and cut out the corns, and then keep the animal in the pasture until fall. If you cannot, you have to go to a good horseshoer to get the pony shod in a proper and judicious manner, and then have the shoes reset at least once every four weeks.

Paralysis and Atrophy.—C. A. C., Six Points, Wood Co., Ohio, writes: "What must I do for my seven-year-old mare? In March she was very sick with paralysis in the hind parts. She is as well as ever as far as sickness, but she is lame in the right hind leg and swollen in the muscle."

ANSWER:—If your animal was paralyzed, and now shows lameness, paralytic lameness probably, and atrophy, or shrinking in the crural muscles, inserted at the knee-pan, the original seat of the paralysis is probably in the crural nerve, or its roots the lumbar nerves. The vastus externus muscle is one of the crural muscles, but it is not likely that one of the group alone should be affected. The case may be considered incurable. Time, possibly, may effect some improvement.

Skin Disease.—M. E. H., Yelverton, Ohio, writes: "I have a fine Jersey cow which will have a calf in August; she is very fat and is giving milk. She has some kind of an itching or breaking out. It commenced on her neck and shoulders, and now there are patches on her sides. Would it injure her to give her sulphur or poke-root in her present condition? I have used sulphur and grease on her skin, but as the warm weather comes it seems to be getting worse."

ANSWER:—Poke-root and sulphur can do no good. Although your description leaves one in doubt as to the exact nature of the skin disease you complain of, I would advise you to give your cow first a good, thorough wash with soap and warm water, and then, before she is perfectly dry, to give her a good wash with a two-per-cent solution of creolin (Pearson's) in warm water. The last wash to be repeated in five days, and according to circumstances, once more after another five days. If the cow is kept in the stable, the latter must be cleaned and disinfected at each washing. This will not be necessary if the cow is in the pasture.

Garget—Farcy.—M. C., East Springfield, Ohio, writes: "I have a cow that was fresh the first of February. She gave good milk until about the middle of April, then she gave bloody milk out of the near hind teat for a week. She got all right. The milk was good. About a week ago the milk looked a little bloody, and kept getting worse, and now it is all clotted and bloody. What is the cause?—I have a colt, three years old, that has farcy. What will I do for him?"

ANSWER:—Concerning the case of garget, a cure can be effected only if all the clots are removed by frequent milking (once every two hours), and if this is done, nothing further will be necessary, whereas, on the other hand, no cure can be effected as long as any clots, and with them the source of further coagulation, remain in the udder.—If your colt has real farcy, or external glanders, you will have to notify the live-stock commission, but before you do so, it may be well to have the animal examined by a competent veterinarian, because what you call farcy may be something entirely different and not dangerous at all.

A Fistule in the Jaw-bone.—G. H. H., Lone Elm, Kan., writes: "A colt has a running sore on the under jaw, supposed to be caused from a bruise. It has run for several years. There seems to be no prospect of its healing. It is just a small aperture in the flesh, and a very small one in the bone."

ANSWER:—A fistule in the jaw-bone of a horse, as a rule, leads to the diseased root of a molar. If such is the case, the molar must be extracted, an operation which, at least in a young horse, is by no means easy, and can be performed only by a veterinarian who has not only the proper instruments (forceps, etc.), but also the necessary experience. If this is done, the healing seldom offers any difficulty. If no tooth is diseased or connected with the fistule, of course, it will not be necessary to extract one, and a healing may be effected by the proper use of caustics—pure carbolic acid, or lunar caustic, for instance—after the external fistulous opening has first been enlarged, and the direction and depth of the fistule has been ascertained by careful probing. At all events, however, it is best to

intrust the treatment to a competent veterinarian, because a great deal of disappointment will thereby be avoided.

Grub in the Head.—F. S. T., Hoiston Valley, Sullivan Co., Tenn., writes: "Please state how sheep are affected which have grub in the head. I have lost several valuable ones, which were fat, and seemed to be in perfect health until a short time before they died. One had diarrhea a day and a half before it died."

ANSWER:—The symptoms caused by the larvae of *Cestrus ovis* in the frontal and maxillary sinuses, etc., of sheep are as follows: A mucous, sometimes one-sided discharge from the nose; frequent sneezing and snorting, by which sometimes larvae are thrown out; throwing up and shaking of the head; rubbing the nose on convenient objects, or with the feet; a catarrhal condition of the conjunctiva; watering of the eyes; uneasiness and distress, shown by tripping and tumbling from one side to another, but not by moving in a circle; high stepping with the fore feet, as if wading through water, at the same time drooping the head; difficulty of breathing in consequence of the swollen and partially closed respiratory passages. In some comparatively rare cases the larvae are removed by the frequent sneezing and snorting, and then the sheep may recover; otherwise the same lose their appetite, emaciate, commence grating their teeth, turn or roll their eyes, and foam from the mouth. At the same time, respiration becomes more difficult and more accelerated, and the animals die, sometimes within six to eight days after the first appearance of severe symptoms.

A WONDERFUL MARE.

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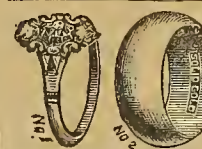
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Our Miscellany.

ONE reason why some people belong to a church is because they haven't been put out yet.

THE man who loves his farm too well to neglect her, will win her smiling favor in laughing harvests.

THE domestic pets of the world are believed to carry thirty per cent of the common contagious diseases from house to house.

IN Florida the cucumber is regarded as an excellent bee plant. It is said bees favor it, and that the honey prepared from cucumber flowers is of first-class quality. Cucumber pollen is also said to be a favorite with the honey-bee.

A COCK-POWL on the farm of James N. Lenow, at Little Rock, Ark., has not only intelligently expressed a decided preference for the companionship of English sparrows, but appears inseparable from them. The fowl is also great friends with a cat, and at night-time the bird and the cat roost together.

"ARE you not ashamed not to do any work all the year round?"

"Oh, I would rather be ashamed than work."
—*Fliegende Blätter*.

IN some of the Hindu temples of South India the collection is taken up by an elephant that goes around with a basket. Everybody contributes.

SOMEBODY has figured it out that the reason the "industrial" are all heading for Washington is that there is less work done there than anywhere in the country.—*Milwaukee News*.

WIFE—"What do you men have at the club that you haven't at home which makes the club so much more attractive?"

HUSBAND—"My dear, it is what we haven't at the club that we have at home which constitutes all the attraction."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THE coupon business in the country newspapers, aping metropolitan airs, has become so universal that the *Tidings*, of Milford, N. Y., has concluded to start in on this line, and makes the following liberal offer:

Clip along line of border.

TIDINGS COUPON.

This coupon, accompanied by fifteen cents in cash, will enable the editor to purchase one pound of beefsteak.

COLONEL INGERSOLL humorously relates an interview he had with a certain individual. Now, it is a part of Ingersoll's religion to be sociable and enjoy life as he goes along. Get what good he can out of the present and allow the hereafter to take care of itself. He tried to engage the party in friendly conversation, but with ill success. He then invited him to lunch, but met with a refusal.

"Would he drink?"

"No; didn't indulge."

"Smoke?"

"No."

"Chew?"

"No."

Finally says the colonel:

"Let's eat hay," and when the party declined to join him even in that innocent amusement, he bid him good-day with the parting remark that he was not fit society for either man or beast.

OF the value of work as a factor in the achievement of worldly success, Dr. Depew furnishes a chapter from his own life. It is this:

"The only thing that succeeds in this world is work. Nobody is ever pushed along by any one else, or by circumstances. I remember when I started in life in a little village on the Hudson river, with some fifty other boys of about my own age, with much the same opportunities and the same schooling. None of us had any money. Some of us worked, and worked hard and cheerfully; others did not work. Some lounged about taverns, some played while others worked. I look back and I count up those who took to the taverns; everyone of them are dead; they led miserable lives; they made their wives miserable, and their children paupers, and they sank into drunkards' graves. Then those who were always looking for something to turn up, and never used a spade to turn something up for themselves—everyone are sitting holding a chair down in some corner grocery; holding it down hard, and talking about this man and that one who in the village or out of it has been successful. 'That man has got to be a great preacher,' and 'that man has got to be a judge,' and 'that man has got to be a millionaire—well, there's nothing like luck in this world.' Every time I go to my native town and go around among those fellows, they say to me: 'Oh, Chauncey! Well, there's nothing like luck in this world, and you've got it.'"

GOING BACKWARD.

It is said that so much farm land in England has lately been allowed to lapse from cultivation that wild animals, which ten years ago were in danger of extinction, are now flourishing and increasing. The badger and the otter, for instance, are reported to be thriving greatly on agricultural depression.

EVERY TOWN HAS

A liar.
A sponger.
A smart alec.
A blatherskite.
Its richest man.
Some pretty girls.
A girl who giggles.
A weather-prophet.
A neighborhood feud.
Half a dozen lunatics.
A woman who tattles.
A justice of the peace.
A man-who-knows-it-all.
One Jacksonian Democrat.
More loafers than it needs.
Men who see every dog-fight.
A boy who cuts up in church.
A few meddlesome old women.
A "thing" that stares at women.
A stock law that is not enforced.
A widower who is too gay for his age.
Some men who make remarks about women.

A preacher who thinks he ought to run the town.

A few who know how to run the affairs of the country.

A grown young man who laughs every time he says anything.

A girl who goes to the post-office every time the mail comes in.

A legion of smart alecs who can tell the editor how to run his paper.

Scores of men with the cahoose of their trousers worn smooth as glass.

A man who grins when you talk and laughs out loud after he has said something.—*Western Paper*.

SOMETHING THEY COULDN'T COUNT.

A shrewd old farmer, full of fun and mischief, once overreached a jeweler in some transaction, and the jeweler complained of the way in which he had been treated.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said the farmer, "I'll sell you all my live stock at half a crown a head, and I'll let you come and count them yourself."

The bargain was struck. The day was appointed to count and hand over the stock. The grasping jeweler and his assistants in due course arrived at the farm. They totaled up horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and the rest. The jeweler then asked when he would remove the stock.

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," said the keen old farmer. "You haven't seen them all yet."

He then led the party close up to a dozen bee-hives, overturned one of the hives with his feet, and amid the yells of the flying party the farmer was heard shouting:

"Count now, you rascals!"—*London Tit-Bits*.

EGYPTIAN STYLES OF WRITING.

The Egyptians had four separate and distinct styles or forms of writing—the hieroglyphic, the hieratic, the enchorial and the Coptic. The hieroglyphic was probably in use as early as the year 4000 B. C., and at first was made up entirely of pictures. About the year 2000 B. C. the hieratic form or style was introduced. In this the picture hieroglyphics were greatly simplified, finally developing into forms purely linear. The enchorial form of writing was in use among the Egyptians from about the year 700 B. C. until about the year 200 A. D., and was still a further simplification of the earlier forms, which finally developed into the alphabetic form known as the Coptic.

HE GOT HIS RECEIPT.

"What are you waiting for?" said a Cherokee lawyer to an Indian who had paid him money.

"Receipt," said the Indian.

"A receipt! What do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the nature of one and I will give it to you," replied the lawyer.

"S'pose maybe me die; me go to hehen; me find the gates locked; me see 'Postle Peter; he say, 'Jim, what you want?' Me say, 'Want to get in.' 'You pay A that money?' What me do? I hab no receipt; hab to hunt all over hell to find you."

He got his receipt.

A MISFIT APPELLATION.

Every workingman in the country ought to protest against the prostitution of the word "industrial" by applying it to the aggregations composed largely of loafers and professional tramps that are roaming over the country. This term of honor should never again be applied to the conglomeration of vagrant and vagabonds who are now menacing life and property and the preservation of public order, and costing this country thousands of dollars every day to prevent the overthrow of government by law.—*St. Paul Pioneer*.

CLOVER HEADS.

Every head of clover consists of about sixty flower tubes, each of which contains an infinitesimal quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred different heads of clover before retiring to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for a load must, therefore, thrust their tongues into about six thousand different flowers. A bee will make twenty trips a day when the clover-patch is convenient to the hive, and thus will draw sugar from one hundred and twenty thousand different flowers in a single day's work.



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CAN YOU SUPPLY THE MISSING WORD?

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The sentence, a portion of which is given above, appears complete in this paper. The first one sending the correct answer will receive the first cash prize of \$2,000; the second, \$1,500; the third, \$1,000; the fourth, \$500; the fifth, \$300; the sixth, \$200; the seventh, \$100; the next one hundred will receive \$10 each; the next one thousand \$3 each; the next two thousand \$2 each, and the next six thousand four hundred \$1 each, making a total of 10,507 cash prizes, amounting to \$25,000. ALL of the other \$9,493 people entering the contest will receive a handsome prize, a most beautiful and valuable article which every one wants and which is sold in the stores for \$2, making a total of 100,000 prizes. Under this plan every one will receive a valuable prize, whether the answer sent is correct or not. The date of the letter, together with the postmark on the envelope, will be used to show the time the correct replies were mailed. To prevent deception, the time the letters are received at our office will also be taken into consideration.

The sole object of the competition is to amuse and instruct our readers and to increase our list of yearly subscribers, and the contest will be closed as soon as one hundred thousand answers have been received, when the offer will be withdrawn.

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Inclosed find \$1.00 for one year's subscription to The Weekly Recorder. I think the complete sentence is as follows:

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You can benefit your friends by marking this offer and sending a copy of this paper to them.

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CONDUCTED BY KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

ARTISTIC TABLE-COVERS.



HERE are embroidered table-covers and embroidered table-covers, and the apparent conceit of the woman who declared that she would "copy none of them, but invent a new mode of decoration," was, to say the least, amusing to her more conservative listeners. But as ever, "They laugh best who laugh last." She knew her own resources, the effort was a decided success, and we ate our humble pie and gave honor where honor was due.

Two fabrics, plain silk plush and Agra linen, both in a medium shade of soft olive-green, were combined in a novel and wonderfully effective manner. A piece of linen one yard square, had an all-around border of conventionalized chrysanthemums, open, half open and in bud, with an artistic mingling of foliage and stems. The embroidery was done with filo floss, twisted silk and Japanese gold cord, in a combination of long-and-short button-hole, outline and satin stitch, and couching. The floral design was first embroidered with floss, the blossoms and buds in various shades of dull pink, the foliage in deep tints of olive-green, and the stems in brown. The chrysanthemum border completed, a line of shallow, rather small scallops was stamped at an equal distance each side of it, the outer line arranged to form an edge finish, while the scallops of the inner line, turned in the opposite direction to form another edge finish, the use of which will soon be apparent.

A piece of muslin one yard square had its center placed exactly under the center of a section of plain silk plush twenty inches square, and the latter was securely basted to the muslin lining.

A section eighteen inches square was then cut from the center of the embroidered cover; the latter was laid accurately over the plush and carefully secured to position. The inner line of scallops was then embroidered in long-and-short buttonhole stitch with pink twisted embroidery silk, and the linen carefully trimmed away close to the scallop.

Following the outline of this edge closely, a pretty scroll design one and one half inches wide was made of gold cord couched on with silk of the same color. The outer edge finish was embroidered in long-and-short buttonhole stitch with olive-green silk, and a handsome silk fringe of the same tint was attached to the wrong side along the scalloped edge.



FIG. 2.

A less elaborate and novel, but very effective table-cover was ornamented with ribbon embroidery. It was made of fine broadcloth of a delicate shade of old blue, and had an all-around border of smilax-vines, the leaves made of cream satin ribbon, a trifle wider than that shown in Fig. 1, and the stems of gold-colored, twisted embroidery silk in outline-stitch. The work is easily and quickly done, and the exact method is plainly shown at Fig. 2. Make a small hole with a stiletto at each end of the leaf and draw the ribbon

through; fasten it firmly but neatly on the wrong side and catch it to position along its edges with invisible stitches. The edge was simply but very handsomely finished, as shown at Fig. 1. Satin ribbon the exact tint of the cloth, and the same width as that used in embroidering the vines, was drawn together at regular intervals by looping tassel-tipped loops of silk cord of the same tint around it, and then sewing it close to the edge of the cover—or rather, close enough to conceal the edge of it.

This kind of embroidery may be done of narrower ribbon and gros-grain, moire, or, in fact, any variety of ribbon may be employed, and more than one width is sometimes effectively used in one design. Japanese gold cord couched on with silk of the same color is very artistic for stems, and the leaves may be caught down with a row of outline-stitch placed just inside the edge. So-called "roses" often resemble a rosette far more than a flower, but forget-me-nots and other similar shaped blossoms are exceptionally pretty.

A larger and washable table-cover made of natural-tinted art linen, was simply and handsomely ornamented in the corner scroll design shown at Fig. 4, which was placed inside a two-inch-wide, hemstitched hem. The center scroll is made of Japanese gold cord couched on with silk of the same color. The other scrolls are done

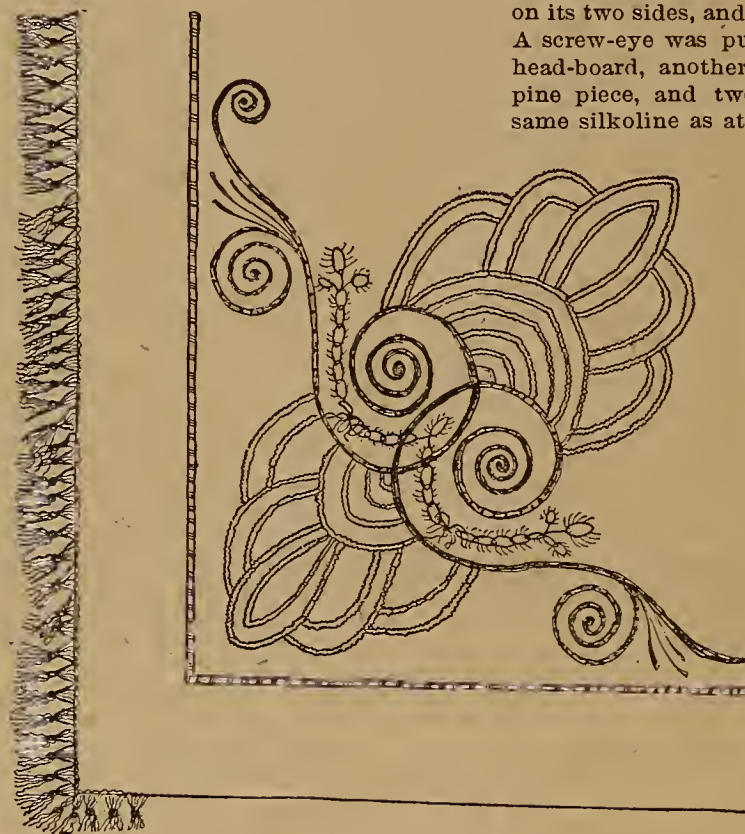


FIG. 4.

in two parallel rows of chain-stitch, with two shades of old red, twisted, wash embroidery silk, and the fancy stitching, the foundation of which is also in chain-stitch, and plainly shown at Fig. 3, is in the darker shade of red silk. Flax-colored, heavy, knotted linen fringe appropriately and handsomely finishes the edge.

K. B. J.

MAKING SUNLIGHT.

It is woman's mission to make sunlight in the home, and there are many of us who find our lives, as it were, set in a sunless, northern atmosphere that requires all our tact to tint with sunny hues.

The homeless find themselves in the

Two yards of vivid yellow silkoline with bright rosebud clusters, made lambrequins by using a breadth and a half to each, a broad hem at the bottom, and a narrower one at the top, into which are run basswood rods. In the center, the short curtain is tied up around the rod with a yellow satin ribbon. These rods are "sprung in" just above the shade roller, and hold themselves without any fixtures at the ends. Practically, they keep out very little light, and the clear daylight



FIG. 1.

shines through with all the appearance of sunlight.

The furniture is antique oak, for which I was thankful, as my own antique oak bookcase and writing-desk combined fitted in completely; so also did my mottled bamboo bookcase and bamboo candle-stand. But alas! although the room was large, there were no clothes-closets. Ingenuity must make them, even though it is the fashion to deride home-made conveniences.

A recess at one side proved as wide as the bedstead and long enough to permit the bed to be drawn down two feet from the partition. A dozen dress-hooks were soon screwed into the tall head-board; then a strip of pine was nailed to the wall on its two sides, and hooks put into them. A screw-eye was put into the end of the head-board, another into the end of the pine piece, and two more yards of the same silkoline as at the windows draped

the entrance. Behind this place was plenty of room on the floor for shoe-box and piece-box, and the hooks hold all common wearing apparel. To be sure, this improvised closet is more open to the dust than a closed room would be, but trying to look on the bright side of things one says, "Well, anyhow it at least is better ventilated than a windowless closet." In the morning when both windows are open to air the room, the silkoline is pushed one side on its basswood rod, and the fresh air has free access to it, as to

all the other parts of the room.

Across the southeast corner of the room is fitted in a large, three-cornered shelf; around the two sides are strips of pine with dress-hooks, and drop-hooks are screwed into the under side of this shelf, thus giving two dozen hooks in all. Above this first shelf, and about two feet higher, is a second corner shelf same size. The upper shelf protects from dust all that is packed on the lower. Here go muff and bonnet box, folded mackintosh, umbrellas, work-basket and all "cut-out" pieces of work. A drapery of two widths of figured canton flannel, green sprays on an old gold ground, falls from the upper shelf to the floor, and it is a cozy corner to look at, and quite satisfactory as a clothes-closet and neat stowaway, even if it is after all but a "makeshift."

Set diagonally across the other corner is the oak commode. At one side of it a portable cupboard on casters, and on the top of this cupboard a two-burner, astral oil-stove ready to give hot water for medicines or bath. At the other side of the commode stands towel-rack and slop-jar. To shut off from view these corner articles when not in use, two parts of an old-fashioned clothes-horse have been covered with silkoline (like the others) shirred on top and bottom. The "horse" is five feet high, and each part a yard wide, taking three lengths of silkoline; that is, a breadth and a half for each part. The horse was simply pine, and it took about half an hour to stain it, and about six cents' worth of mahogany "stain." It gives an air of symmetry to the room, having the two corners of the same end shut off, an air that was not planned; but our accidental effects are often our best ones.

A round rug with scalloped edge, a simple Japanese rug, lies before the commode

and takes off the cold of a straw matting when taking one's morning bath behind the screen.

The bookcase drapery of India silk blends its greenish-gold tints well with the silkoline and old gold and green canton flannel. Harmony is possible with the cheapest of furnishings if one seeks it.

The cane-seated, straight-backed, oak chairs are made comfortable with chair-back cushions made from the remnants of the silkoline. The expense of these sun-

light effects to lighten up the boarding-house north room has been less than six dollars; for, of course, I do not count my bookcase, stand and easy-chair, which go with me wherever I go. These others are the temporary extras which might or might not fit in at the next caravansary that chances to be my temporary home. Still, the chances are that until dimmed by time and dust they will be made useful wheresoever I pitch my tent.

Straw mattings, or dingy, thin carpets are so often to be found in one's temporary homes that I never expect to find my six by nine rug a superfluity. It adds warmth to my floor, even if the carpet chances to be "quite decent." It is large enough so that I can roll my easy-chair into quite different positions on my own rug, and unless one has boarded where the landlady, if she does not openly object to such movements about, yet hints "that heavy things must have a place and stay there; moving them does wear a carpet so." Yes, unless one has experienced such things, one cannot fully understand the sunshine in the heart that one obtains from the possession of the duldest-hued Japanese rug, all their very own.

A dark spot on my wall is brightened by having tacked against it a square of Japanese embroidery in gold on black ground. It was a grotesque intention for a sofa-pillow—as such it would have been an abomination—but it fills a place with bird-like brightness, where a steel engraving would have had "no show." Is not my "made sunlight" better than to have accepted a dreary content?

KEZIAH SHELTON.

REQUESTED INFORMATION.

S. V.—Painted woodwork can be repainted in any color or tint desired, by applying coats enough to conceal the original color, but as several coats of paint are liable to flake off, it is safer to remove the most of the old finish before adding the new. Professionals burn off old paint, but the amateur must use sand-paper, alkaline or soda and plenty of patience, perseverance and "elbow grease." If, as I infer, the woodwork of your room has only been painted once and is smooth, you need not hesitate to paint over it. I am not an adept in mixing paints from the foundation

(though I have had an immense amount of enjoyment from mixing several colors,) and would not like to advise on this point. Then, too, prepared paints can be purchased so cheaply, and come in every conceivable tint, that I doubt if you would effect the least saving by mixing them yourself. What color scheme would be most desirable depends greatly upon the situation of the room. Tans or golden olive are perfect colors for a living-room, and one can combine old blue, old red, terra-cotta and other bright colors to produce perfect effects. But whatever color you use, be sure to have the floor darker than the woodwork, and the latter no darker than the deepest tint in the wall-paper. A ceiling of creamy white will harmonize well with almost any tint upon the walls.

M. J.—You say that the "walls of your handsomely furnished parlor are decorated with paper having

a cream ground and scroll design in bronze, that the moldings are black and gold, and the woodwork painted bright cherry." You like the moldings, but not the color of the woodwork, and ask if you could leave the former as they are and repaint the woodwork light cream. Or would some other delicate tint be preferable for the latter, and if so, will I name several that would be suitable? Most assuredly I would—if I could, but if I fully understood your description of the finish of the room I could not answer either question definitely without knowing what the predominant color or colors of the furnishings and other decorations are. But I am at a loss to know whether by "moldings" you mean the more ornamented finish of the woodwork, or merely the picture-molding, or rail. If the latter, light cream, old ivory or *cane-au-lait* would harmonize perfectly with the wall decorations, though some other neutral tint might combine better with the colors used in the furnishings. But if all the wood moldings are black and gold, they might be even less aggressive and showy combined with cherry than they would with a more delicate tint. This depends upon details which you did not give. If you will write again, setting me right on these points, I will gladly advise, or suggest. Meantime, if there is an agency for prepared paints in your town, get a color card and you can better judge what colors will please you. If there is none, write to the Chilton Stain and Paint Company, Fulton street, New York, or to F. Aspinall, 98 and 100 Beekman street, New York, for one.



THE USE OF INDIAN CORN.

It is a well-known fact that there is a certain something in human nature, without a name, without form, yet possessing a most wonderful potentiality. It has been a considerable factor in the good of mankind; it is a power in its progress, and yet its harmful influence is demonstrated every day. When it is necessary to express this subtle something in words, it is said, "The highest pear on the tree is always the finest." Without hope, without the looking forward to a better state or condition of things, there would be no growth. Life would become a mere existence and barbarism would prevail, not civilization. But it often happens that in the eagerness of the race, when the end instead of the means is kept in view, power is lost. To aim high is the motto of all education, but fails in its purpose if hitting the mark be not part of the training.

The wonderful natural resources of this country have been such that the trend of the times has been a too general grasping for the "highest pear on the tree." Some few well-balanced minds have kept steadily at work gathering the material right at hand, quietly increasing their wealth and power by hitting the mark at which they aimed; while the masses have been growing more and more dissatisfied as the crowding and jostling increased, and the aim of all at the proverbial pear more wild. This despising of material at hand cannot long continue, for immigration has steadily consumed the natural resources of the country until the need for special development is strongly felt.

The time of wonderful "finds" is passed. There is an old story of a man who, when dying, told his sons they would find gold in a certain place on the land. Unceasingly they toiled, digging for the buried treasure. After having well tilled the entire tract of land, no glittering pile of gold was found to reward their labors; but the thoroughly-cared-for ground yielded wonderful crops, and at last the sons discovered the meaning of the dying father's buried legacy. Labor had given them its returns. Hundreds have sought the gold-fields of this great continent to dig for buried treasure. Could they but be convinced that it lies nearer the surface, and that for one grain of gold dropped in the fertile ground, a plant bearing a hundred grains, each one possessing most wonderful reproductive powers, would grow, would they not cease the weary strife for the unattainable highest pear? Unattainable only so long as they attempt to take it by force, or lazily sit and wait for it to drop into their mouths. Economy in food is the wealth of nations. When instead of burning corn for fuel on our western prairies, a market has been made for it, it will be a saving in health and pocket for both producer and consumer. Mr. Charles J. Murphy, agent of the United States agricultural department, is doing a most wonderful work in Europe, teaching and preaching the use of our national product.

But at home, right here in America, far more is known of its abuse than of its best use. There are at least five distinct species of corn, but the number of varieties is almost unlimited. In the agricultural building at the world's fair, every state of the corn belt displayed a bewildering variety of colors and kinds, differing from the bordering states in a wonderful manner. The Indians in their native quickness in such pursuits, have succeeded in growing a corn to order, so to speak. They raised marked corn of precise and exact mixtures of different colored grains on

the same ear. Each band of color has its own peculiar mixture, and the various distinctions are made the means of identifying the products of the different bands of Indians.

But the color or the kind of corn is not of interest to the housekeeper unless it means to her a certain standard of excellence, or a means of determining the value of the corn. Indian corn-meal, corn-starch, hominy, pop and sweet corn, loaves of Boston brown bread, Indian ponies, golden Johnny-cakes, corn-mush, Indian pudding, corn griddle-cakes, corn-meal crumpets, corn-waffles, croquettes, corn-fritters, canned corn, succotash, samp, corn grits, cerealine flakes and numerous other corn preparations are familiar by name to the inhabitants of North America, but the food value of these different dishes remains an unknown quantity to many consumers. Delicious recollections of the ears of corn roasted before the fire in the open field, or by the water's edge, are a part of the boyhood memories of many men. Small wonder that angel-cake pales into insignificance when a spark from that old-time fire lights the train of memories of coon hunts and trout fishing.

The history of the use of Indian corn from the days of ancient Greece and Rome to the present time, as well as its inherent qualities, affirm its nutritious character. It not only contains an average amount of nitrogenous material, but its characteristic is the large amount of fatty matter present. Properly prepared, it furnishes a wholesome, digestible and nutritious food. Yet because it is the "lazy man's crop," because with but an invitation it will grow

July Bill of Fare.

BREAKFAST.

Sugared Currants.	Broiled Chicken.
Graham Bread.	Fried Tomatoes.
Griddle-cakes.	Tea.
Coffee.	

DINNER.

Cherry-ice.	
Boiled Beef Tongue.	Roast Duck.
Egg Sauce.	Onion Sauce.
Currant Jelly.	
Mixed Pickles.	Sorrel Salad.
Cauliflower.	Corn in Husks.
Simlins.	Sliced Cucumbers.
Wafers.	Cheese.
Currant Pie.	Cream Pie.

SUPPER.

Cold Bread.	
Thinly-sliced Tongue.	
Toast.	Tomato Salad.
Compote of Raspberries.	
Lemon Jumbles.	Ice Tea.

almost on barren soil, and follow man everywhere from the tropical sun to the realms of the ice king, it has ceased to be a fashionable dish. There is a prevalent opinion that southern-grown corn is of a superior quality to that raised farther north. This may or may not be so, but the reason for the belief is perhaps found in an old saying, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Under the spur of necessity, with the extensive use of corn as a cheap food in the days of slavery, the negro cooks became famous in inventing and practicing methods tending to make it palatable. The circumstances of growth and preparation sent the hot bread to the table in its perfection. It is to a certain extent a tradition not something like "mother's cooking," yet northerners have much to learn of the South in relation to quality and carefulness in detail, when dealing with this abundant product. Nature never makes mistakes, and the grain grown in the northern states has the qualities necessary for its use as food there as distinctly as has the southern grain special adaptation for its use in the South. That produced in the North is rich in oil, while the kinds that grow in the South have starch in their composition. The northerners use yellow grain, southerners the white, and the qualities of each are needed in their place. No fact should be more convincing of the value of Indian corn than the very one which cheapens it; that in the United States there is no other staple crop which can be produced abundantly and profitably in every state and territory in the Union.

As our national emblem, it should be-

come our national food, that this great country may prosper by using, not abusing its glorious opportunities. Indian corn has a special right to be our national food and emblem, because it has been identified with every stage of our conquest of nature. It has borne its share of the national burdens; it has aided the republic in every epoch of her growth.

HELEN LOUISE JOHNSON.

BILL OF FARE FOR JULY.

SUGARED CURRANTS.—Select large, perfect clusters of ripe, red currants, wash them by dipping in and out of cold water; lay on a sieve to drain. Arrange in a glass dish, and serve in glass fruit-saucers around a pyramid of powdered sugar.

GRIDDLE-CAKES.—Put a pint of meal into a bowl, and pour over a small teacupful of boiling water. Mix and cool with a pint of sweet milk; beat three eggs and add with a pint of flour and a teaspoonful of salt; beat well, add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and bake in a well-greased, hot griddle.

BROILED SPRING CHICKEN.—Split young, spring chickens down the back, wipe out with a damp cloth; break the breast-bones, dust the chickens well with salt and pepper, lay on a broiler with the inside down, and set over a moderate fire, turn and brown on both sides. When done, take up on a heated dish, pour over melted butter, dredge with pepper and salt and serve with fried tomatoes.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Take large, ripe tomatoes, cut into thick, round slices. Place in a frying-pan, put bits of butter over the slices, dust with salt and pepper, and set over a moderate fire; when the tomatoes are tender, take up very carefully and slide off onto a heated dish; brown the butter in the pan, add a little grated cracker, stir and pour over the tomatoes.

CHERRY-ICE.—Stone half a gallon of ripe, tart cherries, mash and stand aside for one hour. Boil a pound of sugar and a pint of water together. Let cool, strain in the cherry-juice, turn into a freezer and freeze.

BOILED BEEF TONGUE.—Wash a fresh beef tongue well, put in a kettle and fill with water; stand over a slow fire, add a teaspoonful of salt, half a dozen peppercorns and four whole cloves to the water; let simmer gently until the tongue is perfectly tender, take up, skin, place on a heated dish, garnish with parsley and currant jelly. Serve with egg sauce.

EGG SAUCE.—Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, add a tablespoonful of flour, and stir until smooth, thin with half a pint of cream, stir until boiling; season with salt and pepper. Mash the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and chop the whites, stir into the sauce and serve.

ROAST DUCKS.—Draw and singe a pair of young, fat ducks, wipe inside and out with a damp towel. Make a dressing of one cupful of stale bread crumbs, a teaspoonful of powdered sage, a slice of onion, chopped fine, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of black pepper. Mix all and fill the bodies of the ducks with it. Place them in a baking-pan, cover the breasts with thin slices of bacon, add a cupful of hot water and a teaspoonful of salt to the pan; set in a quick oven and let cook for an hour and a quarter; baste every fifteen minutes; when done, take up on a heated dish and serve with onion sauce.

ONION SAUCE.—Peel half a dozen small, white onions, put them in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt, and let boil half an hour; take up, drain, and press through a fine sieve. Make a pint of cream sauce, add the onions, let boil up once and serve.

SORREL SALAD.—Pick over carefully a half gallon measure of sorrel, wash and shake dry, put in a salad-bowl with half as much cress, sprinkle the top with a little minced onion and salad herbs. Pour over a plain salad dressing. Set on ice until very cold and serve.

CAULIFLOWER.—Pick off the outer leaves and cut off the stems close to the bottom of the flowerets. Wash well in cold water and let soak for half an hour. Put in a kettle of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt and let boil for twenty minutes. When done, take up with a skimmer, put in a dish and pour over allemande sauce.

GREEN CORN IN HUSKS.—Remove the outside husks from ears of tender corn. Throw into a kettle of boiling water, and let boil rapidly for five minutes; set on the back of the range and let simmer slowly for ten minutes longer. Take up, drain, pull the silk from the end of the cob, and send to the table in the husks.

SIMLINS.—Peel and slice six tender, well-grown simlins, put into a saucepan with very little water, set over the fire and let simmer until cooked low; take up, mash, return to saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, pepper and salt to taste. Let cook slowly for half an hour.

SLICED CUCUMBERS.—Pare two large cucumbers, slice very thin, sprinkle with salt and set on ice for half an hour. Drain, wash and put in a deep dish, lay over thin slices of raw onion, dredge with cayenne and pour over strong vinegar.

CURRANT PIE.—Pick currants from the stem, put into a saucepan with equal measure of sugar, set over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Line pie-pans with rich puff paste, fill with the currants, cover with a top crust and bake in a very hot oven.

CREAM PIE.—Put a pint of milk on to boil; moisten a tablespoonful of corn-starch with a little cold milk and stir into the boiling milk, add half a teacupful of sugar. Beat the whites of four eggs and stir carefully into the boiling mixture, take from the fire and flavor with vanilla. Line pie-pans with puff paste, set in the oven to bake; when done, fill with the mixture, and set in a very hot oven to brown.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel three large tomatoes, slice and lay in a salad-bowl, set on ice for one hour; pour over half a pint of plain salad dressing and serve.

COMPOTE OF RASPBERRIES.—Select a quart of large, firm raspberries, not too ripe; boil half a pound of sugar until a thick syrup, drop the raspberries in and remove from the fire; let stand five minutes and return to the range, let come to a boil; take the berries up carefully with a skimmer, lay on a dish; boil the syrup until thick, skimming it until clear, and pour over the berries.

LEMON JUMBLES.—Beat one cupful of sugar and half a cupful of butter together, add two eggs, half a cupful of milk, the juice and rind of two lemons, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, with flour to make stiff dough; roll thin, cut in rings, bake in a hot oven; when done, roll in sugar. ELIZA R. PARKER.

MATTING FOR SUMMER USE.

From a sanitary point of view, no covering for the floors in summer is so healthful as matting, to say nothing of the great economy of its use in the household. It now comes in so many and such pretty colors and patterns, as well as at such very low prices, that the housekeeper has a wide range from which to select. Where money is not the consideration in furnishing the house for summer, beautiful matting, heavy in texture, rich in bright tones, or delicate in light tints, may be had at seventy-five cents and one dollar a yard, while for those who wish a cheaper article, pretty mattings are now sold for from ten cents to twenty-five cents a yard. This cheapness need not make one afraid of the lasting qualities, for a low-priced matting lasts much longer than a cheap carpet.

The labor of keeping the house clean in summer is greatly lessened by the use of matting; it is much easier to sweep than Brussels or woolen carpets, as the dirt and dust lies on top, and can be readily brushed off instead of being ground into the threads. As it loses its freshness, it may be restored by wiping off with a flannel cloth dipped in salt-water. If one side is faded and dingy after a summer's use, it may be turned for the next season, when it will present the appearance of being new.

Like everything else about the house, matting needs to have the proper care if it is expected to look well. If heavy chairs are pushed back and forth over the floor, marks will be left on the matting, and it will most likely wear in places, or where the gentlemen of the house come in the rooms with muddy feet, and the children play roughly over the floors, matting will soon lose its freshness.

In sweeping, many housekeepers insist that a straw broom injures matting, tearing and breaking the strands, and that it should be swept with a long-handled bristle brush. In sweeping matting, whether with a brush or broom, it should always be done lengthwise of the grain, as it will not wear out as quickly as when swept across.

The variety of rugs from which one may now choose even in very cheap grades, puts them in the reach of every housekeeper, and several laid over the floor covered with matting gives an air of comfort and luxury to the plainest room.

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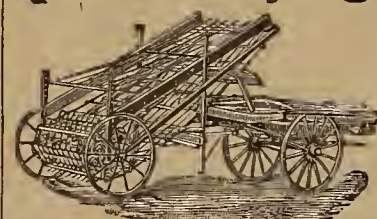
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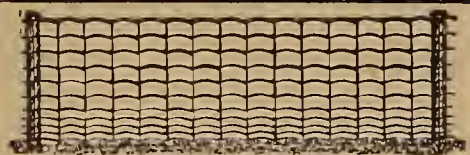
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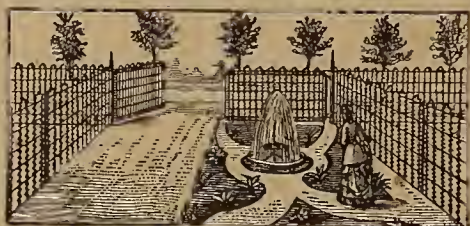
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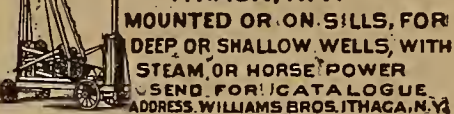
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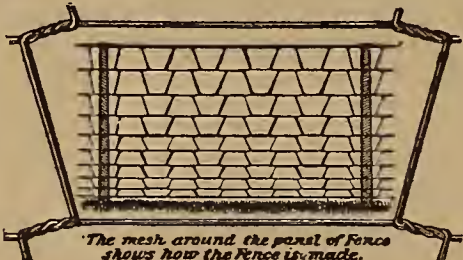


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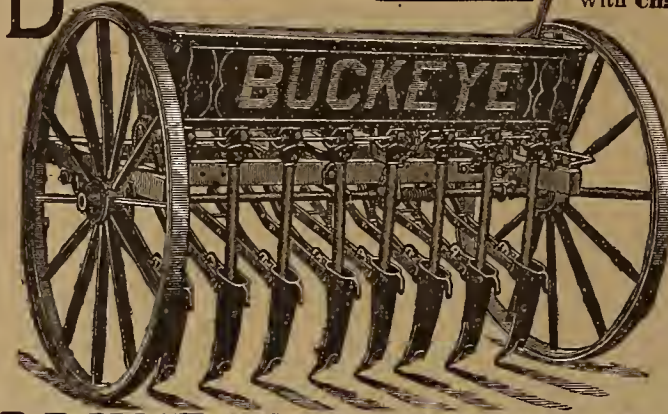
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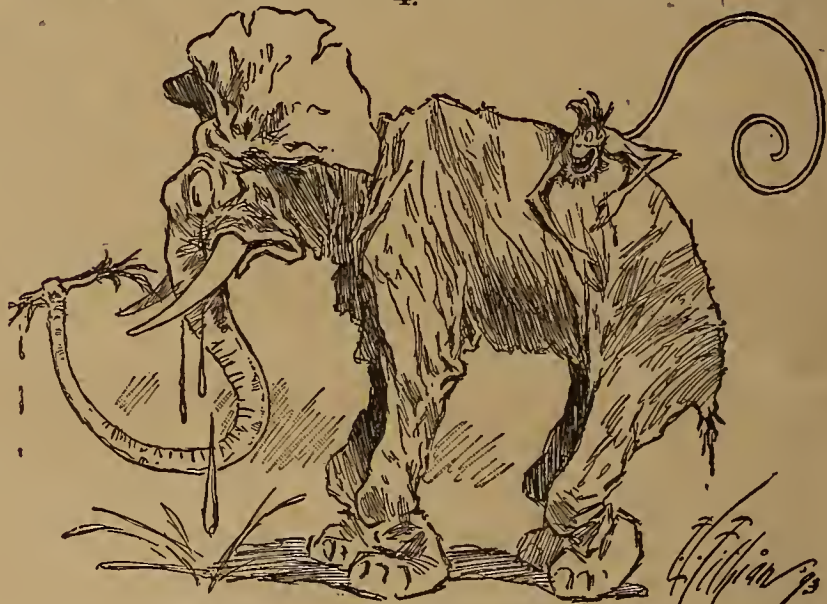
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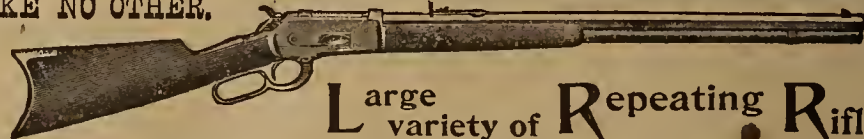
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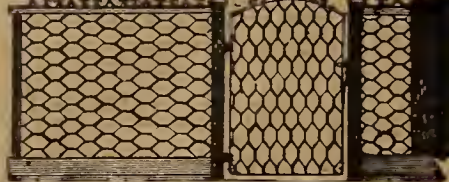
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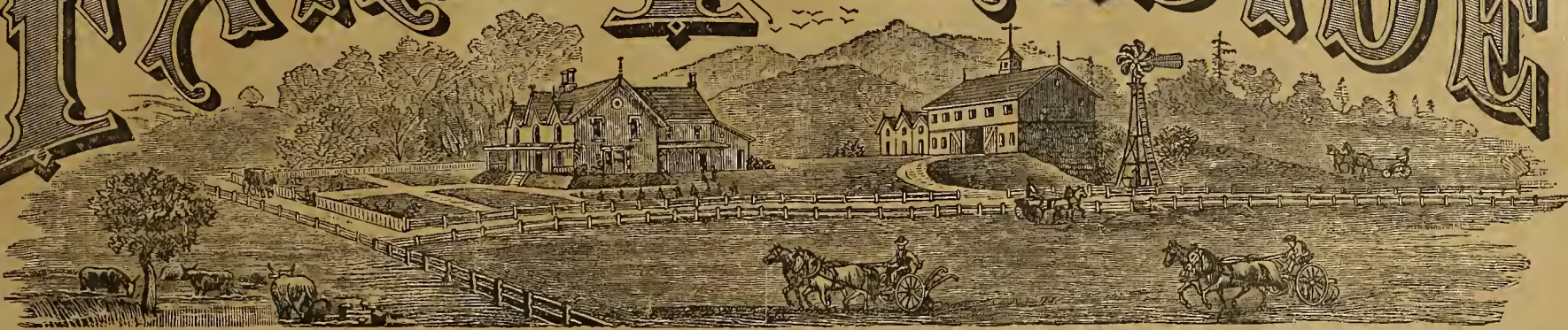


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VOL. XVII. NO. 20.

JULY 15, 1894.

TERMS 50 CENTS A YEAR.
24 NUMBERS.

INFORMATION FOR

ADVERTISERS.

The average circulation per issue of the Farm and Fireside for the first six months of the year 1894, has been

296,150 COPIES

This issue will be

250,000 COPIES.

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Topics of the Time.

THE PULLMAN BOYCOTT.

In these days, while the country is passing through the slough of despond, one great strike follows another in rapid succession. No sooner was the coal strike ended than another great strike was begun. The Pullman boycott ordered by the American Railway Union is on.

It had its origin in the shops of the Pullman Car Co., Pullman, Ill. The employees demanded the restoration of the rates of wages paid in prosperous times. The company refused to comply with their demand, claiming that it would involve a daily loss in its business under present conditions. The employees quit work. Whoever are in the right in this controversy, it is a matter between the employees and the company, and should be settled by them. To compel the Pullman Company to pay the higher wages demanded, the trainmen belonging to the American Railway Union were ordered by their officials not to handle Pullman cars. The boycott has gone into general effect, and railway traffic on many lines has been paralyzed. The object of the strikers is to force the Pullman Company to accede to the demand of their shop workmen by injuring its transportation business. That this object could not be accomplished without injury to many other lines of business and to the general public, received no consideration from those ordering the strike. In action, the strike is seriously injuring not only all kinds of railway business, but also other interests. The railroads being under contract with the Pullman Company to run its cars, cannot refuse without violating the contract, and are forced on the defensive against their own employees about a controversy with which neither have anything to do.

Transportation and business interests are suffering serious losses and inconveniences over a matter beyond the reach of railroad companies and business men. The boycott is working more injury to the public than to the Pullman Company, and public opinion is against the railway strikers, whatever it may be in regard to the car-shop strikers. While conceding

the right of every man to quit work when he does not violate a contract by so doing, the public cannot regard this boycott as other than a conspiracy.

One feature of this great strike is receiving special attention. Some of the railroads affected are in the hands of receivers and in the custody of the courts of the United States. Strikers who interfere with the running of trains on such roads are in contempt of court, and in conflict with the United States government. Judge Caldwell, of the United States circuit court, has given a warning to the employees of one such railroad, in which their privileges and duties are clearly defined. His statement in part is as follows:

"Any or all the employees can quit the service of the court if they desire to do so, but when they do quit they must not interfere in any manner with the property or the operation of the road or men employed to take their places. Any such interference will be promptly dealt with as a contempt of court. The men who wish to continue in the service of the court must discharge all the duties appropriately and properly belonging to the service. A refusal to perform any part of these duties will compel their discharge and the employment of other men to take their places. All the powers and authority of the court will be vigorously exercised to enforce these reasonable rules. I cannot believe the boycott order was intended to be put in operation on roads in the custody of United States courts and operated by receivers appointed by these courts; but if such is the case, the authors of the boycott order and the men to whom it is addressed must understand that the court will not tolerate any interference with the operation of the road from any quarter."

Efforts to enforce the boycott order on railroads in charge of the federal government cannot but result disastrously to the strikers.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

The Lexow committee from the state legislature has been making a thorough investigation of the municipal government of New York City. For weeks they have been taking testimony on the workings of the police department, and the disclosure of corrupt practices far exceeds the worst that has ever been charged. The protection to life and property given by the New York police appears to be merely incidental. The principal work of the department has been the collection of revenue by blackmail. Not only is every form of vice and crime made to pay tribute, but also many forms of legitimate business. Even special forms of vice were imported or cultivated for the sake of the blackmail they would produce. To the police, and through them to Tammany, its real ruler, New York has been paying untold millions of revenue. The money loss, however, is trifling compared with the degradation of morals caused by corrupt practices. Tammany is the municipal cancer that must be removed, and its extent and character are being laid bare by the investigating committee.

In a less degree all cities have the same things to deal with. That a complete exposure of official corruption in the greatest city in the country will be followed by a wave of municipal reform can be expected.

On the problems of municipal government, Editor Godkin forcibly says:

"The evils with which reformers have to contend in New York are very much the same as those with which they have to contend everywhere. When we are dis-

cussing the municipal problem in New York, therefore, we are discussing the municipal problem of all our large cities. Each is trying experiments in the best manner of meeting these evils, but New York has been trying these experiments longer than any of them, and has tried more experiments. That city is governed to-day by three or four men of foreign birth, who are very illiterate, are sprung from the dregs of the foreign population, have never pursued any regular calling, were entirely unknown to the bulk of the residents only five years ago, and who now set the criticism of the intelligent and educated classes at defiance. I might multiply illustrations of ostentatious indifference of this ruling class to the opinions and feelings of the better informed. The point to which I wish to draw your attention is, however, that these rulers, such as you see them, enjoy their power through the votes of a minority of the population, and in order to secure and maintain it, have never had to resort to any species of violence.

"The only fundamental remedy I can see is the formation and growth of what I may call the municipal spirit. This spirit, if it ever existed, has gone clean out of American political manners. The idea that the city should be set apart from state and federal politics and governed wholly without reference to them, is now as foreign to the popular mind as the idea of a civil service filled by merit was twenty-five years ago. But the administration of a city, like a bank or an insurance company or a railroad company, in complete independence of party, is a novelty which must be embraced if we are to have anything like permanent reform in city government. At present, very few people have any other idea of reform in city affairs than putting their own party in power. The citizen must get out of his head the idea that each of the two parties must make a nomination at every election; that a sound condition of public opinion in a city would make the renomination of a good mayor a certainty, and prevent a contest at any election, except over the question of the candidate's character or business standing. That there is a reasonable prospect of it, I judge from the increasing interest in questions of municipal government, which is just now greater than I have ever seen it. There is, I think, a growing perception that the present condition of city governments in the United States is bringing democratic institutions into contempt the world over, and imperiling some of the best things in our civilization."

ANNIHILATE ANARCHY.

Sunday, June 24th, the president of the republic of France was assassinated by an anarchist. President Carnot was the honored guest of the city of Lyons. The occasion of his visit was the international exhibition of the arts, sciences and industries, which represent the products and achievements of peace, law and order. While the president was riding in an open carriage along the street, through crowds of happy people expressing their welcome in enthusiastic plaudits, a young anarchist sprang upon the carriage step and stabbed him to death. The only motive for the commission of this base crime was the destruction of the existing form of social order by murdering its representatives. As chief executive of one of the leading nations of civilization, President Carnot stood as a conspicuous representative of law and order. For that reason, and no other, he was singled out for assassination.

Were anarchy to prevail, civilization first would be destroyed, and finally humanity itself. For self-protection and self-preservation, humanity must annihilate anarchy.

In the July number of the *North American Review*, the superintendent of the New York police department says:

"Within the past few years Europe has sent to us the most dangerous kind of criminal that exists at the present time—the anarchist. It would surprise the American public very greatly if the number of anarchists now in this country were published. When these men are hounded from their own lands they seem to gravitate here by a natural attraction, and most of them display a fondness for taking up residence in New York City. * * *

Among those I have talked with I have observed a religious, perhaps I would better say fanatical, spirit. They have dedicated themselves heart and soul to their peculiar beliefs; and they—that is, the leaders among them—stop at nothing, not even death itself, in their efforts to put these beliefs in practice in terrorizing the community. * * * It would be a mistake to suppose that when they leave the monarchical countries and come here they do not carry their revolutionary principles with them. They are opposed not merely to old forms of government, but to all forms of government, as we understand the term, and they would gladly destroy our republican government if they had an opportunity to do so."

Anarchists are in our midst, but that is not the only fact that demands the attention of our people. Agitators, political demagogues, so-called social reformers and others are, and have been, busy sowing the seeds and cultivating the noxious weeds of anarchy in American soil. The *New York Evening Post* forcibly remarks:

"As the world now stands, we hold it to be the solemn duty of all writers, preachers, professors, who are engaged in the work of reform, to refrain from denunciations of the existing society and social arrangements. Reform is possible without this, by simply acting on the lines of human nature. The common practice among Christian and other socialists and utopians of abusing nearly everybody who succeeds in life as an enemy of the human race, and the existing constitution of society as an engine of fraud and oppression, has undoubtedly done much to produce the 'militant anarchist' and give a sort of moral justification to his attacks on life and property.

"The 'thinker' who first gave out that all laboring, and indeed all poor men, were the victims of injustice, was the first man to sow the seeds of the frightful insanity with which we are now called on to contend. The injustice of one man can be righted by law or opinion, but the injustice to which all well-to-do people owe their comforts, naturally seems to a half-crazy ignoramus to require sterner and more sweeping measures. Probably thousands of weak brains in both Europe and America are waiting to-day to have their murderous passions lighted up by a word or two of 'social evolution' by some light-headed professor, or half-baked minister who has been overcome by the spectacle of human misery.

"The doctrine that no man should be content, that all should try to rise, has been converted into a proposition that all can rise, and that if anybody does not rise, it is because somebody is keeping him down. Herein lies the source of all our woes. Anybody who goes about spreading this view is an accessory before the fact to all anarchist crimes."

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FARM AND FIRESIDE,
Springfield, Ohio.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

Grain Gambling. The Hatch antioption bill against gambling in farm products passed the House by the decisive vote of 150 to 87. The bill is too mild. It merely levies a small tax on produce gambling transactions, and shrewd speculators may be able to evade even that.

A. G. C. C. The office of secretary and treasurer of the American Guernsey Cattle Club has been moved from Farmington, Connecticut, to Peterboro, New Hampshire. Wm. H. Caldwell, the secretary, will be pleased to answer any questions or give information regarding the breed to any who may address him.

Crimson Clover. Crimson or scarlet clover, *Trifolium incarnatum*, is an annual variety of special value as a stolen crop, both for feed and for improving the soil. Sown the latter part of summer, in the corn, cotton or tobacco fields or in cultivated orchards, it blooms early the following season, and its heavy growth can be turned under as green manure for a summer crop.

Farm Mortgage Indebtedness. The special report on farm mortgages in the census of 1890, ought to silence the calamity croakers. The census returns show that about 70 per cent of all the farms in the United States have no mortgage or other liens upon them. Three farms out of every ten are mortgaged, but for less than half their value. The total value of the farms is more than \$13,000,000,000; the total mortgage indebtedness is about \$1,300,000,000, or one tenth the value of the farms. The preachers of the gospel of discontent must drop this text.

Good Roads. Hon. Roy Stone, special agent and engineer in charge of road inquiry, makes the following announcement:

"Among the early fruits of the inquiry directed by Congress to be made through the department of agriculture into the 'systems of road management in the United States' and the 'best methods of road-making,' is the welcome knowledge that in many sections of the country decided progress has already been made in the construction of improved highways,

that this result has been reached in more ways than one, and that in whatever way it may have been reached it has been found eminently satisfactory and profitable to all concerned. It is, therefore, no longer necessary to discuss the abstract questions of the necessity and economy of good roads, nor to attempt to devise new ways of obtaining them. The practical experience of one community in making, using and paying for a new and superior road is worth more to others in like circumstances and conditions than any amount of argument or theory; and the greatest service the department can render the public in this regard is to furnish the facts in each important case of road improvement, and to compare the respective advantages and disadvantages of the methods followed in different portions of the Union. Modifications of these methods, or even new methods, may be developed by further experience, but for the present a clear knowledge of what has been done and is being done is the one thing needful. It has been suggested by friends of the road movement that such information can be much more promptly and widely disseminated through the newspapers interested in the work than through the usual methods of government publication; recognizing this fact, the department will avail itself of all such facilities as may be accorded by the press for the purpose, and will furnish a series of articles of the character indicated, to all papers publishing this announcement and forwarding a copy of the paper containing the same to this office."

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.
ARTIFICIAL FRUIT-SUGAR.

In one of the latest consular reports I find an item that seems to be of more than usual interest. It relates to the recent discovery of a chemical process in Germany by which fruit-sugar may be manufactured from beet-juice. The process has been patented in Germany and some other European countries, but apparently not yet in the United States. By some sort of chemical manipulation, the beet-sugar is converted into a substance chemically identical with the natural fruit-sugar developed, in greater or less degree, in most kinds of fruit. The product is a limpid, white syrup of great density, containing 75 to 76 per cent of sugar, and possessing, among other valuable qualities, a rich, fruity flavor, as of natural fruit-sugar, and the capacity to remain fluid and free from granulation for an indefinite period, notwithstanding its high degree of density. Ordinary white syrup containing 65 per cent or more of sugar, crystallizes and forms granular deposits, and when used for preserving fruits, often "candies" to such a degree that the preserves have to be recooked to restore the desired smoothness and fluidity. The new artificial fruit-sugar, on the contrary, remains smooth and fluid under all conditions.

But the quality for which the house-keeper will value it most highly is its power to assimilate, develop and preserve the natural aromatic flavor of the fruit to which it is applied as a preserving material. For preserving cherries, strawberries, peaches and various other fruits, it has been tested quite extensively. The users pronounce it far superior for such purposes to any other known form of sugar. Prominent among its advantages stands the fact that it is always ready for use, and that it corrects the tendency, so common in fruits preserved in ordinary sugar, to soften and assume a crude, sugary flavor, which not only injures the color and appearance of the preserves, but renders them cloying and disagreeable to the taste. It is also found far superior to ordinary sugar for making lemonade or any preparation in which the saccharin principle is brought in contact with the acid juices of fruits.

There is no record of any experiments having been made with this new fruit-sugar in this country. Before we become too enthusiastic over it, it seems we should ascertain the real value of the article by actual trial. But surely it is an important matter. If one half of what is told about it is true, we will find in it a great help and convenience in the household. The price at the factory at Hamburg, Germany, to the trade, is equivalent to 3 1/4 cents per American pound.

Frank H. Mason, consul-general at Frankfort, Germany, who gives this information, offers to any trustworthy American firm or person who is inclined to

make the experiment, a sample of artificial fruit-sugar, free of cost except for transportation, for the purposes of trial. Should the tests prove successful, the necessary facilities for obtaining a regular supply, or for establishing its manufacture in some beet-growing district of our country, could be readily arranged.

AMERICAN MUSHROOMS.

Since the introduction, last year, of the new summer mushroom, *Agaricus subrufescens*, and especially since I have had decidedly good success in its culture and have learned to like and appreciate mushrooms as an article of food, I have become quite interested in the subject of mushrooms generally. The fact is that there are a vast number of mushrooms growing spontaneously in this country which are very good to eat, and which are by no means used to the extent that people might use them, simply because there happens to be a good many poisonous species among them. Last summer the daily papers told of numerous instances of mushroom poisoning. Sometimes very innocent-looking mushrooms contain deadly poison, while others of a decidedly suspicious appearance and color belong to the edible class. It is a good and the only safe rule for all people never to eat a mushroom unless they know them, and have learned all their distinguishing characteristics. And to learn these, in sections where wild mushrooms abound, is certainly worth all the trouble.

From the department of agriculture I have just received a number of bulletins on our wild mushrooms, and I believe these bulletins ("Report of the Microscopist for 1892," by Thomas Taylor, M.D.; "Food Products," I, II. and III., by the same author), with their splendid colored plates which show our principal mushroom species, both edible and poisonous, in natural color, as if we had them bodily before our eyes, are among the most interesting of the official publications issued during many years. As they can be had without money and without price, simply for the asking, there is no excuse for anybody who likes mushrooms to remain ignorant of the character of the mushrooms he may find in his vicinity. So many of them that are good to eat are produced in abundance in various parts of the country, that the knowledge of their character should be extended until it has become common property, and a good, natural food product—the "rich man's delicacy" and "the poor man's meat"—is utilized to a more reasonable extent than it is at present. The food value of mushrooms can hardly be overestimated.

In regard to the detection of poisonous mushrooms by the tests so often recommended, it must be stated that none of these tests can be considered infallible. A French author says on this subject:

"We will not dispute the fact that a silver spoon or article of brass, or onions, may become discolored on contact with the poisonous principle, but this discoloration is not reliable as a test for deciding the good or bad quality of mushrooms. In fact, we know that in the decomposition of albuminoids sulphureted hydrogen is liberated, which of itself discolors silver, brass or onions."

"Mushrooms that change color when cut," says Dr. Taylor, "are not always poisonous; on the contrary, we know that several of the non-edible *Amanitas* do not change color when they are cut. Mushrooms of vivid colors and viscid caps are not always poisonous. It is by some supposed that high colors and viscosity are indications of non-edible species, but there are numerous exceptions here. The method of deciding the character of mushrooms by their odor and flavor is not to be relied upon. Edible mushrooms are usually characterized by an odor like that of fresh meal, and a flavor of hazelnuts; non-edible varieties have sometimes an unpleasant odor, and produce a biting, burning sensation on the tongue and throat, even in very small quantities, but several of the poisonous *Amanitas* have only a slight odor and taste, and certain species of mushrooms, acrid otherwise, become edible when cooked."

Much more might be said on this important subject, but I will content myself with calling the reader's attention to one of the most common, most valuable and yet most shamefully neglected mushrooms, the giant puff-ball. I take it for granted that the great majority of the readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE are well acquainted with it. They do not make use

of it, simply because they are not aware of its great food value, many people considering it poisonous. The giant puff-ball is readily distinguished from other puff-balls and allied mushrooms by its large size, it being from ten to twenty inches in diameter, and by its form easily separated from all other mushrooms. It is somewhat roundish in form, whitish or pale yellowish-brown in color, filled with a soft, white flesh when immature, which changes to an elastic, yellowish-brown, cottony but dusty mass of filaments and spores when mature. All the mushroom experts agree as to its edibility and tender character. The smooth-skinned varieties are the most palatable. Says an Italian mycologist:

"When the giant puff-ball is conveniently situated, you should only take one slice at a time, cutting it horizontally and using great care not to disturb its growth, to prevent decay, and thus one may have a fritter every day for a week."

The puff-balls must be gathered when young. If the substance within is white and pulpy, it is in good condition for dressing; but if marked with yellow stains, it should be rejected. When fried in egg batter, the slices make a delightful breakfast dish. An English authority gives the following recipe for puff-ball omelet:

"First remove the outer skin; cut in slices half an inch thick. Have ready some chopped herbs, peppers and salt; dip the slices in the yolk of an egg and sprinkle the herbs upon them. Fry in fresh butter and eat immediately."

An appendix to "Food Products, I." (1894), and "Food Products, II.," also gives quite full and plain instructions, with various illustrations, of the artificial culture of mushrooms, both of the common *Agaricus campestris* and the new summer mushroom, *A. subrufescens*, with several pages of recipes for cooking all kinds of mushrooms. T. GREINER.

THE FREE SCHOLARSHIP.

I would be pleased to have you call the attention of the readers of your paper to the fact that it is now time for those young men who intend to secure the free scholarship in the short course in agriculture at the Ohio state university, to attend to the matter.

This free scholarship is open to one person annually from each county in the state, and covers all college dues. It is good for two years, and hence there may be two persons enjoying this privilege from each county. The appointments are made by the county boards of agriculture. All persons who wish to secure this scholarship should apply at once to the president and secretary of the county society. In case the address of any of the officers of the society is not known, I can generally supply it.

These scholarships are the free gifts of a public institution for the purpose of promoting a kind of education not given by any other institution of learning within the state of Ohio. The character of the education given in the school of agriculture of the university cannot be adequately set forth in brief space. Suffice it to say that no young man who intends to enter any one of the several branches of farming, including stock raising, dairying, gardening, fruit growing, etc., can afford to be without this instruction. A handsome, illustrated circular will be sent upon application to those who desire further information. The instruction in the science and art of making butter and cheese, which the board of trustees has recently provided for by an appropriation of \$2,500, is a part of the courses in agriculture.

It should give all persons in the state who are interested in education—as all are—great satisfaction to know that a public institution, which they willingly tax themselves to support, is making rapid growth and is being liberally patronized. The following table shows the number of students in the school of agriculture and in the university as a whole:

	School of agriculture.	Total in university.
1889-90.....	26	425
1890-91.....	30	493
1891-92.....	40	604
1892-93.....	47	770
1893-94.....	72	800

Intelligent people everywhere understand that a public institution is what the public make it. In the same way, the character of the school of agriculture must be what those who are interested in agriculture and agricultural improvement make it. This fact has been exemplified by the history of the school of agriculture during the past three years. The agricultural press of the state and intelligent farmers everywhere have given the school their heartiest support. The result has been increased attendance, greatly increased interest on the part of the students, and much better and increasing facilities of instruction. There have been already many inquiries with regard to the free scholarship for the coming year, and there is every reason to expect an increased attendance over that of last year.

THOMAS F. HUNT.
Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Our Farm.

THE PASTEURIZING APPARATUS.

THE sterilizing, or pasteurizing machine is named after the celebrated French chemist, Pasteur, who, about 1857, discovered that fermentation of milk-sugar was caused by bacteria, and shortly after pronounced that all fermentations and putrefactions have their origin in presence of other species of such.

The object with this apparatus is to kill these bacteria, which are very dangerous to health, and to make milk keep for almost an indefinite period. These bacteria, or ferment spores, thrive best at a temperature between 59° and 104° Fahrenheit. If lowered, they develop only in a trifling degree, and at 43° to 48° become dormant. But as soon as the heat rises they are quickened to life. When the milk is heated up to 120° to 140° for ten minutes, the majority die; and at a higher temperature, say 158° to 160°, one might consider them killed. Their seed, or spores, retain vitality to a much higher degree. It is not desirable, however, to exceed these, for the milk assumes a boiled taste, and its fitness for cheese-making is impaired. When one desires to annihilate these spores, the simplest way is to subject the milk, immediately after being heated to the temperature named, to a speedy reduction below 100°. Then expose it to the air, and reheat it to the same degree—160°—then repeat the cooling.

The agency recommended as the handiest and most effective is indirect steam, which can be regulated to a nicety, put on or cut off in an instant, though the ordinary kettle cannot be said to be entirely unfit for the object, if handled with greatest care.

Like many other implements, its construction depends upon the extended use for which it is intended, whether to heat a limited quantity all at once, or for a continued run of a larger volume. A continuation can hardly be in question, unless in a factory engaged in the special object, or a creamery. Hence, this drawing omits to show the contrivance necessary for a perpetual flow, which, however, is merely the question of applying a separate outlet for the flowing milk at the proper place.

The cut exhibits a strong, wooden tank (I), within which, at a suitable distance, is placed a strong tinned iron cylinder having a collar on the upper end, covering the space between, and by which the tank is supported, as well as by two pieces of wood under its bottom, raising it up about six inches. There is a close-fitting block of wood under its center, which bears to some extent the weight of the axle working in its bearing above, to which the wings (KK), for agitation of the milk during the heating, are attached, and which are moved by the gearing above the cylinder marked A. The cylinder has a protection on its side opposite the entry of the steam-pipe (E) through the tank, preventing singeing of the milk on that spot. The wooden tank is provided in its bottom with an outflow-pipe (G), which carries away steam used and condensed. The second pipe (M), entering at and going through the tank bottom, passes the empty space and meets the cylinder bottom, to which it is fixed as an in-and-out-flow milk-conveyer. There is a stop-cock on the knee of this pipe immediately under the tank bottom, and at the further end on the right a screw-cap (P).

Let us now imagine the existence of a milk reservoir outside of the wooden tank described, and at such a height that the milk in it, when at its highest, is on a level with the highest level of the milk in the cylinder, and to which pipe M is fixed, and the flow into it or through it is regulated by a valve.

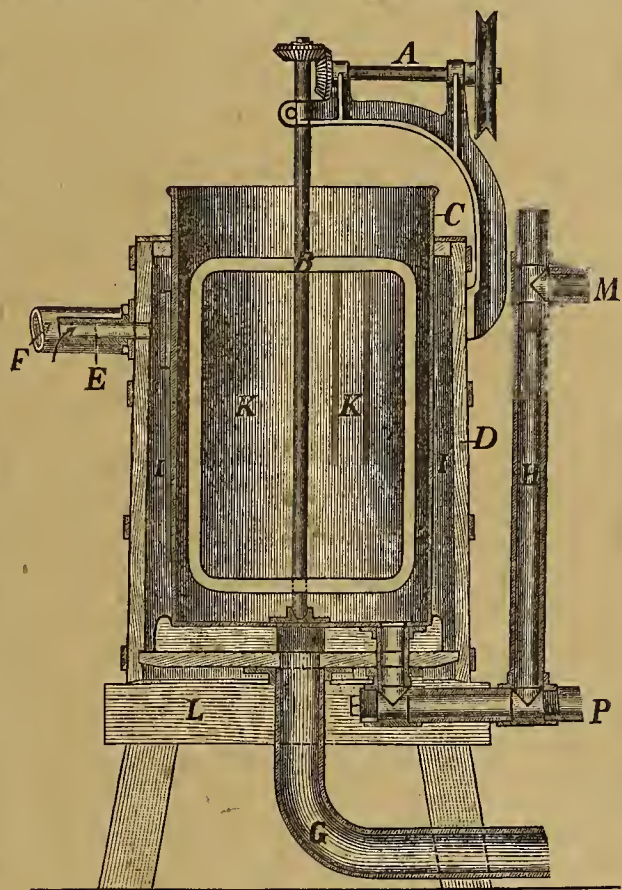
Before the milk enters the cylinder the wings are set into motion, and when they have attained one hundred and fifty rounds per minute, the milk is let in and rises to D, or above, when the steam is gently admitted until it has risen to C; then the heating and stirring continues until the 160° is reached, which must not

be exceeded, for the milk gets a boiled taste and becomes unfit for cheese-making. The steam is then cut off, and after ten minutes the milk discharged for immediate cooling to a low temperature. The discharge goes through the same pipe where the milk was let in, by unscrewing cap (P) and opening the cock under the tank.

The raw milk that stood in pipe M, after the cylinder was filled, had been emptied through the screw-cap (P) into the cylinder.

Some improvements are said to have been made upon this simple and practical system, which only fails in its completeness by not being constructed for a perpetual flow of milk through it. But that is very simple, and will be explained hereafter.

It is proposed to use, instead of an iron cylinder, one of tinned copper—with a lid—which sets in a galvanized-iron tank, which again is lined on its outside with wood. Through a pipe in the side of this iron tank the steam enters between the two, the copper and the iron, and is given vent through the bottom as before. The copper cylinder stands about six inches above the bottom of the iron tank, and in this space is fixed to the copper a pipe carrying away the heated milk. The milk-supply pipe enters elsewhere, close at the bottom of the copper cylinder, through the various sides. In the upper side of the milk outflow-pipe is a hole plugged with a cork holding a thermometer, by



MILK-STERILIZER.

which the exact heat can be read of the outflowing milk, and its temperature regulated by a stronger or slower flow.

To prevent scum from the raw milk entering the copper, there is an intermediate reservoir holding about twenty-five quarts, having a regulator so arranged that the milk in it stands at the same height with that in the copper cylinder.

A. B.

THE PERSISTENT MAN.

At an agricultural institute held lately, a speaker declared that the farmers of the present day were not persistent enough; that they lacked push and energy. And then he added, "The persistent man, the man of push, is always successful."

That is a great mistake. Other things equal, persistence is necessary; but persistence, merely blind persistence, is a dangerous possession. The persistent man gets somewhere, always. But where? He never hits the mark—the mark he is aiming at. The "persistent man" of "push" without a balance-wheel is his own and others' enemy; always pushing, always doing something, but not always, if ever, accomplishing anything satisfactory.

A and B, spending the summer at a seaside resort, went to the wharf to see a band of music and excursionists depart. As soon as the wharf was full-packed with people, B, the persistent man, discovered that he had seen enough and wanted to get off the wharf. "No," said A, "the boat is coming. We might as well stay here." But B must go. His dander was up. Like all persistent men, opposition made him more persistent. They pushed through the crowd, to the great annoyance of some members of it, but instead of getting off the wharf, they came out on another side

of the wharf. At that moment the crowd swayed, and over went B into the water, but the by-standers caught A and saved him from a ducking. The water was only waist-deep, and B calmly waded out, and on a bluff near sat down to take off his shoes, shouting to A, "I told you I'd get off that wharf."

Again, at a battle, an officer who had command of a small force proposed to take one of the enemy's batteries. Other officers told him that he had not force enough; that he would only sacrifice his men. But he led the attack, and returned to the place he started from, leaving a third of his men dead or wounded. But he was not satisfied. In vain other officers of his command argued and pleaded. Again he led the attack, and was shot dead and another third of his men was killed or wounded.

A young man, after spending four years in college, announced that he had been called to preach. His friends "labored" with him to convince him that he could not preach with any success. He spent three years at a theological seminary, and then preached, or attempted to when he had a chance; but never had a regular pastorate, for sufficient reason. He died at the age of twenty-nine of a broken heart, it is said, of disappointment that he had failed in life. And yet this man was a brilliant mathematician, and he might have done some good in the world, but he persisted in doing what he could not do—in trying to do what he knew, after trial, he could not do, and threw away his life.

Thus always with the persistent man without sense—always running into error or disaster. And that is not the worst of it; he leads others to their overthrow. In every profession, in every walk of life are these unwise, persistent men, and like the officer, they are continually marching up to batteries they cannot take.

And among the farmers are men of this class. They place before themselves certain tasks, and map out their course in advance, and are determined to cling to it at all hazards. A young farmer, ambitious, energetic, decides to conduct a dairy, a poultry farm or a market garden. He does not know, cannot know, all the factors that may appear; and if he could know them, they may change. He may begin under a protective tariff and at last (some time this year, perhaps) have free trade, practically, to contend with. The soil may prove to be not adapted to the business; his own knowledge may be insufficient; the markets change with tariff or no tariff; health fails. Indeed, obstacles may appear at every turn. But he is persistent; he will not yield a jot from the original plan; he will do or die; he continues to court defeat until death ends. It is not always the coward who shrinks before a superior foe and turns back. It is oftener the braver, wiser man.

GEORGE APPLETON.

THE TRAVELING AGENT.

The fine weather has brought the traveling agent out of his shell, and he abounds. His natural feeding-ground is in the country, and the farmer is his meat and drink and salad. Day after day he passes by; one day with a steel range, and the next with a two-pointed needle warranted to sew going and coming. Nothing is too large, and nothing is too small for his use. All are just his size, if its market value is an unknown quantity to consumers. He lets the old algebraic symbol, x, stand for the price, and he works out the answer in plain figures after determining the would-be purchaser's value. His price runs the scale like an opera singer, but runs up more easily than down. It is usually too high, and often much higher. It always includes the freight.

The agent says he is glad to see you. This is quite natural. Then he says that he has heard of you, and that he wants a man of your prominence and known business ability to examine this article he is offering for sale. That old trick never wears out. Then he draws one long breath and turns loose upon you a flow of conversation that reminds one of the time he sat in the gallery of our national House of Representatives. In time, or after time, he closes with a personal indorsement of all he has said, and a guarantee that the article is as represented. He acts as if this clinched the whole matter, and is wondering if, after all, you lack business sense and cannot tell a good thing when you see it. Then he speaks his piece over again, emphasizes his indorsement of it, repeats his guarantee, and anxiously watches for the ringing of the dinner-bell.

So much for the average traveling merchant, who pays no rents and wants you to save merchants' profits by buying at manufacturers' prices from him.

As to the goods offered for sale, who ever heard of a peddler selling an old and standard brand of goods? Why not? Because consumers have a fair idea of the usual price. He must have an article of whose quality and value the people cannot judge. Which is safer—to buy such goods of a reliable dealer who wants our continued patronage, or to buy of a man we may never see again? Why should farmers be the prey of these fellows? Simply because many of us are ready to accept the unsupported word of a stranger who is financially interested. These goods are sold largely upon the representation of one who has adopted the traveling business because he has the gift for talking, wheedling and making an impression upon people who do obey the common laws of the business world.

A few weeks ago the peddler was selling ranges. He had them with him. He guaranteed everything, and wanted only my note for the price asked. I tried in vain to head him off, but finally told him that if he merely wanted to practice on me, and rehearse his "piece" that had been lying unused since the roads became muddy last fall, to go ahead and I would listen. He spoke well—that was why he was on the road. But the questions with me were, Who pays for this talk? Who pays for the feed of his mules? Who pays for wet days? The man who buys the range. It is better to buy of men who spend time talking only to those who want to buy ranges, and who have them hauled by steam instead of mule-power. It may be a good range, but if it is, it deserves to be put into the channels of trade so that the masses can get hold of it. If sales of it are made only by hauling it through land by mule-power, most people will die before they ever hear of it. Large sales and fair profits are better for consumers than few sales at large profits. Then, to whom can one turn for relief when the range comes short of the expectations?

Yesterday the peddler had spectacles. Could he show his goods? I supposed so. But how could I know whether the price was fair?

"Why, I guarantee those frames to be solid gold. I guarantee my goods."

Ah, yes, that settles it. Spectacles worth three dollars a dozen wholesale, he sold for two and one half dollars a pair. And yet, such fellows are taking in the dollars of farmers all over this country.

The drug man stopped for a drink of water—concluded that he would not try to sell. Who knows what baneful effects those drugs may have upon the system, and yet farmers are taking these secret concoctions of quacks, and listening to the wordy assurances of strangers.

Wheat is too low, cattle and wool are too low, to waste money upon the goods of strangers whose tongues are their chief capital. We have to buy some supplies of which we are poor judges as to quality; but let us buy well-known brands, or else of men we will have frequent opportunity of seeing afterward.

These agents flock to the country; it is clothed in green. Then they meet and laugh at our greenness. For the sake of reputation and pocket-book, let us cease giving any weight to the guarantees of total strangers.

DAVID.

THE OTAHEITE ORANGE-TREE.

Every lover of flowers should have an Otaheite orange-tree. It blossoms and fruits the second year, may be planted out of doors during the summer, and potted in autumn for winter use. The blossoms are delicate pink and white, and the little fruit hangs to the branches until perfectly ripe. It is a dwarf shrub, and very ornamental for house growth.

I FEEL IT A DUTY

To tell the world that Hood's Sarsaparilla has saved my life. I had dizzy spells, nausea and pains in my side, caused by

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures
bad condition of my liver and kidneys. Soon after I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla I began to feel better. I took four bottles and I now consider myself a well woman." MRS. PAULINE RUBY, Buffalo, Iowa. Get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

Our Farm.

IN GARDEN AND FIELD.

MILLET AND OTHER FODDERS.—I have not much land to spare for pasture and for meadow. Sometimes I hire the use of a few acres of a neighbor, who is more fortunate in this respect than I am. But I am always face to face with the problem how to secure the needed supply of fodder in the most economical way. I am a good feeder and provider, and like to see a horse in good order, and a cow give a reasonably large quantity of rich milk. Green rye helps me nicely over about three months of the twelve. In August, September and October, whenever a piece of land is cleared from an early crop—peas, oats and peas, early beans, corn, potatoes, etc.—and I have no particular use for it until some time in June, it is plowed and sowed to rye, and the crop is cut in June, and either fed green or cured for hay. As already stated in an earlier issue, I am trying *Crimson clover* this year, as it may possibly be superior to rye for this purpose. If the rye is cut early—sometimes I have a cow staked out in the field and the stuff eaten down—there will be a second growth ready to cut or pasture a few weeks later. A portion of these patches I may have seeded down to clover in early spring, and the clover will give a good crop for cutting to feed green in the fall. Pieces not in clover, and not needed for planting beans, potatoes, late cabbage, etc., are plowed in July and sown to millet. This, on good soil, gives an immense growth of green fodder. If I can sow in June or by July 1st, I usually use the German millet; while for later sowing I prefer the quicker-growing, but coarser Hungarian-grass. Either of it comes quite handy in the fall, and if properly cured, can be fed as hay, at any time later. I am also trying Russian millet this year, and will report about it later on. We usually cut all the green stuff we feed, fine grass excepted, in a regulation fodder-cutter, and when feeding it, mix a little bran or other suitable ground feed with it.

Let me say, incidentally, that millet seed is a most excellent feed for young chicks. We plant seeds heavily, and the seed is not difficult to harvest. We always try to let a part of the crop get ripe, and then gather, thresh and clean it. I know of nothing that comes handier to feed to the little chicks when yet very young. Of course, they soon learn to eat whole wheat, but they seem to like millet seeds from the start, and for a change at any time, and they thrive wonderfully on such a diet. Small seeds seem to be a most natural food for little chicks. When left to themselves, and the care of the mother hen, they live mostly on weed seeds, bugs, worms and tender grasses. Millet seed is the most natural thing to take the place of weed seeds.

But to return to my subject. Between green rye and millet, right in the heat of the season, when pastures are short and dry, and fresh green stuffs would be especially relished by horses and cows, there is usually a scarcity. To help me over this, and also to furnish some most excellent substitute for hay during other times, especially winter, I am in the habit of planting an acre or two (or more) in oats and peas. The crop is cut when the oat kernels are just beginning to form, a part fed green, and another part cured like hay. This is another kind of fodder which is greatly relished by stock, and which makes the horse fat and sleek and fills the milk-pail. Rye, possibly *Crimson clover*, can follow the oats and pea crop.

Then we have the sweet-corn crop. I like to plant as large a piece, or as many patches, as we can spare for the purpose. We find plenty of demand at wholesale and retail prices for good roasting-ears. It would be folly to plant common field corn, while we can buy all we want for fifty cents or less a bushel, and when we can plant sweet corn more thickly than field corn, grow more ears to the acre, and sell good ears at ten cents a dozen. The sweet-corn patches give us plenty of fodder. Part of it is fed green. It contains plenty of nubbins, and is cut up in the fodder-cutter, nubbins and all. Horse and cow seem to like it about as well as anything that is ever given them. Not a particle is left in the manger, and the milk comes especially freely and rich.

Thus we have green rye between hay and grass oats, and peas between grass and fall pasture (during the usual dry time), millet in early fall, sweet-corn fodder in late fall,

and rye hay, cured oats and peas, millet hay and cured corn fodder during winter. So we can manage to get along with very little meadow hay, and we have the very best of fodder right along. With oats and peas, as also with sweet-corn fodder, we seldom give additional rations of bran or meal.

The garden also furnishes plenty of food for the cow. Spinach that is going to seed, stumps and culls of cauliflowers and cabbages, beet and carrot tops, tomatoes, peavines, pumpkins, squashes and many other things are among the waste products of the garden, and the cow furnishes a good market for them.

GREEN LICE ON CUCUMBER LEAVES.—J. C. Reed, of St. Clere, Kansas, recommends the following: "Use fresh, dry wood ashes or air-slaked lime. Apply with a common fire-shovel, throwing ashes or lime with considerable force in a slanting direction, so the ashes will rebound from the ground and rise to the underside of leaves. Apply early in the morning when damp; but be careful not to get too much on upper surface of leaves."

I think that this remedy will prove effective. But as I am using tobacco-dust on and around the plants, anyway, for the sake of keeping the striped bugs and other insects, flea-beetle among them, away, I can speak in favor of the use of ashes only for people who have no tobacco-dust on hand, or cannot procure it conveniently. The tobacco-dust is safer to apply than ashes.

TURNIP-ROOTED CELERY.—An Ohio reader asks me about root celery; how to raise it, and how to use it. The turnip-rooted celery is quite easily grown. It is a favorite among the Germans, who boil the peeled bulbous root, usually in soups, when it acts as a seasoning, in the same way as the leaves (soup celery) of common celery are often used; then cut it in slices and eat it as a salad, alone or with cold cabbage. It deserves more general attention by kitchen gardeners than it ordinarily receives. Start seed in flats under glass, or in a well-prepared bed outdoors in early spring, and manage the plants in about the same way as you would handle other celery-plants. Set out in rows a foot or more apart, four or five inches apart in the rows, and give thorough cultivation. The roots may be taken up in the fall and stored like turnips.

SWEET POTATOES FROM CUTTINGS.—H. S. Taylor, of California, writes me: "In the southern states the first crop of slips taken from the hotbed soon produce vines long enough to plant. Such cuttings are by many preferred to the second and third crops of slips from the bed. Make the cuttings twelve to sixteen inches long; wrap it twice around your index and middle fingers, and make a hole large enough to insert the coil and about four to six inches deep, pressing the dirt firmly around the slip to within one inch of the surface. Then fill with loose soil to prevent the soil from baking. If the ground is wet, the vines will take root at each leaf, and form roots more rapidly than slips will. Where the seasons are long and rains come between August 20th and September 15th, they will make a fine crop." JOSEPH.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

BUDDING.

In a general way, budding may be done at any time when the bark will peel, providing the buds are sufficiently matured on the new growth of the season. The proper time will be influenced by the kind of stock used, the season, and sometimes by attacks of insects and diseases. For instance, the native plum is generally budded to best advantage about the tenth of August, but should the stocks be attacked by some insect or disease that seriously injures the foliage in the latter part of July, the growth of the stocks will soon be checked, and the work must be performed at once or not at all. A period of severe drought may check growth, and in a similar way make early budding necessary. If the stocks are growing very fast, it is often best to delay the operation until the wood has become somewhat hardened, or else its rapid growth may cover up the inserted bud. If considerable pruning of the stocks is necessary to make a place for the bud, it should be done at least two weeks before budding is commenced, for the heavy pruning of any plant when it is in active growth results in serious check to the growth, and if done just when the buds are inserted it may prevent the success of the operation. The ordinary season for budding in the

northern states is from the middle of July to the first of September, and the earliness or lateness at which a variety is most successfully budded depends on the condition of growth. The stocks that stop growing early in the season are budded early, and those that grow until autumn are budded late. The conditions for success are:

(1) The stock and scion must be perfectly healthy and free from insects. If either of them are weak or sickly, unsatisfactory results may be expected. To this end, everything necessary should be done to keep off insects and diseases.

(2) The buds should be well developed in the axils of the leaves on the young shoots from which the buds are to be taken. It seldom happens that they are in this condition until the bud in the end is formed, but sometimes the buds in the center of the twigs will be large enough to grow, while those at the base and at the extreme tip are still quite small. If the buds are thought to be too immature, they may readily be developed by pinching off the tips of the twigs. In ten or twelve days after such pinching, of even a very soft shoot, its buds will be fit for working.

(3) The bark must separate easily from the wood on the stocks to be budded. This will take place only when they are growing rapidly.

(4) A sharp, thin knife is absolutely necessary.

(5) The work must be done rapidly, and the buds firmly and evenly tied into place. No wax is needed.

Basswood bark is perhaps the best tying material, since it is but little affected by moisture, and if put on wet remains tight and close. But corn husks, cotton warp or woolen yarn answers very well, and a tying material called raphia is largely used for this purpose, but it should be put on dry, while basswood bark should be used wet.

THE PROCESS OF BUDDING

Will be found illustrated in Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, which show the successive stages in shield budding, which is the form generally used in this country. When everything is ready for the work, prepare a lot of bud-sticks by cutting off all but one half inch of the leaf stalks. These sticks should be carefully protected from wilting, and it is customary to carry them in the field wrapped up in moist cloth or oiled paper.

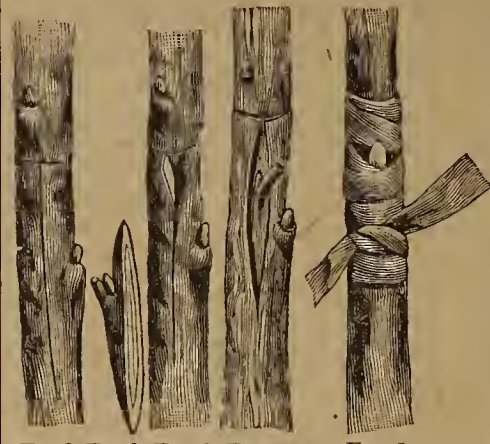


FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3. FIG. 4. FIG. 5.
Fig. 1, the way the cuts are made in the stock. Fig. 2, the bud when cut off; seen from under side. Fig. 3, the bud raised for the insertion of the bud. Fig. 4, the bud inserted. Fig. 5, the bud tied in place.

If it is necessary to store them after they are cut, they should be kept in a cool, moist place in moss or sawdust, or cloths, but not in water. They are often kept for a week before using, but should be used as soon as may be after they are cut.

TO INSERT THE BUD,

A smooth place should be selected (on small stocks this should be about two inches from the ground), and on the north side if practicable, since buds are less liable to be injured by freezing on that side than on any other. A cross-cut should be made at this point, and from it a cut about one and one half inches long, as shown in Fig. 1; at the same time the bark should be raised, as shown in Fig. 3. A bud-stick is then taken and a bud cut off with the bark and a thin piece of wood (Fig. 6) extending about one half inch above and below the bud, as shown in Fig. 2. The lower point of the bud (by which is meant the bark and wood cut off as well as the bud) is now inserted under the bark at the cross-cut, and is gently pushed down by the leaf stock and knife-blade. If the bark of the stock will not raise when the bud is thus pushed down, the stock is not in the best condition for budding, and it will be necessary to raise the bark with the back of the knife-blade or with the finger-nail, in order to let the bud come into its place. The sides of the bud should come under the bark, but if the wound is not large enough to admit quite all the bud, any

small part that may project above the cross-cut should be cut off by again drawing the knife through the cross-cut. The bud must now be securely and firmly tied in place, taking care to draw it down evenly and firmly, and to cover all the wounds with the tying material (Fig. 5), but not to draw the string over the bud itself. The buds will generally unite in about two weeks, but sometimes they will require a longer time, and it is often desirable to leave the ties on for some little



FIG. 6.

Showing the way in which the bud is cut off and its relative size. The line around the bud represents the bark taken off with the bud.

time after this period. It is a bad practice to neglect the bands and allow them to severely cut the stock.

The inserted buds should not start at all until the following spring. If they start into growth the season they are inserted, they are almost certain to be killed the following winter. If the bark of the inserted bud shrivels, or if it remains fresh and the bud falls off, the work is entirely lost, though the stocks that have missed one year may be budded the next, and even while loosening the bands it may not be too late to again bud those that have missed. To make the work more certain, two buds are often inserted in each stock, although only one is allowed to grow.

JUNE BUDDING.

Many nurserymen offer what they call "June-budded" trees at low prices. They are small trees that can be easily sent by mail, and are made by an operation similar to common budding, as described herewith, except that the work is done in June, and the inserted buds are forced into growth as soon as they adhere to the stock by cutting off the latter. They make only a small growth the season they are budded. The buds for this purpose may be hastened in maturing by pinching in the ends of the shoots to be used for the bud-sticks. For ordinary purposes, nothing is gained by budding in June, for a plant budded in August will make as large, if not a larger, growth by the end of the following year than a June-budded tree of the same age will make in its two years of growth, and will make a straighter tree.

RECIPE FOR MAKING BORDEAUX MIXTURE.

Prof. Beach advises to dissolve four pounds of copper sulphate in water, nearly filling a forty-five-gallon cask. Next make a whitewash or cream of freshly-slaked lime. Have on hand a small bottle containing a saturated solution of yellow prussiate of potash (ferro-cyanide of potassium) in water. As you add the lime to the copper sulphate water, apply the test from time to time by adding a drop from the small bottle. As long as you notice a change of color in the mixture, more lime must be added. When further addition of the drug ceases to change the color, the mixture contains lime enough. The necessity of straining can be avoided by using only the clear milk of lime, not the settlements. Freshly-slaked lime is always to be preferred. It sticks better, and it does not take so much lime. Its object is simply to neutralize the acid in the sulphate.

The mixture must be constantly stirred while being applied. For close work there is no better spraying-nozzle than the Vermorel. A bamboo extension may be used with which to get the nozzle into the tree.

A weak mixture put on thoroughly is better than a strong mixture applied in a haphazard way. Experiments have shown the Bordeaux mixture to be the best fungicide yet tested.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO KILL TREES.—To kill all kinds of trees, such as willow, locust, walnut, persimmon, etc., peel them in July or just before the bark sets, when the wood has made its season's growth, and let them stand until they die. Peel two or three feet above ground.

Maryland.

N. E.

[The above treatment is very satisfactory. It kills the trees because while the roots can feed the leaves with crude sap, the roots cannot get the refined sap, which is only produced in the leaves and green parts, and which is necessary for them to endure the winter. The sap circulates very largely from the roots up through the sapwood to the leaves, where it is refined and fitted for plant-food. It then returns almost entirely between the bark and wood, where it forms the season's growth. On the same principle, if a grape-cane is girdled for half an inch or more in June, the sap which would naturally go to the roots,

where it would store up nourishment, is prevented from so doing, and feeds the grapes, thus ripening them from ten days to two weeks earlier than they would naturally ripen. June and July are good months in which to try this treatment at the North. If the girdling is confined entirely to the smaller canes, no great harm is done; but if the whole vine is girdled, it would be seriously weakened.—Ed.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Injured Fruit-trees.—J. C. M., Carver, Ill. The twig received from you was much injured on one side, most of the wounds being roundish. I think the injury is the direct result of some hail-storm. I have seen many similar injuries in various sections of the country from this cause. After such a visitation, the trees had better not be disturbed until the following autumn, when the wood most injured should be removed or shortened back, so as to encourage growth from the healthiest branches.

Gall-mite.—C. H. P., Herman, Minn., writes: "I inclose some leaves from my plum-trees. You will notice that they have little, pointed swellings on the under side."

REPLY:—The swellings were on the under side of the leaf, and from one half to one inch long and pointed, and each one contained a minute mite. This insect, called a gall-mite, is what did the damage. It winters over in the egg form under the scales of the buds. From these the perfect mite appears in the spring to lay the eggs which develop in the galls. At this season nothing can be done to destroy them without destroying the foliage, but if the twigs are sprayed very early in the spring with a rather strong potash lye or soap, the eggs will be killed. Of course, this should be done before growth starts.

Huckleberries.—C. S. H., St. Louis, Mich. I have never seen the huckleberry planted and cultivated except on a very small scale. I have now five or six blueberry-bushes that are doing pretty well, although they do not produce enough fruit to be profitable. However, they are on a clayey loam, and I think they would do better on light, sandy soil. I know, however, of some very successful cases where the natural blueberry and huckleberry fields have been made much more productive by cutting out the brush that would crowd out the berry-bushes, were the latter to be left to nature. If you wish to try the cultivation of huckleberries, I would suggest that you look over the huckleberry sections of your state, and then take up productive wild kinds that you find growing on land similar to your land. Plant them in rows, and trust to heavy mulching for cultivation. I think this method of obtaining plants would be much superior to sending to any nursery for them. The blueberry and huckleberry grow from seed, and near my house are a lot of seedlings coming up on the gravelly knoll, where the seed has been sown; but they grow very slowly, and I doubt the practicability of growing them for profit from the seed.

PLENTY OF FRUIT IN MICHIGAN.

As one of your many thousand subscribers in the Wolverine state, I have carefully read every number of FARM AND FIRESIDE, but failed to see any special report of the present fruit outlook in this section of the Union. I send a few facts, which are the more interesting and gratifying to me because of a recent visit to the fruit regions of central and southern Illinois, and of portions of Missouri and Tennessee. Previous to my southern trip, I had read telegraphic reports from those states that the fruit crop was entirely ruined, but past experience had taught me to accept very suspiciously these sensational press reports, which ordinarily merely represent our American love of sensation, and which are tending to make us all very skeptical of the contents of our daily papers.

It was an exceptional spring, however, and I found much real damage to the growing fruit crops wherever I visited. Fruit growers were inclined to feel very downhearted over the situation. The uncertainties of the business, or rather, the weather problem was the main cause of complaint. It was conceded that in general a half crop would, during most seasons, net, by reason of higher price, almost, if not quite, as good results as a very large crop; but owing to the depressed condition of general business, this year will represent small crops and low prices. While absent I had seen many reports of what was called the total failure of the peach crop in Michigan, yet upon returning home, I found that the professional pessimist, or liar, had ignored truth very completely in his statements.

I cannot speak intelligently for my whole state, but am conversant with the "peach belt," which lies along the shores of Lake Michigan, from a point a little south of St. Joseph to Muskegon, a section of about sixty miles long by ten to fifteen miles wide. Peaches on all sandy soils will be a full crop except in a few instances, directly on the lake front and on very heavy clay

lands, where the drainage was defective. There the crop will be more or less limited by reason of the "curled leaf," which has caused the fruit to drop to some extent.

It is a fact, that in this favored locality we have had but one total peach failure in twenty-five years. The uncertainty of the crop increases as you go northward in the belt, since for every twenty miles of latitude, peaches ripen about ten days later. While the peach is classed among the tender fruits, it is only relatively so, as if in good condition, the fruit-buds of the best commercial varieties can withstand a temperature of twelve or fifteen degrees below zero, and a fair crop has been obtained even where the trees have been subject to eighteen or twenty degrees.

The influence of Lake Michigan is not well understood, even by many of our growers. Opposite Van Buren county, the lake is unusually deep, and the west winds are much tempered before reaching the shore of our state. The temperature upon the Michigan side of the lake will average twelve and fifteen degrees warmer than on the opposite shores of Wisconsin. The lake also serves to delay the frosts of autumn, and in September and October this locality is subject to few sudden changes of temperature. In 1839 the first peaches were shipped from Berrien county to the Chicago market, and until 1874 the commercial value of the peach crop increased rapidly, aided by low freights and the ability to deliver goods in perfect condition by water. In the year last named, the scourge called the "yellows" destroyed most of the orchards in Berrien and adjoining counties. It took several years to successfully check the ravages of this plague, and indeed, for a time it was thought impossible to stamp out the disease. This drove many of the growers into cultivating small fruits, which have proven almost as profitable as peach growing.

In my own county the "yellows" were more quickly suppressed, and I am of the opinion that peach culture here is more certain than in any other county. Several large steamers, which run daily to Chicago, are supposed to have been paid for within a few years by the profits of fruit carrying, and the beautiful little town at the mouth of the Black river, known as South Haven, has now nearly three thousand people, as against a population of 1,924 shown by the census of 1890. Most of the fruit farms hereabouts range from ten to thirty acres, and are falling largely into the hands of retired merchants, professional men and farmers from other states, giving us delightful society.

Strawberries are being marketed, and although the crop is not quite as large as in some former years, it is extra fine in quality, and growers are getting four to six dollars a bushel. On account of the excessively hot weather the crop of apples will be less than was anticipated, but promise to be unusually prime in quality. With the exception of pears, which will not prove over a half crop, we are expecting to gather fully as large crops of fruit as usual. Grapes near the lake and river look well, while at Lawton, which is usually the most promising section, the outlook is not quite equal to last year.

Property in this county is still low compared with the counties south of us. Improved fruit farms can be had at from \$50 to \$200 an acre. This fact is partly because our territory has never been advertised, while the summer resorts, steamboat lines, railroads and factories have given St. Joseph and Benton Harbor a national reputation. At South Haven the harbor is quite good, the bathing superb, and the town enjoys immunity from the rowdy element by reason of local option. We have had no boom, nor do we want it. I believe I live in the finest fruit country in America, and I know our facilities for marketing and the comforts of living are equal to the best. If this seems like bragadocia, come and see for yourselves. I have no land for sale, but I do take a pride in my county and state.

Van Buren county, Mich.

FERTILIZING MATERIAL.

At the winter farmers' meeting, held under the auspices of the board of agriculture of the state of Connecticut, the question was asked, "Does it pay the farmer to purchase and apply commercial superphosphates to the soil?" And from the assemblage of the representative farmers from all over the state the answers "yes" and "no" were pretty nearly divided. This is no surprising expression of opinion, for it is a fact, that ever since the first introduction of commercial fertilizers (and by that term

is meant the various manufactured compounds that are placed upon the market) the expression of opinion upon the question of benefit has ever been contradictory. While some have been willing to admit that some advantages have resulted from their use, others have strongly insisted that they received no benefit whatever.

Perhaps some of the differences have arisen from a difference of meaning intended to be conveyed, and that might have been the case at the meeting referred to; while one would answer the question of advantage in its relations to the question of net gain, another would do so from a standpoint of effects and gain in crops as related to cost of fertilizer, so that while from the different standpoints the answers might conflict when received in the same light, there would be no essential difference.

In one instance a farmer used a quantity of phosphate in planting potatoes side by side with others where no phosphate was used, and declared that there was no difference whatever in the yield, and considered that he received no benefit whatever. The results as stated by him would certainly lead him to such a conclusion. In another instance a careful farmer made use of superphosphates in large quantities, and expressed the decided opinion that he never received a cent's benefit; but in this case it was a question of ultimate net profit. He admitted that he secured an increase of crop to the extent of very nearly or quite remunerating him for the expenditure of fertilizer, but no further. In either case, in fact, in any case where the values of crops were not augmented to an amount greater than that expended for the fertilizer, a dual construction would be that the fertilizer did not pay anything for the reason that only the money expended has been returned in increased crops, while there is a possibility that an increased exhaustion of soil may have resulted.

Taking this view of the case, the only question to be considered is whether the increase of crop is an advantage to the farmer even at a cost of its full value.

Taking a general view of the case: Suppose more food material is required upon the farm, the question may arise whether it is not better to secure it by an application to the soil, and thus secure its tillage, than to depend upon the market for it. Take the case of corn, and besides the grain obtained there is a good quantity of coarse fodder; the consumption of both grain and fodder adds to the manure pile, and so becomes a source of fertility. While it is true that manure is also obtained from the feeding of purchased grain, then another question arises regarding the relative value of food material produced by cultivation from a definite amount expended on the purchase of fertilizer or an expenditure of the same amount for the grain itself. These are questions that can only be determined by trial, but would depend upon the value of grain, which varies in price somewhat.

It is becoming an important question to farmers regarding the best and most economical means of securing some of the more costly fertilizing elements.

The great importance of nitrogen as an element of fertility cannot be overestimated, and yet in a soluble and available form it is the most expensive of any element of the nutrition of plants; it can be obtained in cheap forms, but it is cheap simply because in the condition sold it is largely unavailable, and will therefore go but a little way toward producing the desired results. In the shape of sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, nitrogen can be obtained in the most available form in the commercial article, but in this form it is quite expensive, which naturally deters the average farmer from investing very heavily.

The question then arises, how is the average farmer of limited means to apply nitrogen to his soil? It is a well-known fact that clover, soja beans and some other similar crops can be grown upon average soils by a moderate application of sulphate of lime or ashes; it also accumulates a quantity of nitrogen, which by its own peculiar alchemy it procures from the atmosphere. Is it not a fact, then, that herein lies a secret of enriching the soil on that subtle element, nitrogen, in a manner that requires but little expenditure in money, but makes a demand upon the inexhaustible supply of nature?

This brings into exercise a system known as green manuring, some of the effects of which are produced by a system of rotation of crops, where clover forms a part of

the rotation. By the application of some ashes or plaster, or both, and a suitable preparation of the soil, and seeding to clover, a good crop can be secured, which, being plowed in when fairly well developed, will afford a good supply of nitrogen, and by its decomposition will produce a very beneficial effect upon the soil in a mechanical way.

When farmers will exercise sufficient courage to plow under a good crop of clover as a fertilizer, they will have entered upon the dawn of a new era as regards maintaining the fertility of the soil.

It becomes more and more evident every day that some means must be taken to secure fertilizing material in the most economical manner. The general depression in business reaches to the farmer, and retrenchment becomes a watchword with him; it is therefore for his interest to employ those means that will secure the desired end by the least possible expenditure.

WM. H. YEOMANS.

Connecticut.

THE SOIL-SAVER.

Whether the farmer sow wheat or wild oats, whether he build up reputation or barns, he does all by accumulating the little things. Everything comes by littles, and the most successful farmer is the man who heeds, studies and saves.

The object of the farmer ought to be not only to enrich soil, but also to keep his soil—to weight it down so that it will not blow away. For example, here is a corn-field stripped bare in the fall. If snows come and stay, the soil must remain; it cannot get away; but we have often open winters in snow regions where the surface freezes and thaws, and the wind blows away for weeks at a time.

Does the farmer realize how much soil he loses in a winter from fields plowed the season before and left "desolate" all winter? If the fields are on the windward of grass land or other fields, pastures, for example, then he does not lose this fertility that is transferred by the wind, if the fields adjoining belong to him, but even in this case the fertility is carried from one field to another. The farmer, however, wishes to distribute his own material, and wants it to stay where he puts it.

But if his plowed land is on the roadside, or adjoins the fields of his neighbor, then the neighbor's land, if to the leeward, gets the benefit. Some farmer may say, "That's too small to bother with." It is not too small to bother with; nothing on the farm that saves is too small to bother with.

Make this experiment: Make rich a piece of land to the windward, west of a less fertile piece. If you wait long enough you will see the fertility of one transferred to the other. Immediately the weeds and the clog-grass will begin to grow ranker and to put on better color. In some places in the West, where the winds tug at the settler four days in the week, the black earth has drifted over and made fertile many barren places, and the reverse has happened, too—fertile places made barren by the same means.

There is an economical method to weight the soil down, or more properly, tie it down. When the corn is cultivated the last time, sow rye. The results are, first, rye gathers up a good deal of manure that otherwise would be lost; second, it provides green fodder for the cows when they are turned into the field to clear it up; third, it prevents the soil from blowing away, and fourth, when it is plowed in the spring, it adds fertility to the soil. Therefore, by saving the soil by employing rye to hold it down we accomplish three other objects, all useful and economical.

GEORGE APPLETON.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM NEBRASKA.—Western Nebraska is being redeemed by good rains. More rain fell in one rain in April (nearly twelve inches) than during the whole of last season. Good crops are now practically assured. Our wheat, corn and millet and other crops look as well as any under the irrigation ditches.

Gering, Neb.

A. V. F.

FROM ILLINOIS.—This is a good country for a poor man. Hardin county borders on the Ohio river. We have a healthful county, though there are few hills. Land yields from 30 to 60 bushels of corn to the acre, 20 to 30 bushels of wheat, and 75 to 200 bushels of potatoes. Our schools are good. We need others to move in here and help us improve our society. We have no railroads; we ship our market stuff by steamboat. Land ranges in price from \$5 to \$50 an acre. We have iron, silver and spar. The iron mines have been worked.

Lamb, Ill.

T. F. M.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammon, New Jersey.

POULTRY AND PROFIT.

On a farm where there is ample range, poultry should include not only hens, but turkeys, geese, ducks and even guineas. The turkeys and guineas are disposed to wander over large areas, while geese and ducks will thrive on a small pasture lot. It must not be overlooked that the largest proportion of meat sold off the farm, in the shape of turkeys, geese and ducks, cost the farmer little or nothing, and if some knowledge could be gained in regard to the actual cost, it would be shown that the receipts are nearly all profit, and this should encourage farmers to increase their stock. The hens pay best as producers of eggs, and ducks are also excellent layers; but the largest profits in poultry are secured from turkeys and geese, as they can support themselves during the larger portion of the year unaided.

While it must be admitted, however, that whatever is consumed by poultry really comes from the farm, whether the birds secure it or receive it, the profit will not appear so large, but the fact is that turkeys are insect-destroying birds, and the larger share of their food is composed of insects and seeds, while geese are partial to young and tender weeds, purslane being one of its delicacies. These different kinds of poultry utilize materials that would be of no service to the farmer at all, and in that respect they serve as valuable scavengers to not only keep down many pests that annoy the farmer, but also enable him to send the undesirable substances to market in the form of meat.

The most successful farmers met by us, with poultry, were those who did not confine themselves to one kind. They not only had large flocks of hens, but also found room somewhere for turkeys, geese, ducks and guineas, the latter being intended for home use, as they are of but little demand in market. They look upon a variety as better enabling them to produce the most at the least cost, and they were particular to use good breeds as well. No enterprising poultryman will attempt to make poultry pay unless he uses the pure breeds. There is a wonderful difference in the Bronze turkey, Embden goose and Pekin duck as compared with the common breeds, as the weight is also a very important matter in assisting to derive a profit on meat. It costs no more to keep the best to be had than to give up the space to those kinds which are inferior. Quality brings the best prices, but feed will not give quality unless the breed is used to utilize the food to the best advantage. There is nothing to prevent every farmer from making a profit on poultry, and the way to do so is to take advantage of every method for so doing, using all varieties of poultry for that purpose.

POULTRY AND WHEAT RAISING.

As wheat is very low, and farmers are objecting to growing it at a loss, they can

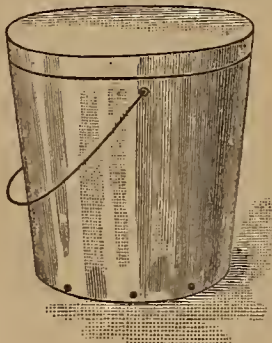


FIG. 1.

convert it into pork and poultry. Land which produces twenty bushels of wheat per acre will not give a profit of ten dollars at present prices. If an acre of land is given up to a flock of twenty-five hens (which is a small number on an acre), the farmer can secure a larger profit than from wheat.

It is not inferred that farmers will dot their fields with poultry-houses, but the fact remains that if farmers will take hold of poultry as a business, and not look upon it as something intended solely for women, they will find themselves amply repaid at the end of the year for all the care and labor that they may bestow in that direction, with the advantage in favor of poultry that the returns from the sales of meat

and eggs will come in daily, instead of having the long interval between seed-time and harvest.

If wheat is cheap, buy it and feed it and devote some of the land intended for wheat to poultry. Compare the labor usually required in growing wheat with that necessary for managing a flock, and it will be easily seen that the farmer, instead of turning over the care of the fowls to his wife, can largely increase the number, and make poultry one of the most important sources of revenue on the farm. Land that will not produce any crop at all may be used for poultry, and during the greater portion of the year the hens can take good care of themselves and supply their own wants, with little or no help from their owner, and will also pay a large profit at the same time.

WATER-CAN FOR LITTLE CHICKS.

A water-can for little chicks, which is easily made and very handy, is the design

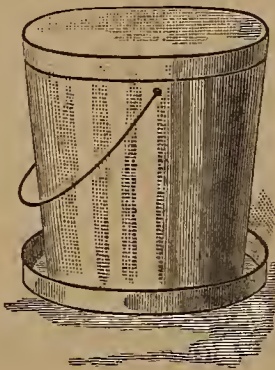


FIG. 2.

of Mr. M. H. Douglass, Wisconsin. Take a three-pound lard-pail and solder the cover on air tight. Then punch six or more quarter-inch holes as near the bottom of the pail as possible (see Fig. 1), and take the cover of a five-pound pail and set the three-pound pail in the center, soldering the two together in two or three places, so as to leave a space of three quarters of an inch all around the bottom of the pail for water (see Fig. 2). The water will come to about three fourths of the distance to the top of the rim, but will not run over. It can be filled by putting it in a pail of water, upside down. The chicks can drink, but cannot get wet. The same may be made of a tomato-can and a small, deep tin plate, or even with a tin cup and plate. The whole thing need not cost more than five or ten cents, according to its size, and if it is too light, it may be held in place by using a piece of brick on the top of the can. Fig. 1 shows a three-pound lard-pail with the holes cut near the bottom. Fig. 2 shows the top of a five-pound pail soldered to the bottom of a three-pound pail—the arrangement ready for use.

POULTRY AND EGGS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The census report for 1890 shows the value of eggs produced annually to be over \$100,000,000, while the value of poultry (chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese) amount to about the same. Or, to make it plain, the total annual production of poultry and eggs amounts to \$200,000,000. At the present prices of wheat, the poultry and eggs are the more valuable, and the market is here at home. It is safe to say that the report does not include all, as a large number of persons were not visited during the enumeration of poultry and eggs, but the figures are sufficient to enable those interested to arrive at a partial knowledge of the poultry and egg production. In a single decade the poultry and eggs of the United States amount to enough to pay off our national debt, and the money invested in that direction finds its way into all other business channels.

DIPPING HENS FOR LICE.

It is not pleasant work to dip a lot of hens in order to rid them of lice. The best substances to use are some of the well-known sheep dips. The hens should be held by the legs, heads down, with one hand holding the head. Dip them with the head under first, and let the solution cover every portion of the body, not even the toes excepted. Pull them to and fro in the tub two or three times and set them free. It should be done only on warm, clear days.

SMALL POTATOES.

Save the small potatoes for the hens. After they are cooked they will require no preparation, as the hens can easily pick them to pieces. In the winter season they will serve greatly to assist in keeping the hens in good condition, and as such potatoes are unsalable, they can be made just as valuable as the large ones if converted into eggs and sent to market.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER WAY TO KILL LICE.—In the FARM AND FIRESIDE of May 15th I notice Mr. J. R. Little's discussion of the lice problem. I agree with him that fire is sure death to the insects. Several of our neighbors experimented with it, and it proved an entire success so far as the lice were concerned, but their chickens had to roost on trees and fences until a new house could be built. My way of keeping the mites in subjection is to white-wash two or three times a year. The house is built of dressed boxing, and the roosts put in so as to be easily removed. I have tried fish-oil strong enough to have been made from the whale that swallowed Jonah, also kerosene, but good, strong lime will clean them up quicker, and gives the house a healthy look and smell. I scatter sawdust on the floor, and scoop up the droppings once each week. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," applies in this case also. J. S. Y., Needy, Oreg.

TO KEEP HAWKS AWAY.—Take a bunch of new scrap tins, such as is generally thrown away from the tin-shop. Tie a string around them and suspend them four or five feet above the ground, near the poultry-yard, on a limb of a tree or stake, so that the tin will dangle in the sunshine, which will cause a dazzling reflection that can be seen for a mile away, and it will be sure to frighten the hawk away. I have tried this for several years with success. Sandford, Ind. N. E.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Mating Ducks.—B. L., Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "How many drakes and females should be together?"

REPLY:—The proportion of the sexes is usually one drake with five females.

Bed-bugs in Poultry-house.—R. S. G., Panhandle, Texas, writes: "How can I rid my poultry-house of bed-bugs? The lumber is full of them."

REPLY:—Saturate the poultry-house once a week for a month with a mixture of one quart of spirits turpentine and five gallons of crude petroleum.

Roosting and Lameness.—S. E. E., Elkhart, Indiana, writes: "My young turkeys are lame, but the old ones are not affected. They roost on the limbs of trees near the house."

REPLY:—It is caused by jumping to the ground when they come off the limbs in the morning, the legs of the young turkeys not being able to stand the daily jar.

Deformed Chicks.—Mrs. N. N., Hog Station, Wash., writes: "I have a lot of chicks that are deformed when hatched. They throw their heads backward, and are unable to support themselves in a natural position."

REPLY:—Such occurrences are not unusual, and is due to the chicks being hatched from eggs that were laid by very fat hens. It is most common with Plymouth Rocks.

Raising Goslings.—Mrs. J. J., Menlo, Iowa, writes: "For some years past I have been trying to raise geese. When my goslings get to be from one month old until they are feathered, they seem to take weak spells, are unable to walk, and die."

REPLY:—Do not allow them on ponds until well feathered, and give them a dry place at night. They should not be fed too heavily on grain.

Paralysis, or Apoplexy.—Mrs. A. J., writes: "What is the cause of chickens being paralyzed. They fall over when running, but eat to the last."

REPLY:—The age of the chickens should have been given. It is probably due to over-feeding on grain during the warm season. If they are hens, the male must be removed. It is pressure of blood on the brain (apoplexy).

Young Turkeys.—Mrs. E. W., Peosta, Iowa, writes: "My young turkeys seem willing to eat, but it is difficult for them to swallow. They linger several days and die. They have a good, dry place."

REPLY:—They probably have the canker roup. Sprinkle a pinch of chlorate of potash down their throats in the morning, and at night swab with peroxide of hydrogen, one part to three parts water.

Probably Large Lice.—W. M. H., Mount Morris, Pa., writes: "I have 250 little chicks which run at large during the day, except in wet weather. They have plenty of ventilation at night, pure water, mixed food, condition powder, and are as free of lice as possible. They are from one week to two months old. They eat, but the first thing noticed is that they stand with their wings drooped and eyes shut."

REPLY:—The cause is probably the large lice on the skin of their heads and necks. Anoint heads with a few drops of sweet-oil. Be careful of top ventilation. Dust them well with insect-powder also. Whenever a chick is sleepy, the cause is nearly always the large head-lice.

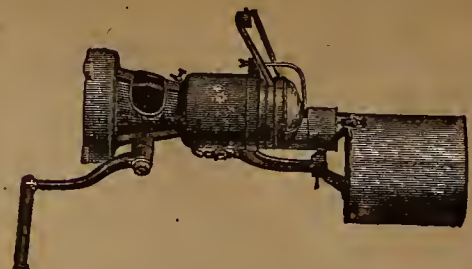
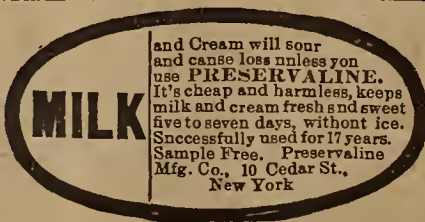
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Our Fireside.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving works
And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon the morrow,
God will keep thee, bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

MY NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor met me on the street,
She dropped a word of greeting gay,
Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,
I stepped to music all that day.

The cares that tugged at heart and brain,
The work too heavy for my hand,
The ceaseless underbeat of pain,
The tasks I could not understand,

Grew lighter as I walked along
With air and step of liberty,
Freed by the sudden lift of song,
That filled the world with cheer for me.

Yet was this all. A woman wise,
Her life enriched by many a year,
Had faced me with her brave, true eyes,
Passed on, and said, "Good morning, dear."
—Margaret E. Sangster.

"MON REVE."

ABABEL of conversation, smiling faces, striking costumes; a subdued murmur of music, and the heavy scent of roses. The rustle of skirts, the clink of ice in the punch-glasses; beautiful faces above clouds of price-less lace; mustaches, bald heads and eye-glasses above immaculate shirt fronts. How natural it all seems, yet how distinctively New York.

There may be certain features of social life which are the same everywhere, but the minor ones stamp each locality with an individuality of its own. The Viennese women are charming, pretty and bright; the Parisiennes, witty and audacious; the Londoners, stately, beautiful, reserved; but it is in our New York drawing-rooms that one sees all these qualities combined in a dream of fair women.

Ah, how good it seems to be back! The same old town, the same old crowd—some a little older, some grayer, most of them about the same. After all, ten years makes but little difference, though when we came up the bay on Saturday they seemed like a century. Bless my soul, if there isn't old Perry Bradshaw talking to one of the Thornton girls! Stop, though, she can't be one of the Thornton girls still—didn't I hear of her marrying Bellamy, the lawyer—yes, of course. And there's John Morton's wife—fifty if she's a day, but scarcely a trace of silver in her hair. Ye Gods! what a beauty she is still. Hello! There's little Kitty Meredith—big Kitty now. Caesar's ghost, how the little thing has grown! Pretty as a picture, too, in that gown—used to be a skinny young thing, great big eyes, always chasing around after a pug dog, or something. And there's "Jimmy" Fitch, of the Union League, and Ffollett Paget, and Rheinderman; well, well, well! It's almost like a resurrection.

I wonder if Marian is still in the city! She must be—Satterlee would be as uneasy away from Wall street as a fish out of water. Wonder how they get on together. Always thought he would be a good deal of a brute with women—but then you never can tell what a man will do when he's married—I suppose she thinks him a saint, anyhow. Yet she must have married him for his money—nothing else could have come between us. Ah, Marian; I thought better of you than that, once!

Now, I wonder who this can be, he's pushing through the crowd straight for this corner, grinning like a Cheshire cat. Jove! Can't be! Yes 'tis, too! Jack Stillwell, by all that's good!

"Jack, I'm delighted!"
"Same here, Thorne! Why man, it's a lifetime since I saw you last! I've been watching you from the other side of the room for several minutes—talking to an old friend of yours—we couldn't believe our eyes. Come over and see her. Where've you been all this time?"

"England, mostly. Got some cousins, and a little property there—doing the country gentleman—and—er—that, you know. Interested in colonial trade somewhat, besides. But I say, Jack; who's the lady? Perhaps she won't remember me."

"Won't she, though! She knew you in a minute! However, I'll present you formally and you can begin all over if you like—Mrs. Satterlee, allow me to present Mr. Thorne—Mr. Thorne, Mrs. Satterlee."

"What! Ma—Mrs. Satterlee! This is indeed a pleasant surprise—do you know I was just wondering if you were still in New York."

"The pleasure is mutual, I assure you, Mr. Thorne. When did you return?"

"Last Saturday. I had to run over to Chicago at once on a business matter, or I should have looked you up. Got in at seven o'clock on the limited, and found Mrs. Ten Brock's invitation when I reached my hotel—she must have seen the name on the Campania's list—so thought I'd drop in and see if any of the old set were here."

"Well, you weren't disappointed on that

score, old man. We're mostly here—those of us who are not in Greenwood. Eva Tremaine's gone, poor girl—consumption. And Mrs. Archer, too—lovely woman, she was. But aside from them, and George Gray—lost all his money, and shot himself, poor chap—we're all flourishing. For further particulars ask Mrs. Satterlee. I'm engaged to pilot Kitty Meredith, that was—Lady Carnebaugh that is—around that stuffy little dancing-room for the next fifteen minutes. I'm a devoted admirer of the British aristocracy, when the B. A. happens to be our 'Our Kitty'—see you later—excuse me, please, Mrs. Satterlee. Apropos, there's a delightful nook back of the palms in Ten Brock's study. Take Thorne in there and pump him about his life abroad, for the benefit of his friends."

As Stillwell's laughing face disappears in the crowd they follow his suggestion, and are presently comfortably seated in the palm-shaded corner he has indicated. The flood of old memories which their unexpected meeting has aroused keeps them silent for several moments. Then, as the first soft notes of Mon Reve float through the rooms, their eyes meet.

"Do you remember, Marian?"

"Yes, Harry; perfectly. It was our last waltz at Newport, before—before—"

"Before that unlucky telegram called me away to Denver. And when I returned—"

"And when you returned, you found your ring and letters, with a note from me releasing you—God knows it nearly broke my heart to send them, but I thought I was right then. It was not until years afterward that I found how I had misjudged you."

"Misjudged me! How? What do you mean, Marian? I always thought it was because your courage was not equal to the life in straightened circumstances with me until I had worked my way up to a better position."

"Then your injustice was greater than mine, Harry. Did you never know that Josie Pelham was seen to take the same night train upon which you left Newport, and was afterwards traced further west, still upon the same train with yourself; and that after that nothing was heard of her?"

"Never, upon my word! I was so busy talking to my lawyer that I paid little attention to my fellow-passengers. I see it all now! I took a hundred mile ride in the saddle after leaving Denver, and the only two letters I had a chance to send you must have miscarried. You thought—naturally enough, too—but Mr. Satterlee?"

"He was a friend of papa's. He had always wished me to marry him—the family talked to me from morning till night of his wealth and position—I thought our romance was dead—and so—I became his wife. It was only four years ago that Josie died in Rio Janeiro, writing home, with the last strength she had, the particulars of her elopement with a Brazilian. Then I realized the cruel injustice I had done you, but you were abroad, and I—was Mrs. Satterlee."

As she speaks, Thorne is thinking, thinking of all that had happened in the old days—of his life since then. He had left her a charming girl of eighteen just changing from girl to woman. How well he remembered the vein of cynicism that succeeded his bitter disappointment when their dream of happiness ended. With what worldly coldness and calculation he had charged her when, as he thought, she preferred the glitter of wealth to the love of a struggling mining engineer. He had heard of her casually, from time to time, as the mistress of a luxurious city home and a leader in metropolitan society. Once a rumor came that her home life was an unhappy one, and his feelings wavered between a desire to thrash her husband, and a half belief that she deserved whatever trouble came to her. But how he found a gloriously beautiful woman of twenty-eight, dressed with a taste so perfect that one was unconscious of her costume; cultivated, brilliant and with a certain indefinable charm which suggested power in every feature, every line of her superb figure. As he looked into her eyes they softened wonderfully. His arm lay carelessly upon the back of the divan, and scarcely thinking of what he did, his fingers caressingly touched one of the roses on her shoulder. She gently detached it from the rest—half extended it toward him—stopped—beat a reflective tattoo with it against her lips—glanced up at him for a moment and then let her eyes fall:

"You knew—Harry—did you not, that—"

"Knew what? Haven't I told you that I've been a stranger to my own country for ten years?"

"Why, that I am—that Mr. Satterlee died—three years ago."

"What! Marian! You—I—and you are now—?"

"Still Marian Satterlee, of course. Was not one mistake enough?"

"And you never told me! I never knew! Oh, Marian! Marian! Why didn't you write me—why didn't you try to find me?"

"Would you really have cared to know—after all these years, Harry? And you haven't forgotten?"

"Forgotten! Ah, Marian; ask yourself that question! But—your freedom was something I could not foresee—for the sake of my better nature, I hope I never counted upon it. I never guessed the wretched mistake that parted us. I thought you never really cared for me. Marian, I have a sweet, little wife—my English ward, entrusted to my care by her father when he died. You were irrevocably

lost to me, and I had seen in the affection she showed me something far stronger than a mere fondness for her guardian, so—we were married. She went to the opera with Mrs. Brainard this evening, and they are to meet me here after the performance."

Mrs. Satterlee has grown a trifle paler while he is speaking. As he finishes their eyes meet and she places her hand in his. There is much in that glance. For several moments they are silent, while she slowly picks the rose to pieces. One by one the creamy petals flutter gently to the floor. The last notes of Mon Reve softly die away—

"I think I shall love your wife, Harry. Come, let us go back to the world again. You haven't paid your respects to Mrs. Ten Brock yet, you know."—*Vogue*.

A PATHETIC DEBUT.

A RECENT issue of the *Free Press* contained an article on "Two Famous Violins," now in the possession of Prof. Watson, of New York City. One of them was the favorite instrument of the great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, having been used by the artist for forty-seven years. It recalls the very pathetic story of the debut of the virtuoso from Norway, which may serve as an encouragement to the embryo genius of any nationality, whom obscurity has sheltered under one of her numerous old blankets, poverty, with her own hands kindly assisting in tucking him in good and tight.

The steamer had just reached the port of Genoa, and the passengers were scrambling impatiently to reach the shore. Among a few loiterers in the rear was a young man with a spirited, interesting face, at whose side was a lady in an elegant black traveling-suit. A carriage was waiting at the dock to receive them, and after giving his servant the necessary instructions in French about the disposal of the baggage, the gentleman assisted his companion into the equipage, and then entered himself. As they were being rapidly driven away, the young man sank back into the cushions with a sigh of fatigue and closed his eyes in utter exhaustion. With an air of anxious solicitude the lady bent over him.

"My dear Charles," she said in low, sweet tones, "you are really very ill. The journey has been too much for you."

The gentleman sat up and attempted a faint smile.

"Be calm, Felicitas," he replied, "it will soon pass away. When once we reach our hotel I shall be all right."

He had just finished speaking, when the horse halted before a magnificent hotel. The porters appeared instantly, opened the carriage door and proceeded to conduct the distinguished visitors to the elegant apartments that had been selected for them.

"You are more miserable than you are willing to admit, Charles," said Felicitas. "I must send for the physician immediately."

The man felt that his condition warranted such a step, and a skilled medical man was summoned.

"The condition of the invalid is still doubtful," he said. "Above all things, he must eschew all excitement and unrest."

Upon his departure, Felicitas accompanied the doctor into the ante-room.

"Do you think, doctor, that Beriot will be unable to appear at the concert to-morrow?" she asked hesecingly, fastening her anxious gaze upon the physician.

"We shall see what the morrow brings forth," he replied; "but I fear it will be a negation to his desire."

The following day affirmed the doctor's fears. The invalid had grown worse, and must keep his bed and absolute quiet for several days.

"But what can I do about this evening?" he groaned, despairingly. "The whole city of Genoa is eagerly expecting to hear the sweet voice of Malibran and the tones of my violin. The manager has just sent for my decision, and here I lie utterly desperate. The Italians, those enthusiastic devotees of music, will never forgive such a disappointment."

Felicitas stood with bowed head at the bedside of her husband, and in a disconsolate voice she whispered:

"I cannot sing in such a sad mood, Charles. Nor will I leave you for a single moment in your present condition."

"If you could only find some kind of a substitute," suggested the physician, after some moments of meditation.

"Possibly I could offer a suggestion, sir," put in Bastian, Beriot's servant, who had just entered the room and heard the physician's last remark.

"You, Bastian?" said Beriot, surprised. "Have you friends in Genoa, or will you be my substitute?"

"Not exactly, sir," replied Bastian, smiling, "but I know of somebody in Genoa who could be, though I don't know his name. Yesterday evening, signora, as I was walking through a narrow by-street, I heard the sweet musical notes of a violin. I listened, spellbound, until the last tone had died away. Only you, sir, could have played as beautifully as that."

Charles Beriot listened attentively to the servant. He knew that the musical judgment of the latter was subtle and correct, and his opinion was of the greatest importance in the pending crisis.

"But why do you not know who it was that played so divinely?" he asked.

"I made an attempt to find out from several people who were lounging in front of their houses, who the artist was that inhabited yonder dilapidated lodging. But they could not tell me any more than that he was a stranger from the far north, a recluse, in very hard circumstances."

"I should think one might find out his name," said the physician impatiently, as he left the room.

In a few minutes he returned with the porter, who asserted that he knew something about the mysterious violinist; that the latter had been pursued by one misfortune after another, and having tried several times, in vain, to gain the protection of influential families, he had become discouraged, because he was poor and unknown, and was at present eking out an exiguous livelihood. The porter did not remember the name of the artist, but he knew where he could be found.

The patient at once gave orders to have the violinist appear without delay, so that he could convince himself of his capability to perform in his stead. Bastian started out with the porter, and after meandering through various devious, narrow alleys they finally arrived at the ruinous old domicile where a few evenings before the old servant had heard the inspired strains wafted to his enchanted ears. With difficulty they ascended an old, rickety stairway and rapped at a door that had already entered upon a process of resolution into its constituent parts.

There was no reply to this knock, so they removed the barrier of their own accord. A beggarly apartment greeted them in return. At the window sat a young man, pale and emaciate, with long, flowing locks that almost hid his delicate features. His face was buried in his hands. In front of him lay his violin—a beautiful, comely instrument. Not a fleck of dust could be detected upon its smooth face. Its immaculate condition, so strangely at variance with the other surroundings, betokened the loving care bestowed upon it by its master.

Suddenly waking from his gloomy reverie, he sprang up, shook his long, disheveled locks from his pale, haggard face, and gazed at the strangers with his great, bright eyes. They told him their mission, in French, which he seemed to understand more readily than Italian, told him the name of their master and asked him to accompany them. The young man stood for a moment wrapped in mute astonishment and ecstasy; then, with feverish excitement, he seized his violin and rushed down the old stairway and into the street, in such wild haste that the servants could barely keep pace with him.

But when they reached the hotel, they found that Beriot had succumbed to violent delirium. Poor Felicitas stood at his bedside, tenderly watching his every movement. But he mistook her for a wild fury, who was keeping him fettered against his will. Of course it was impossible to give the new violinist a rehearsal, and Felicitas, in her excited condition, was not even willing to see him, but simply wrote a note to the manager, telling of their inability to appear and recommended the hearer as Beriot's substitute.

In the meantime evening had arrived, and the spacious theater at Genoa was filled to overflowing with music lovers, who for weeks past had been feasting upon the anticipation of hearing the renowned virtuoso, Charles Beriot, and his beautiful wife, the noted Felicitas Malibran. Everybody was gazing with strained eyes at the stage upon which Beriot was to appear with his violin. Suddenly the expectation was disturbed by the appearance of the manager, who announced that Beriot was unable to appear on account of severe illness, but that he had personally selected a substitute, who would doubtless satisfy the audience. The tumult of astonishment was waxing high, when the pale young artist appeared, bowed, cast a sad, nervous glance over the spectators and adjusted his violin. Not one of all the noble, wealthy people knew his name. But hark! The bow glided over the strings of his instrument, and the first notes were wafted softly and plaintively through the hall. The reverberations hushed every whisper, every doubt disappeared, every foreign thought was banished—there was nothing but a strained listening, a perfect concentration of all the senses into the one of hearing in order to catch every tone of the divine music. Breathless silence prevailed, and tears stole out from many a beautiful eye and dropped like shimmering pearls; when suddenly a touching cry of pain arose, the artist fell to the floor and the violin dropped from his hand. He had told his sad life's story in music, and his strength was at an end.

"Bread," he moaned in exhausted tones; "give me bread!"

He was carried out, and the greatest consternation prevailed among the audience. The transition from the most inspired rapture to the direst necessity of life had been too sudden and abrupt to be soon forgotten. Everybody was perplexed to explain how such a gifted genius could be so cruelly exposed to want and misery, and a universal inquiry arose as to the name of the strange artist.

The general confusion was hushed in a trice, however, when the young violinist reappeared upon the stage. He had been provided with essential nourishment, and his unnerved powers had been resuscitated. He stood erect, glowing with the full consciousness of his genius.

Again he pressed to his cheek the faithful companion of his sorrow and woe, his violin, and struck the strings with the bow. As the full, clear tones danced through the hall, it seemed as though a thousand sprightly fountains were gurgling and gushing in the morning sun, as though a cool zephyr were roguishly taunting the buds and flowers, as though a breath of an eternal God were touching with life the whole wide universe.

An endless storm of applause greeted the artist as the last tones died away, and a shower of flowers almost covered him with its fragrant stream. Mute, with an earnest smile of bliss, he stood fettered in the midst of the fitful demonstrations.

On the following day there was scarcely a soul in Genoa that did not know the name of the magic Norwegian violinist, and tell the story of his triumph.

At the bedside of her sick husband sat Felicitas Malibran, and related to her Charles the wonderful success of the Norwegian.

"When you are well again," she said, "he shall play for us together, and shall transport us with his magic bow, as he did all Genoa. And posterity will ever praise the name of the great northern violinist, Ole Bull."

A WOMAN'S PERSISTENCE.

Miss West, the parlor lecturer, tells how she managed to witness the church ceremonies at the funeral of Kaiser William. She had reached Berlin in company with an older woman friend while the emperor was lying in state previous to the funeral, and she at once determined to be present, if possible, with her friend at the great ceremonies in the church. Admission, of course, was only by ticket, and so she set off post haste to the American minister's to see what could be done. All the tickets were gone. Minister Phelps was not in, but his private secretary or some attache was there, and like the true American cavalier that he was, wanted to do something to help his handsome—for she is handsome—compatriot. For a time they racked their brains in silence.

"Well," said Miss West, finally, "can you give me one of Mr. Phelps' visiting-cards?"

The young man flew to execute her request. Miss West turned it over and studied it.

"Could you affix the seal of the legation to it?" she asked.

The young man hastened to put on a seal worthy of an Indian prince, and Miss West thanked him and departed.

Now, there were three entrances to the church where the ceremonies were to take place. One was reserved for the royal family, and even American enterprise did not care to attempt to enter there. The front doors were for the general public who held tickets. To go in there meant to be crushed in a mass of struggling humanity, and to be unable either to see or hear. The third entrance was reserved for foreign royalty and diplomats and was approached by a bridge.

"We will go in with the visiting royalty," said Miss West to her companion.

On the morning set for the obsequies Miss West and her friend had an impressively luxurious carriage come for them, and directed the driver to go to the church by way of the bridge. He sent the horses along at a rattling gait, and all went well until they had approached within a block of the bridge, when a gorgeous soldier commanded them to halt, while a second one opened the carriage door and asked to see their tickets. Miss West drew out Mr. Phelps' visiting-card, with the seal of the legation. The soldier was puzzled. He consulted his brother officer. He tried to consult Miss West, but she professed an absolute ignorance of German, and the soldiers had a real ignorance of English. She talked, gesticulated and pointed to the visiting-card with such an air of respect that the officers finally told them to drive on.

Miss West sank back with a sigh of relief, but had scarcely got her breath when at the bridge a second officer halted them, and they were again asked for their tickets. The proceedings were the same. The result was the same. Again they drove on, but at the church door a third and still more gorgeous officer stopped them, and on being confronted with Mr. Phelps' card, asked in excellent English what that had to do with it. Then Miss West played her last card—not Mr. Phelps'.

"We are two American women," she said to the officer, "and we are in your power. You can turn us back after we have got this far, or you can let us go in. We have made this effort to witness a spectacle which we will never forget, and now it depends on you whether we shall succeed or fail. We throw ourselves on your mercy."

The officer hesitated a moment, then straightened himself up.

"Pass on," he said.

And that is how Miss West went to Kaiser Wilhelm's funeral.

A BAPTIST VIEW OF THE CHRISTIAN AMENDMENT.

A brother desires us to express our views as to the so-called Christian amendment for inserting the name of God and of Jesus Christ in the United States constitution. Religion is something with which the constitution of the United States has nothing to do, except to guarantee to all citizens liberty in the exercise of their non-religious sentiments. If we put into the constitution a recognition of God and of Jesus Christ, we disfranchise all who cannot subscribe to these sentiments. It is an approach toward the union of state and church, which has been one of the most mischievous and baleful things existing on earth. There would be just as much reason for putting the name of God and of Christ into the charter of every town and village, and the incorporating act of every bank or insurance company. If it is said that the laws of God lie at the foundation of all government, it is also true that they lie at the foundation of every contract and of every corporation. Civil government is a secular institution intended to promote the temporal welfare. In making laws it recognizes certain acts as harmful to civil society.

Again, the amendment is futile. It accomplishes nothing. It will not change the sentiments of any one; it will not prevent the most wicked and unchristian legislation or action. No one would propose to carry out the amendment to its logical result and to disfranchise Hon. Oscar S. Strauss, or Mayor Sulzberger, or any other of our fellow-citizens because they are Jews, or Prof. Felix Adler or his associates, who, it is generally supposed, do not believe in a personal God. We object to the amendment, because it is futile if not

carried out; it is despotic and contrary to religious liberty if it is carried out.

The position which we take does not involve the granting of all the demands of the secularists, some of which seem reasonable and some unreasonable. Their demand for the non-exemption of ecclesiastical property we think just. Their protest against the employment of chaplains in the army and navy and in asylums and prisons we think unjust and unreasonable, although we should not object to these being called "moral instructors" rather than chaplains. We would not maintain the compulsory use of the Bible in schools, neither would we advocate the compulsory exclusion of it. The protest against the appointment by the executive of days of thanksgiving and special prayer is unreasonable. The demand that laws requiring the observance of Sunday should be repealed is ambiguous. The law should not compel any one to observe the Sunday; on the other hand, it should protect everyone in the observance of the Sunday, so he does not interfere with the religious rights of his neighbor.

Good men, very good men, are prone to lack confidence in the power of God. We have seen Christianity make its way in spite of obstacles and menaces and persecution; now we are afraid that it cannot continue to exist without a great deal of legal help. Christianity has asserted itself against the dominion of Nero, of Louis XIV., of the inquisition. It will still conquer, and it will not allow itself to be indebted to the legal power for the triumphs which it will win.—*National Baptist*.

A BACKWARD PEOPLE.

"The inhabitants of Mexico do not make one year's progress in a hundred," said a gentleman who had recently returned from a visit into the interior of the country. "They still retain primitive ways and cling to ancient customs which were old when Abraham was alive. A person does not have to go out of this continent to see strange life and manners. Mexico furnishes a field for the study of such things that will stand comparison with that of any other country."

"In traveling down there recently, some distance from our objective point we came upon a place called San Cedro, a beautiful stretch of country, where a Scotch syndicate had put one million dollars into purchasing several hundred thousand acres and developing it. Although the Scotchmen had one of their number, a Mr. Ross, as superintendent, they utilize the natives for laborers. In going around I noticed a large number of primitive wooden plows, single-handled affairs, having a beam fully ten or twelve feet long. Knowing that European capital was backing the enterprise, I expressed my surprise that the modern steel plow was not used instead of the clumsy, awkward wooden ones I saw. Mr. Ross then told me that he was disgusted in his attempts to convert the Mexicans over to the civilized methods of plowing. He said he had furnished them with steel plows, such as are used in other countries, but would invariably have them returned to him with one of the handles cut off. He told me it was impossible to get a Mexican to use a double-handled plow, and that his attempts had been so futile and unsatisfactory, he had concluded to let them do plowing in their own way. The single-handled plow is used exclusively in Mexico, and it is the one, notwithstanding its awkward appearance, that the government utilizes in its agricultural schools. I visited one of these schools in the City of Mexico, and there in a field saw a number of students being taught how to handle two of these long, single-handled wooden plows. There were eight men to each plow, and the awkward manner in which the instructors themselves turned the implement about did not augur well for the skill of the students after their course was finished. The modern steel plow is sold in Mexico, but is never used without having one of the handles removed."

"With all these primitive methods, Mexicans have no trouble in raising their crops. Nature, evidently appreciating their lack of progressiveness, has been kind to them, or perhaps the generosity of that all-kind mother is accountable for their peculiar natures; at least, on ground which is cultivated and irrigated, Mexicans can raise from two to three crops a year."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

HEROIC LIVES AT HOME.

The heroism of private life, the slow, unchrouicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than any knightly dragon-slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unholy passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue. Grandeur than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with a love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dear love of women and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice in manly cheerfulness and majestic spirit, is a hero of the purest type—the type of Charles Lamb. I have known but two such.

The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother at the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own; who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial duty that costliest of human

sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine. I have known many such.

The husband who goes home from every-day routine and the perplexing cares of business with a cheerful smile and a loving word to his invalid wife; who brings not against her the grievous sin of a long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eyes something dearer than girlish laughter, in the sad face and faded cheeks that blossom into smiles and even blushes at his coming, something lovelier than the old-time spring roses—he is a hero. I think I know of one such.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it be the larger part—bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial, with loving patience and a large charity, and with noble decision hiding them from the world; who makes no confidants and asks no confidence; who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and sentiment, and in seeking perilous "infinities;" who does not build high-tragedy sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she, the wife in very truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type.—*Grace Greenwood*.

NO FLAG SAVE STARS AND STRIPES.

It is more than gratifying to know that at least one state has had the good sense to accept the oft-repeated suggestion in these columns, that no flags should be permitted on municipal buildings save those of the nation, the state and municipality. That state is New York. A bill prohibiting the exposing of flags other than state, national and municipal, upon state and municipal buildings, has been passed by two houses, and will, undoubtedly, receive the governor's signature and become a law. All other states should follow suit.

It is about time to cry halt to the demands of those citizens who, while casting the ballot with one hand, point across the sea with the other and cry: "There is my home!" Aliens have no right to demand the lifting of their flags over our national and state buildings, and naturalized citizens, in forsaking their allegiance to the land of their birth, have still less right to demand foreign flags to wave in American breezes.

Our politicians have done enough pandering to the "foreign vote," and the country has had enough of the recognition of foreign sentiments. Indeed, it is a significant sign of our times that certain alleged movements are formed about a principle wholly and totally European. Thousands of misguided men have an idea that the federal, state and municipal governments embrace a certain paternal power, and in the bitter hours of want, when despair crouches in the human heart, and poverty distresses them beyond the description of pen, they turn their faces to these governments and demand labor and relief. Government has seen fit to take upon itself the gentle and kindly offices of charity in order to relieve distress and ameliorate suffering, but it has no legal province, in theory or statute, to create labor for any purpose other than in supplying its own necessities.

The exposing of foreign flags seems to the uneducated and un-Americanized alien not merely a compliment, but in part a recognition of the conditions of the foreign power from which the alien has fled—conditions which embrace in the transplanting of the flag all that is good, and rejecting all that is oppressive. It is well, therefore, that erroneous ideas be eradicated, and the best way to implant in the people the truth of the situation, is to exclude from public buildings the flags of foreign nations.—*Illustrated American*.

SOME FACTS ABOUT TEA.

We Americans can hardly be called a tea-drinking people; but of late years afternoon teas have become very popular, and as the oriental leaf has become a social factor, a few facts in regard to it may be of use. The tea-tree is a little evergreen shrub, which flourishes in its perfection in eastern Asia. It is unnecessary to say that the leaves are picked at certain seasons and dried, being known to commerce under the general names of "black" and "green" teas. As a drink, tea has been used in Japan and China from the earliest times. Tea was introduced into Persia and Russia about the middle of the seventeenth century. Toward the end of the eighteenth century it began to be cultivated in Java, Ceylon and India. Within the last twenty years an attempt has been made to grow tea in Europe, without success. The Dutch were the first to introduce tea into Europe, and for a time they had complete control of the trade. It was first sold in Amsterdam, and brought its weight in gold, but it should be said that it was at first regarded not as a beverage of daily use, but as a very valuable medicine.

From Holland, Lord Arlington introduced it into England, about the close of the seventeenth century, when it was sold for about \$16 per pound. Early in the eighteenth century England began importing tea direct from China, and its use spread so rapidly that in a very short time it became the chief domestic beverage of the people.

Although drank in a few artistic houses in France, the use of tea had not become pop-

ular in that country until after the fall of the first Napoleon; now it is the popular afternoon beverage in the most aristocratic houses in Paris. The virtues of tea have been sung in almost every living language. The Chinese and Japanese doctors believe that tea is a panacea for nearly all diseases of the mind and body. European and American doctors, who regard the matter from a more scientific standpoint, are now generally agreed that the use of tea in moderate quantities has a soothing effect upon the nerves, and that its effect upon brain-workers is most beneficial.

Five o'clock teas, which are indulged in only by the idle or wealthy classes in America, were introduced into England and Germany for the purpose of resting and reviving the brain after work; but no matter the original purpose, these five o'clock teas have become an important social feature, for tea drinking and gossip seem to go hand in hand the world over. In Russia and Germany liquors are often mixed with the tea, and both handed around together. In Holland, as in China, tea is drunk from tiny cups not much larger than a thimble, and without sugar or milk; knowing this we can understand why a Dutch doctor should have advised one of his patients to drink one hundred cupsful of tea a day. The best teas grown in China and Japan are reserved for the royal family and the mandarins; but the best tea sent out of China goes to Russia. The reason for the exquisite quality of Russian tea is said to be because it travels by land instead of by sea. The best tea used in St. Petersburg sells for as much as \$20 a pound—and the worst tea comes to the United States.

MINIATURE REPUBLICS.

A study of the small republics of the world presents many items of remarkable interest. Some of them are so diminutive as to seem scarcely able to sustain any kind of separate government, and yet they are really forging ahead on entirely independent lines.

Savolara, the smallest on record, an island northeast of Sardinia, numbers, it is said, only fifty-five inhabitants, has a bona fide constitution, elects a president, and strangest of all, grants equal suffrage to women.

Goust, situated on one of the Pyrenees mountains, is much smaller in area than Savolara, measuring only a little over a mile square, but it has a population of almost 130. It has maintained a separate government since the middle of the seventeenth century, at the head of which is a council of twelve, who remain in power for seven years.

On one of the Hebrides islands is another miniature republic containing about 550 members, ruled by a president.

Besides San Marino, in Italy, and Andorra, in Spain, two republics generally well known, one other deserving special mention is Mausuet, between Belgium and Aix-la-Chapelle, which has an area of about four square miles and has been independent since 1688. It is described as being in a flourishing condition, financially, politically and in every way.—*Chautauquan*.

ORIGIN OF "WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING."

An interesting history of an old and well-known comic tune has been given by Prof. Ensel, music teacher. He said that when the army of the first Napoleon was in Egypt in 1799, the camp for awhile was near the pyramids. One afternoon about sunset the band was playing. The inhabitants of the desert had collected near and were listening to the music. Nothing unusual happened until the band struck up a tune which we now hear under the name of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." Instantly there were the wildest demonstrations of joy among the Bedouins. They embraced each other, and shouted and danced in the delirium of their pleasure. The reason was that they were listening to the favorite and oldest tune of their people. Prof. Ensel states that the tune had been taken to Europe from Africa, in the eleventh century, by the Crusaders, and had lived separately in both countries for over seven hundred years. This is certainly enough to make "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" a classic. Its origin is more of a mystery than the source of the Nile.—*Scottish Nights*.

INTRODUCE THE CHILDREN.

It is a common oversight in too many households not to introduce the children to visitors. Guests are formally presented to the adult members of the family, but the younger boys and girls are either ignored entirely, or else introduced in a general way without giving their individual names. This course is almost certain to result in awkwardness and constraint on their part, when grown. There is a difference between putting children forward unduly and giving them their just meed of recognition.

And pray, take pains in making introductions to speak the names distinctly; and above all things else, do not omit their mention. How many of us have been annoyed to have a hostess greet an intimate friend, to whom we were entire strangers, with some such salutation as, "Oh, Henry, so pleased to have you meet Miss Blank," leaving us to discover his surname as best we may.

It is not a bad plan for the family to rehearse by themselves some of these little social formalities.—*Congregationalist*.

THE BIBLE AND MODERN SCHOLARSHIP.

The Bible is no longer a book of lonely records. Fifty years ago it seemed as if the only voice that came to us out of the ancient East was that of the Old Testament. Babylon and Nineveh had perished irretrievably; nothing could be gathered of their history except what Biblical authors told or what Greek writers, to whom the rest of the world were barbarians, had happened to gather of the story of these nations that had gone before them. The key had been found to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but not much of value had been discovered; some names of kings and multiplied copies of one burial-book. It then seemed hopeless to expect that any of the many questions which scholars were asking about the possibility of the truth of the Scripture records which bear upon the histories of the countries about them could ever be answered.

How different is the case now. The annals of kings of Babylon, Assyria and Persia, written by their own orders and in their own times, have been discovered and the forgotten languages have been reconstructed and read. It is something amazing when one king of Assyria makes mention of five kings of Israel and Judah, mentioned in the Bible, and recounts his dealings with them. The king of Egypt, who was probably the Pharaoh of the oppression, has been found buried in his tomb, and any tourist that goes to Cairo can see his mummified features. Nehuchadnezzar tells us in his own language of the great Babylon which he had builded; Cyrus records for our instruction his own story of how he captured Babylon, and Belshazzar tells us such little things as how much he paid to the boatman to carry an offering to the temple of the sun-god. Nor have the hidden libraries of the East been less fruitful. A whole mine of historical material has been discovered which opens to us the constitution of the primitive Christian church, and brings just the needed evidence of the early composition of all four of the gospels. Meanwhile the labor of scholars in studying the literary problems connected with the composition of the Biblical books has gone on with increased zeal, and archaeology adds its aid to critical investigation.—*New York Independent (Evangelical).*

BULLET-PROOF GARMENTS.

Science is making rapid progress in the matter of bullet-proof articles of wearing apparel, and the indications are that one will soon be able to don an attire of the most approved style and be impregnable to the projectiles of either rifle or revolver. Some time ago it was announced in the columns of the press throughout the country that a German inventor had discovered a method of manufacturing a garment which was, according to claims, bullet-proof. Considerable interest was caused by the announcement, as it was further reported that after due investigation the German government proposed equipping its soldiers in a uniform made from this wonderful material. According to reports from England, the German inventor will now be obliged to take a hack seat, and his invention will appear very insignificant in comparison to the discovery of an English rifle expert, Mr. Manard Hubner, who claims to have discovered a method of manufacturing a bullet-proof material so light in texture that it can be utilized for manufacturing garments for women. Mr. Hubner in presenting his claims proves his assertion by exhibiting a young woman who is attired in an apparently fashionable tailor-made gown; after firing at a number of gage-rolled plates to show the velocity of the bullets, he stands about ten yards from her and fires, and while the plates were each penetrated by the rifle projectiles, the only indication that the woman had been hit was a dull thud. A second test being required, an officer present held a card in front of the woman while the inventor fired at her. At the discharge of the rifle the card was penetrated and the bullet afterward found imbedded in the material of the dress. The invention is patented, and Mr. Hubner says that were he to tell the secret of his discovery he would be laughed at. But, nevertheless, he claims that his material can be made strong enough to resist the riddling of a Gatling gun. It is Mr. Hubner's intention to present his secret to the British government. The bullet-proof material, he states, can be manufactured cheaply, as the article on which he bases his discovery is very plentiful in India.

MAN'S RIGHT TO WEALTH.

Ex-mayor Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, never makes a speech that is not worth listening to or fails to contain remarks that should be inwardly digested. A few days ago he addressed the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of New York, in which he told them what the first right of an individual is. "It is," he said, "to work in any direction to which he may see fit to direct his energies, and if he works, he works for the purpose of producing something, and that something is property. Therefore, the essence of individual liberty is the right of property." There has been, as he says, a disposition on the part of public men to overlook this fundamental principle and yield to clamor.

Altruism has become such a fad that many persons, in preaching devotion to the interests of others, forget that a man has any right to

take any interest in himself, even though he may have been instrumental in doing an enormous amount of good to his neighbor.

Mr. Hewitt quoted the case of Sir Henry Bessemer. "One man," said the ex-mayor, "by a single invention, has contributed to the aggregate wealth of the world more value than existed fifty years before his birth. Now he has got ten millions of dollars. It is a great sum. He will leave it to his children, who have done nothing, have contributed nothing, to the acquisition of this money. Whom has he robbed? Whom will his children rob? Who would be the gainer if he had never received one penny for his great discovery? How much would the distribution of his ten million dollars over the face of society add to the fortune of any single individual, and how much has his invention added to the fortunes of all mankind?"

According to the socialist, Sir Henry has no right to his property at all; no more have the people to the millions they have deposited in the savings banks. But the very essence of American spirit is rivalry, which means the acquisition of property. And so long as that spirit lasts, property in America will be safe, though it may be necessary to teach the politicians some hard lessons before it is secured.—*Illustrated American.*

FARMS AND MACHINERY.

Thinking men are seriously considering machinery in its relation to labor, and in every direction we find evidences of their thought. The question arises as to the natural result of the existing depression. Manufacturers declare that, in spite of the tremendous reduction made in the output of their mills and factories, the product on hand remains far in excess of the consumption.

Mr. E. V. Smalley, in the *Forum*, contributes an article entitled "Has Farm Machinery Destroyed Farm Life?" We quote a few statements:

"He (the farmer) and his machine are as good as a platoon of men slowly moving across the harvest-field half a century ago."

"All inventions seek to eliminate, as far as possible, the man from the work of the farm."

"At a very moderate estimate, the farmer of our day, with the help of machinery, exerts a productive force equal to that of three men in the days of his grandfather."

"Now, this enormous change must have produced effects upon farm life and on the character of the farming population."

"A farmer can now till one hundred and sixty acres with about the same amount of labor that was formerly required to till forty or fifty."

"The low price of wheat and the higher price of land have changed the whole aspect of large farming. There is no bonanza in the big farm now; it makes but a moderate profit on the capital it represents in average crop years, and with a bad crop it barely pays running expenses."

"The influence of large farms on country life is unquestionably deplorable. The summer population of the big wheat farm is composed, mainly, of a drifting class of laborers with no attachment to the soil, and with no interest in their work beyond getting their pay. In the winter they go to the pineries, or hang about the cities looking for odd jobs."

"I believe that we are now in a transition period in agriculture. The influence of machinery has been fully exerted. It is doubtful whether the next century will see any important new inventions that will further eliminate the man from the land and do his work with cog-wheels, levers and knives."

CYCLING PROVERBS.

Politeness is like a pneumatic tire; there isn't much in it, but it eases many a jolt in the journey of life.

A pleasant disposition, like oil in a bicycle bearing, reduces friction and prevents a world of wear and tear.

Ambition is like a bicycle saddle; though much sat upon, it generally manages to be on top.

The world, like a bicycle, would soon come to a stop were it not for the cranks.

Like a link in a bicycle chain, we may not amount to much individually, but collectively we make the wheels go around.

Like balls in a bearing, the lives of many of us must be one continued grind that others may enjoy themselves.

Grit makes a man, but mars a bearing.

Neither men nor bicycles steer well with tight heads.

Like a friend in need, the handle-bar is only appreciated when the road is rough.

Life is like a bicycle run; some worry, fret and scorch along, and soon reach the end, while others take it easy and enjoy themselves as they go.—*Dr. W. F. Prather.*

DON'T BE BABYISH.

If you have a backache or a headache, don't often complain about it. If a lesson is to be learned, a journey to be taken or a piece of work to be done, don't grumble, but do it bravely.

"Don't you dread to do it?" said one person to another in our hearing recently.

"If I have a duty to perform, I go ahead and never stop to think about it," was the reply.

The boy or girl who cannot overcome obstacles does not deserve success. Easy pathways, as a general thing, make very weak persons.

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MRS. ELLA KERLIN, Walcott, Ind.

See new patterns on page 13.

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Our Household.

HOME TOPICS.

KITCHEN COMFORTS.—The most essential article of kitchen comfort in hot weather is a good gasoline or oil stove. They are not expensive, and add so much to the comfort of the one who must do the cooking that the purchase of one is a paying investment. They not only heat the kitchen less, but it is not nearly so much work to cook by one of these stoves as by a coal or wood stove. No ashes to take up and no replenishing of fuel after the fire is started; then, as soon as one is through using the fire it can be turned off and no fuel be wasted.

An oiled floor is another kitchen comfort, and saves all scrubbing, only needing to be mopped off with cold water to keep it nice and clean. If you have no oil-cloth cover for the kitchen-table, keep a clean newspaper on it, burning it up when soiled, and you will not need to scrub your kitchen table very often.

Every kitchen should have a big cupboard with a good many shelves and drawers, both big and little. In one drawer keep old newspapers, wrapping-paper and strings. There are so many uses to which old newspapers may be put; for cleaning windows, mirrors and lamp-chimneys, for covering tables and shelves, for rubbing stoves, etc., they are excellent. When dressing a chicken, after pulling off the most of the feathers, I lay a newspaper in my lap and sit down to finish picking it, then when ready to draw it, I lay a paper on the table, draw the chicken on it, and roll paper and all together and bury it in the garden, or by a grape-vine.

A kitchen clothes-bag in which to keep soiled table-linen is convenient, and folding tables, which may be let down against the wall when not in use, are a great help in a small kitchen. One or two horse-shoes are handy to set hot kettles on, and a roll of old linen with a bottle of carbolized vaseline, kept in one corner of a drawer, is just the thing for the burns, scalds and cuts that are apt to occur in even the best regulated kitchen.

A generous supply of kitchen-aprons is a kitchen comfort. They should be long and broad, with a bib and a pair of sleeves of the same material, which reach above the elbows, with elastic in top and bottom, or they may button at the wrist and be kept in place with a simple rubber band. An apron made of white muslin or light calico is best to wear when baking, and keep it for that use alone. For the other kitchen-aprons I like indigo-blue calico. A good supply of holders is desirable, and if you

hot, and make the tea the attractive meal, not by the richness and variety of its viands, but by a dainty prettiness of serving. Use the prettiest dishes, and let a vase of flowers decorate the table at that meal if at no other. Sometimes during the hot weather serve the tea under the trees, or on a shady piazza. At these teas use just as few dishes as possible. Butter the bread, pile the slices on a plate, brown and white together, slice the cake, and with iced tea, milk or lemonade put them on a small table and let the family be served sitting on rugs, chairs, hammocks or where they will. The children will take great delight in serving these outdoor teas and waiting on papa and mama.

I know one family where the little daughters of ten and twelve years have served the Sunday teas for more than a year, which they do with much ceremony, calling papa and mama their guests. In this way mother gets a little rest, and the little maids are learning lessons in housewifely skill and the art of being graceful hostesses. MAIDA McL.

LACE-MAKING.

The manufacture of lace by hand is an operation of exceeding nicety, and requires both skill and patience. There is good reason to believe that point lace, the oldest variety known, was the work of nuns during the latter part of the fourteenth century. The art is supposed to have been lost about the sixteenth century, a cheaper style and one more easily made taking its place. At present it holds quite a prominent place in needlecraft, its stitches being used very effectively in conventional embroidery, and skilled needle-women look with pride upon a handkerchief, collar or doily in this delicate, strong and beautiful work. We give for the benefit of lovers of this kind of art some of the most popular stitches, as they are applied in the handsome handkerchief given in this number.

In making this lace, the pattern is first traced upon pink or blue cambric, as it is more durable than paper. Then baste this upon a piece of paper to make it firmer for working. Outline this design with the lace braid, basting it securely to the form of the pattern; then with the fine lace

to make it neat and firm. Cut the braid as little as possible, as the ends are hard to dispose of neatly. A good way to fasten off a thread: Make a loose buttonhole stitch and then run the thread through it and the braid for half an inch and cut it off. Then bring your new needleful through the braid at the point where you left off, leaving the knot at the back of the braid,

yielded almost as much profit as the rest of the eighty-acre farm.

Many a person has said, "I would like to raise fruit, but am too far from town to sell it." I don't know about that. I have known farmers to drive ten miles for berries, picking them themselves, and then paying six and one half cents a quart for them. So if one's neighbors do not raise



LACE-MAKING.

and finish the stitch. After the design is finished in numerous fancy stitches, the body part of the lace is made in Brussels stitch, simply buttonhole stitch caught in stitch forming a network. Be sure and draw each stitch firm and tight, so that there will be no flabbiness about it, but a firm article that will stand pulling and washing. To give a finish to the edge, purling is sewed on the edge with overcast stitch carefully, so as not to draw it. This is done after the lace is loosened from the pattern. M. E. SMITH.

MONEY-MAKING FOR FARMERS' WIVES. FIFTH PAPER.

That there is much money in small fruit, I know, as I have helped to pick and carry to town hundreds of bushels of strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, as well as currants, cherries and apples; and I would add parenthetically, that we never sold a berry for less than eight cents a quart, and from that up to twenty-five cents, while some were glad to dispose of theirs for half that rather than have it spoil on their hands. The reason: Two or three members of our own family were always among the pickers, and saw that the picking was properly done. Not a green berry, leaf, twig, stick, spear of grass or bug was ever allowed in the fruit. We picked directly into whatever the fruit was to be marketed, thus avoiding bruising it. Usually we sold in berry-boxes, which being always emptied and returned, were not expensive; although we did sometimes use bright, four-quart tin pails, into which fruit was picked for customers whom we knew wanted that much or more.

The boxes set in open crates in the buggy, were covered with clean, white cloths, old sheets or table-cloths being used. If it was very hot and dusty, a rubber blanket was thrown over all until town was reached, but always removed before customers were reached.

One who began fruit raising on a large scale about the time we did, marketed his fruit in peck and half-bushel measures, stained and black, setting them in the wagon without a cover, and in a short time he quit the business, declaring it did not pay. Nor did it pay him, as he was compelled to sell his badly-mashed, dusty fruit for one half or less what first-class fruit brought, or else have it spoil on his hands, as it sometimes did, anyway. But we never could supply the demand from our acre of small fruit, which

an abundance of fruit, surely one could sell a good deal to them and perhaps not have to deliver it. As I write I recall many neighborhoods of which I know where one could sell all the fruit raised on a half acre of ground.

Country people do not realize how dependent town people are on "canned goods," and have little idea of the sale there might be for home-canned things. While canning and preserving fruit is not tiresome work, yet if one is not so situated as to be able to sell fresh fruit, they will find a good profit in selling it canned, preserved, jellied or jammed, or in butters and marmalade. Cherries, gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries usually sell better than any other canned fruit excepting peaches, and bring about thirty cents for a quart jar, ten cents to be deducted if the jar is returned. If raspberries are to be made into jam or jelly, there should be one half or more as many currants as raspberries added, as it gives it a better flavor. Currant jam also sells pretty well. So does

CURRENT CATCHUP.—To make it, to four pounds of fully ripe currants add one and one half pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of salt, ground cloves and pepper and one pint of vinegar. Cook all together until fine and of the consistency of jam. Seal for use.

GOOSEBERRY CATCHUP made from ripe gooseberries is also excellent, and may be made like currant catchup, only a little more sugar should be used. Almost one half as much sugar as fruit. The berries should be first cooked and rubbed through a colander to remove the skins before the other ingredients are added.

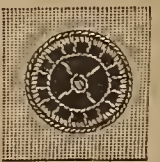
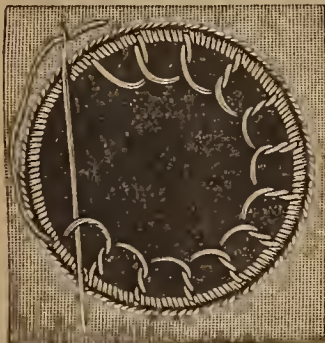
GRAPE CATCHUP is another most excellent spiced fruit, and is made like currant catchup, but does not acquire quite so much sugar. The grapes must, of course, be put through a colander to remove skins and seeds.

CHERRIES picked with the stems on, and grapes in small bunches, make nice, sweet spiced pickles that should sell well, but one could probably sell them better to private customers than to the grocery. All such things are especially adapted for selling at woman's exchanges.

APPLE-BUTTER always sells readily at from fifty to sixty cents a gallon.

SMALL SWEET APPLES, whole, or larger ones cut in quarters, and made into sweet pickles, should also sell well, but the sales might at first have to be solicited until the merit of the pickles become known. Indeed, it is possible to create a demand for anything eatable, if one goes about it in the right way. It is well to advertise a new or unusual thing by first giving away very small samples, for many persons are a little shy about trying a new thing, or one with which they are not acquainted, until they have tested it. Having once created a demand, one must exert themselves to keep up the standard of their goods, remembering that none but the best is good enough.

CLARA SENSIBAUH, EVERTS.



LACE-MAKING.

have one with a yard of tape attached and pinned to your apron-band with a safety-pin, it will be at your hand in every emergency, and be quite apt to, save burnt fingers.

SUNDAY TEAS.—Instead of cooking an unusually elaborate dinner on Sunday, as is the custom in many homes, have it unusually simple, with cold meat instead of

thread used in the stitches, overcast the inner edge of the braid, drawing it into the shape of the curves and corners. Without catching the cambric, fasten the ends securely to the braid, so as when completed the basting can be cut and the article lifted off the pattern. When you come to a corner where the braid folds over, a few extra stitches will be required

NEW DEFINITION FOR WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The grand campaign for woman's suffrage that has been so energetically conducted by Miss Anthony and her helpers throughout the state of New York, may bring about the desired result, and it may not; but there is one vote that every woman can give, and if she follows it up with energetic action, her candidate will surely win. She can resolutely determine that she will have a *healthful house*, no matter whether the site has been unwisely selected or not. Placing a house on a certain street is often thought of more consequence than the question of the dryness of soil.

The most accomplished physiologist cannot explain the subtle influence that emanates from a damp soil, and influences the growing human body for evil; but he is perfectly familiar with the fact that a person who has grown up in the damp bath that always exists above such soil, will, when the seeds of tuberculosis are blown in his direction, afford a more fertile field than a person whose tissues have been compacted in a dry atmosphere. An observant farmer of Massachusetts reported at a grange meeting, that the apples grown from the same species of tree, on the top of a gravelly hill, "kept" far better than those grown on a tree that stood in a moist hollow. The thing that makes an apple "rot" is some variety of the ubiquitous bacteria, and a certain constitution of one apple enables it to resist the onset, while the other succumbs. It is just the same with bodies of different men—in one the blood is sound, constituted just as it should be, to be called physiologically perfect. That type of blood is deadly to bacteria.

When a house has been built on a moist soil, which perhaps the house-mother thought nothing about at the time, there is a remedy. It was applied so thoroughly to two houses successively occupied by M. French, father of the famous sculptor, that the Massachusetts state board of health induced him to write out an accurate account of what he did, with an exact statement as to the cost. The latest triumph of his draining was a house in Concord, Mass., that it was thought could not have a furnace, because the cellar was low, and the water came up every spring so that it would put out the fire. M. French accomplished the perfect drying of the cellar at a cost less than \$25, and set his furnace with the fire-box on the cellar bottom. His article was published in the Massachusetts state board reports for 1873, and has been reprinted in a separate pamphlet given away on demand, and as it was more than twenty years ago, there is no reckoning how many young lives have been spared in consequence.

If a new house is to be built, the wife and mother can have a most important influence on the future health of her household, if she will study the subject in any one of the many wise books now extant upon the theme. Women are too apt to fancy that all dealings with Mother Earth should be given over to the hands of men, save perhaps the culture of a flower-

taken to prevent it, exhalations from the ground will still rise and make their way upward through the house, for the air in the upper part of the house being warmed, will rise and "draw up" the cellar air. If any one doubts this, let him cause a bottle of ether to be opened in the cellar, and a little of it poured out, say on a handkerchief. If he is stationed in the attic, a minute will show him that his experiment is a success; and if an ether bottle is not at hand, a small kettle of boiling onions will do as well.

Woman's sphere begins at the bottom of the excavation that is to become the cellar of her house (good architectural books are now to be had that give minute details as to every point in house building, whether for city or country), and it ends at the top of the highest chimney or ventilating-pipe that projects from its roof. She must stay in the house most of the time; the husband is away much of the time. Mothers, will you have healthful homes? And we hear from all parts of the land an increasing vocal swell, "Yes."

MRS. H. M. PLUNKETT.

A PRETTY EVENING DRESS.

Dora is the youngest member of the family. She is only seventeen; and while she is not a beauty, she has a pretty, round, piquant face, with sparkling gray eyes, brown, fluffy hair, and a complexion of roses. Dora is a bit of a coquette, too, and she likes to look sweet and saucy, and have lots of admirers hanging after her. Her vanity is so innocent, and she so winning, that I'm afraid we humor her too much, maybe. But the other day when she came dancing into the sitting-room holding a letter in her hand, and laughing and dimpling and blushing in her prettiest manner, and we found out that she had been invited to a garden party, and did want to go so bad, not a word was said against it.

"What shall I wear, though?" she wailed when we had finished discussing the party and the probable guests.

"Yes, what shall she wear?" we queried, and then Nell said:

"Why, Dora, I know. Aunt Mary always has so many old dresses that she never uses. She'll give us something, I'm sure; for we really can't afford anything new."

Dora's face brightened, and I immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Aunt Mary, telling her of the affair and asking if she had any dresses two or three years old that she couldn't use.

Aunt Mary isn't rich, but she is extravagant about clothes, and if she will be extravagant we may as well have the benefit of her cast-aside dresses as the other pieces in the family.

The very next day an answer came. There was a box of dresses—all of them two or three years old, to be sure, but what did we care for that. There was a pale green crape that struck our fancy exactly. It was a little faded, but we ripped it apart, and after careful planning we turned the skirt, made it full and plain, and trimmed it with three rows of narrow velvet ribbon.

The skirt fitted closely and smoothly at

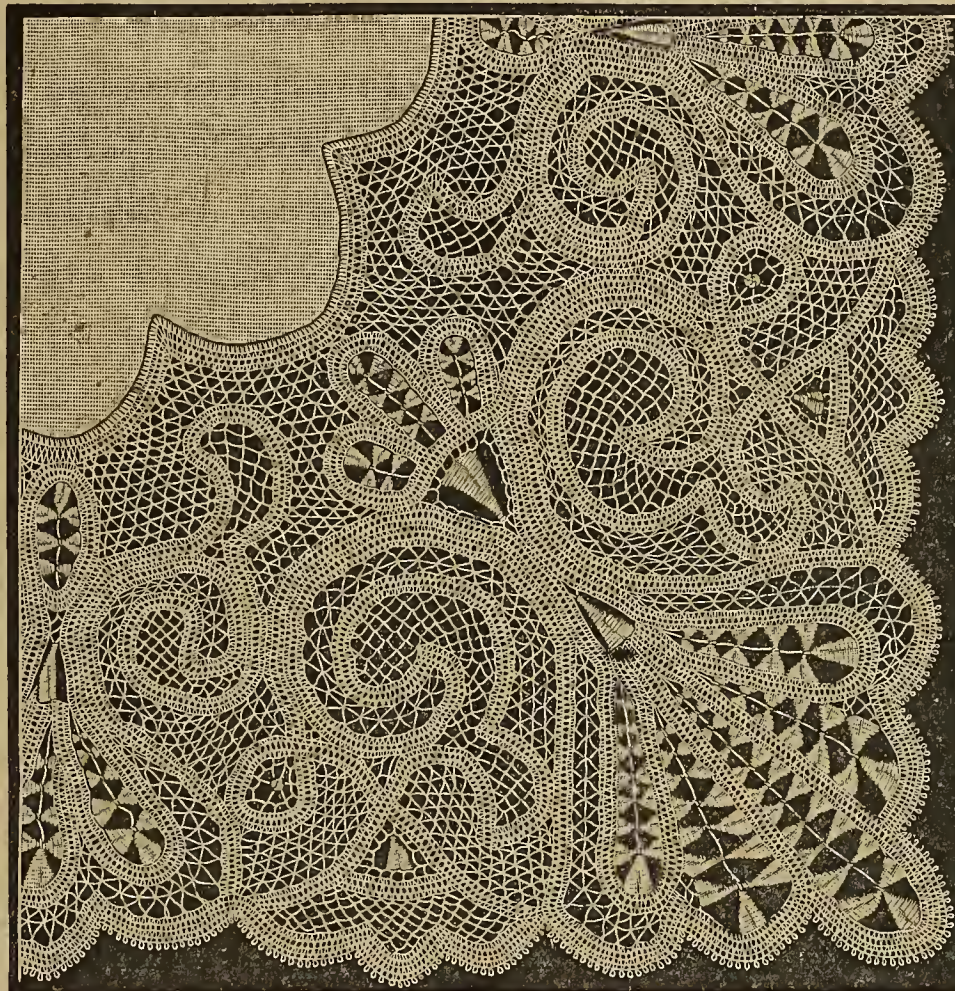
line them, and one yard and a half of lovely black silk veiling.

The sleeves we made Bishop style, and finished them with cuffs of the green satin. The veiling we cut in two and sewed in a full ruffle around the yoke. Falling over the black velvet sleeves and green waist almost to the belt, and finished by its own lovely satin edge, you can imagine the effect.

An old hat of Aunt Mary's supplied an almost unlimited amount of pretty creamy

She did not let it brown until the rice began to thicken, then she let it brown on top. About an hour and a half was allowed it to cook. When she lifted it from the oven and set it in the spring-house to cool, it was delicious, and seemed filled with cream.

TOMATO PIE.—This was another delicacy she treated us to. I ate it several times for peach pie before I even thought to inquire what it was. It was made of yellow tomatoes. She sprinkled the bot-



LACE HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

forget-me-nots, which we carefully sewed around the yoke where the black veiling ruffle joined, and also around the throat which had no collar, so that the delicate, creamy flowers rested on the soft, round, white throat. From the scraps we constructed a pretty belt of green, which was trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon, and when our Dora arrayed herself in this gown she was prettier, more winsome and coquettish than ever. And all the visitors and guests at the garden party said that her dress was the most stylish one present, which was saying a great deal.

Now, all girls haven't an Aunt Mary, whose old dresses could be used, but any girl could have an exact counterpart of this frock if she could make it herself, for a trifling sum. Instead of using black velvet she could use Nile green, or she might make the entire costume in cream or pink. You can get lovely cotton crapes now for a mere song, and by wearing it only in the evenings, because you couldn't wear it any other time, you know, it would last for an entire summer's gaiety. You will not be disappointed if you try it.

JULIA R. RIPLEY.

AT GRANDMAMMA'S.

It was years ago, and whether it was because she made things so good, or because our youthful appetites relished everything, I cannot say, but true it is that the remembrance of many things she cooked have stayed with us, and no one we have met yet could quite compete with her.

RICE PUDDING.—Her rice pudding was unsurpassed. The messes we have since eaten under the same head never seemed like rice pudding. She baked it in an earthen dish—these yel-

low ware bakers—with not too hot a fire. Into the baker she put a quart of new milk, a scant half cupful of rice, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a half cupful of large layer raisins. After stirring well to dissolve the sugar, she grated some nutmeg on top. When a scum began to form upon the milk she stirred it in, and as fast as it formed, did so again.

tom of a rich paste with sugar, then the tomatoes sliced, then more sugar, and to each pie a tablespoonful of vinegar. Put on a top crust and bake the same as peach pie.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—This was made of boiled sweet potatoes thoroughly mashed and slightly salted, using two good-sized ones for a pie. To this amount use one cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, one beaten egg, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt; beat well and put into the pie-crust. Bake about thirty minutes.

Oh, it seems so long ago when, the work all done, we sat out on the porch and enjoyed the outlook. All seemed so peaceful those summer afternoons; the tall, pink hollyhocks nodding in the sun, so stately they seemed against the white-washed fence; the odor of the tall, white lilies came around the corner of the house, and as grandma wended her way down into the garden to look among her flowers that grew as borders to her vegetables, she would say:

"Now, if you'll catch some fish for supper, I'll cook them for you."

And off we ran for bait and fishing-poles, and were soon seated on the bank of the cool little creek, anxiously watching the bob to see how soon we would get a bite.

L. L. C.

A DELICIOUS CAKE.

If you expect company and desire a delicate and delicious cake, just try this recipe and see if you are not pleased. To give perfect satisfaction the cake should be baked at least four days before it is used; then it will be rich enough to melt in your mouth. One and one half cupfuls of sugar, two thirds of a cupful of butter. Now work these together until they form a cream. Add the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Stir and beat until light as foam; then add one half of a cupful of corn-starch, which has been dissolved in a little sweet milk. Stir in not quite two thirds of a cupful of sweet milk and two and one half cupfuls of sifted flour. Two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one of vanilla complete the cake part of the most delicious cake that you ever tasted.

If you take one half cupful of water and stir in one and one half cupfuls of sugar, granulated preferred, and let it boil a few minutes until it drops thick and heavy and forms threads, then pour it on an egg which has been beaten stiff, and add a spoonful of orange extract or lemon, and then beat it until almost cold, you will have the finest icing you ever tasted.

But be sure to put different flavors in your cake and icing. You will like it so much better. MARGARET M. MOORE.



LACE-MAKING.

garden; but in this day of colleges for women, let them not imagine that the geological formation of the sites of their houses, or their condition as to wetness or dryness, is beyond their comprehension.

The site of the house having been judiciously chosen, there is much that the mother can insist on having done to make it pure and sweet and safe before it gets up to the first floor. Unless measures are

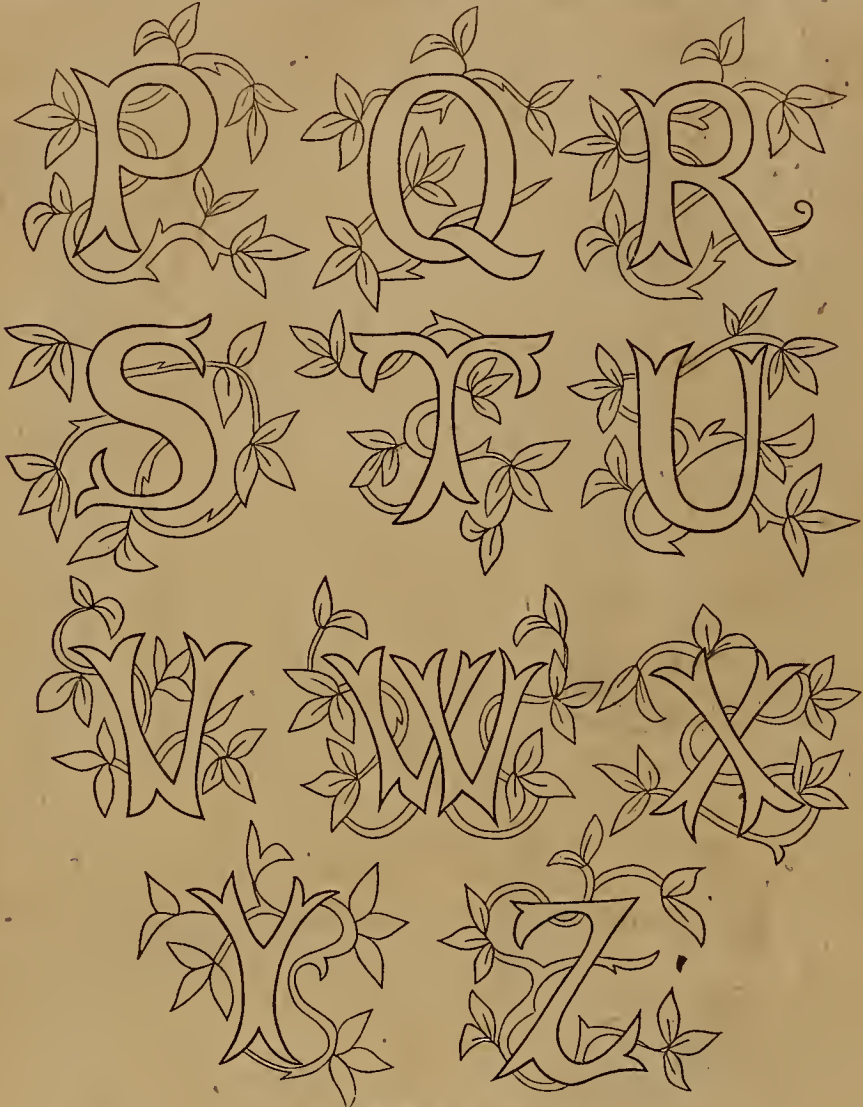
taken to prevent it, exhalations from the ground will still rise and make their way upward through the house, for the air in the upper part of the house being warmed, will rise and "draw up" the cellar air. If any one doubts this, let him cause a bottle of ether to be opened in the cellar, and a little of it poured out, say on a handkerchief. If he is stationed in the attic, a minute will show him that his experiment is a success; and if an ether bottle is not at hand, a small kettle of boiling onions will do as well.

Woman's sphere begins at the bottom of the excavation that is to become the cellar of her house (good architectural books are now to be had that give minute details as to every point in house building, whether for city or country), and it ends at the top of the highest chimney or ventilating-pipe that projects from its roof. She must stay in the house most of the time; the husband is away much of the time. Mothers, will you have healthful homes? And we hear from all parts of the land an increasing vocal swell, "Yes."

Our Household.

PROFIT IN CANNED FRUIT.

THERE is probably less work and more profit making pickles for sale than in canning or preserving fruit. Or there is a good profit in raising and selling any and all things that can be made into pickles. Not only cucumbers, but cauliflower, red cabbage, peppers, green or half-ripe tomatoes—the latter should always be marked "for pickles," if sold at the grocer's—and many other things. As to the profit there is in making and selling the pickles, I will quote from the letter of a western woman living near a town of about twenty-four hundred inhabitants. She says:



ALPHABET FOR MARKING LINEN.

"I have sold all my pickles, and could have sold many more if I had them. I sell to private customers, and from about one fifth of an acre of very rich ground planted to cucumbers, I sold over one hundred dollars' worth of pickles. I pick the cucumbers every day and sort into three sizes. Large ones (those that have been missed) are sold to slice; small ones (the size of one's finger or less) are made into sweet, spiced pickles, and sold in quart glass jars at twenty-five cents a jar. If the jar is returned we allow five cents for it, as that is about the cost of them in large quantities, and this makes the pickles twenty cents a quart. The medium-sized cucumbers are sold to those wanting them fresh from the vine, and bring from twenty to twenty-five cents a hundred. If they are not all sold out I make them up into plain, sour pickles, which sell at forty cents a gallon.

"My recipe for sweet pickles is as follows: Wash small pickles fresh from the vine, and pack. Allow one small cupful of salt to each gallon of pickles; then add boiling water until they are well covered, and let stand twenty-four or forty-eight hours. Then take out, rinse off with clear water, and drain carefully. Place in cold vinegar two weeks; take up, drain and pack closely in glass jars, with one teaspoonful of white mustard-seed and twenty cloves to each quart. I then make a sweet vinegar by taking two measures of sugar to three of vinegar, in which I boil mixed spices, closely tied in a thin cloth, for twenty minutes. I pour this, boiling hot, over the pickles and seal up. In very warm weather it might be necessary to heat the pickles through, but I did not find it necessary, putting them up in the fall. I usually take a tablespoonful of mixed spices to a gallon of sugar and vinegar, but one will have to use their own judgment as to the amount, as their strength varies.

"In making tomato catchup, I wash the tomatoes and grind through an Enterprise fruit-press, which separates pulp and juice from seeds and skin. I then boil down until quite thick, and to one gallon so boiled I add a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one half teaspoonful of salt, three pints of vinegar, three heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar, and boil until thick as wanted. Any spice desired may be added if tied in a thin cloth and boiled with the tomatoes. I usually use allspice and cloves. I put the catchup in pint cans and sell it for twenty-five cents, including the glass can, or twenty cents if the can is returned. There is more clear money in the catchup

than in the pickles, but as the demand for the pickles is three times that for the catchup, the pickles pay best in the end."

So much for the testimony of one who is "in the business." She says there is more profit in tomato catchup than in cucumber pickles, but the demand is less. Then the thing to do is to create a demand for catchup. As more tomatoes can be grown on the same space than can cucumbers, if one has not much room they would better grow tomatoes.

Cucumber pickles are not the only ones that sell well. Next to these come chowchow, then green tomatoes, sliced—either sweet or sour, with the preference for the former, or half-ripe-sweet tomato pickles; cauliflower, either sweet or sour, with possibly the preference for the latter; large peppers stuffed with cabbage and tomatoes chopped finely; green muskmelons cut in halves, pared, seeds taken out, soaked forty-eight hours in brine, then filled with chopped cabbage, green tomatoes, red pepper, etc., and made into sweet pickle. Also, ripe cucumbers and

in your city, or any other town in the United States, the postmaster in that place sends them to the dead-letter office. This is a large building, where many men and women are employed just to take care of these letters and packages.

Visitors cannot go into the work-room, but may look into it through a door made of screen wire. Standing there one sees a very large room, high and light, with rows of desks and tables, before which are seated men and women; some are sorting letters and others are looking over newspapers and packages. These people are working quite rapidly, never looking up to talk or to see who is watching them, though sometimes they may be seen to smile, or to look sad as they read, for if the envelop cannot tell them where the letter ought to go, they have a right to open it and see if there is any name or address inside; if there is, the letter is sealed in an envelop and sent to the place mentioned. This is why it is not only polite, but wise to write inside of the letter the full name and address of the person to whom one is writing. But if neither envelop nor letter gives any idea who ought to have the letter, it is cast on the floor in a pile of nameless letters and very soon gathered up by the men who are all the time passing about the room with large bags, into which these letters are put and finally taken to the paper-mill to be made over into paper. Sometimes these letters contain money, either "cash money" or money-orders, and when it is impossible to know to whom this money belongs, it is sent to the treasury building, which is also in Washington. Last year ten millions of dollars were collected from these letters, but only nine thousand had to be sent to the treasury. These workers at the dead-letter office try very hard to find where they ought to send these letters, and money, and each clerk has a number of books and maps giving the names of all the towns large enough to have a post-office, and the city guide-books give the names of all streets, so even if only the name of the street is given, the letter may be sent to its proper place.

There are a great many gifts sent through the mail, and many of them by persons who do not take the trouble to find out whether their article is even allowed in the mail. Nothing that can injure letters or parcels is allowed, and nothing weighing more than four pounds. When these things are sent they are kept at the dead-letter office, and if the owner's address can be found, notice is sent that he must arrange some other way for his parcel to go. If the owner cannot be found, all the articles are made into small parcels and once a year (about Christmas) they are all sold at auction.

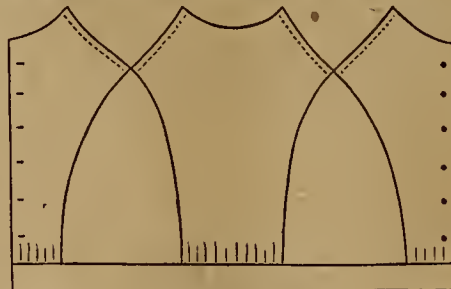
The smaller room, in which one stands to see the workers, is called the museum, because there in glass cases are kept many things which have been received through the mail. It is very amusing, and rather sad, too, to see the collection, for it seems strange that any one should think of sending a saw or an umbrella in this way, and yet these two things were really found in the mail. And then there are false teeth and medicines, and once twelve live rattlesnakes were found in a box and quickly killed, and are now stuffed and in the museum. The sad feeling comes when one sees the dainty and beautiful articles that some loving heart has wished an absent one to have, and perhaps will always wonder why the friend never sends thanks, when all the time the pretty gift is shut up in a glass case to be stared at by visitors.

If you ever visit Washington, you will enjoy seeing for yourself this office, but I hope you will learn and remember now what articles you can never send by mail; and also that it is very important to address the envelop plainly with the person's name, town and state, with street and number, if the place of residence is a large town or city. It is also well to put in one corner your own name and address, so that if, for any reason, the letter fails of reaching the person for whom it is intended, it may be promptly returned to you.—C. R. Bush, in Housewife.

AN UNDERBODY.

This comfortable article surpasses the usual underbody to wear in very warm weather.

Being sleeveless, it is cooler, and yet it protects the dress from perspiration at the



AN UNDERBODY.

back of the neck, where so many dresses are ruined.

Take your ordinary dress pattern and cut it to fit only on the shoulders, and gather into a belt to fit the waist. Join at the dotted shoulder lines. L. L. C.

A HOT-WEATHER BEVERAGE.

The hot weather is coming, and with it a desire for a beverage that is at once pleasant and cooling. The following drink possesses these qualities, besides satisfying the thirst better than water:

Take one half gallon of cold water, one half teaspoonful of sugar, one third teaspoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of ginger and a little nutmeg. Stir well and serve. Excellent for harvest-hands. S. E. M.

On the face

and back of every
card of genuine
DeLong PATENT
HOOKS AND EYES will
be found the words:

See that

hump?

TRADE-MARK REG. APR. 19-92.



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& De Long Bros.,
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BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS
New or 2d hand; lowest prices, largest stock, makers & oldest dealers in U. S. We sell everywhere. Catalogue free. ROUSE HAZARD & CO. 32 E. St. Peoria, Ill.

\$2.75 Buys our \$9 Natural Finish Baby Carriage—complete with plated steel wheels, axle, springs, and one piece steam bent handle. Made of best material, finely finished, reliable, and guaranteed for 3 years. Shipped on 10 days' trial. FREIGHT PAID; no money required in advance. 75,000 in use. We are the oldest and best known concern of our kind, reliable and responsible. Reference furnished at any time. Make and sell nothing but what we guarantee to be as represented, sold at the lowest factory prices. WRITE TO-DAY for our large FREE illustrated catalogue of latest designs and styles published.
OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package.
THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.
39 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

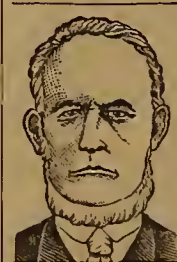
Alaska Stove Lifter.

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ALWAYS COLD
even if left in lid. Price 15c. at all Stove, Hardware, and House Furnishing Dealers, or mailed postpaid for 30 cts.
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MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND SHE DOES NOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT.
\$14. Buys our 2 drawer walnut or oak improved High Arm Singer sewing machine, finely finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work; guaranteed for 10 years; with Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle and a complete set of Steel Attachments; shipped any where on 80 Days' Trial. No money required in advance. 75,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits. Cut This Out and send to-day for machine or large free FREE catalogue, testimonials and glimpses of the World's Fair.
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PRICE \$180
We Sell DIRECT TO FAMILIES
PIANOS ORGANS
\$150 to \$1500 \$35 to \$500.
Absolutely Perfect!
Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. Local Agents must sell inferior instruments or charge double what we ask. Catalogue free.
MARSHALL & SMITH PIANO CO.,
285 East 21st St., N.Y.
Mention this paper when you write.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED
(PATENTED)
The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. WILL make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting stinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.
PENNA. SALT MFG CO.
Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.
Mention this paper when you write.



FREE!

The following remarkable statement to which we direct special attention, is from a Tenn. farmer.

My age is 63. I suffered intensely from catarrh 10 years, dry scabs formed in nostrils, one or both sides stopped up continually, dryness and soreness of throat, hoarseness, intense headache, took cold easily, and had continual roaring, cracking, buzzing, and singing in my ears. My hearing began to fail, and for three years I was almost entirely deaf, and continually grew worse. Everything I had tried failed. In despair I commenced to use the Aerial Medication in 1888, and the effect of the first application was simply wonderful. In less than five minutes my hearing was fully restored, and has been perfect ever since, and in a few months was entirely cured of catarrh.
ELI BROWN, Jacksboro, Tenn.

Medicines for Three Months' Treatment Free.
To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it is a positive cure for Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,
J. H. MOORE, M. D., Cincinnati, O.
Mention this paper when you write.

If afflicted with sore eyes use **Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water**

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

WHY LETTERS ARE LOST.

It may seem strange that any one should write a letter and mail it, forgetting the most important part of the writing, the address on the envelop, but in this one year past one hundred and seventy-five thousand, seven hundred and ten letters were put into the mail with no address at all on the envelop. Some years there are a greater number. Beside these blank envelopes, many hundred more have only part of the address, perhaps just the person's name, or the street and number of the house.

Now, what do you suppose is done with these letters? Well, in Washington City is a large building called the dead-letter office, and when these letters are received

SUMMER STYLES FOR LADIES—LATEST NEW YORK FASHION NOTES.

BOY'S NEGLIGEE SHIRT.

No. 6131. The negligee or outing shirt is the supreme garment of the summer boy's outfit, and here we give one of the latest and most popular designs.

A necktie of navy blue is bowed at the throat and a belt of the same color is worn around the waist.

Various fancy shirtings are now shown for making these comfortable summer garments.

BOY'S SUIT.

No. 6146. This stylish suit is intended for "little men" when first promoted to the dignity of knee trousers.

The new feature of this stylish jacket is the lapels that turn back from the fronts; these are interlined with grass-cloth and faced with the material, being finished on the edges with machine-stitching in tailor style. The trousers are close-fitting and extend just to the knee.

Suits in this style are made from cloth, serge, hopsack and flannel, also of duck, twill, canvas and other seasonable cotton fabrics. Fine white lawn or cambric is the most popular material for the blouse.

BOY'S SUIT.

No. 6128. This suit is three distinct garments, kilt, blouse and jacket, and is given as one pattern.

The style is very becoming to small boys, and for warm weather the jacket can be dispensed with altogether.

Suits in this style are made from drill, duck and canvas, in white and colors, or of chevrot, cloth, tweed or fancy suitings.

For the blouse, batiste, cambric, nain-sook, chambray and washable silks, in white and colors, are desirable materials.

LADIES' TOILET.

No. 6129 and No. 4050. The skirt is in the latest mode, with front and sides fitted closely to the figure, the back falling in full, fan-like folds to the bottom. The tablier drapery falls in pretty wrinkled fullness across the front, from forward turning plaits at the top, the short extension forming a pretty basque in the back.

The stylish basque has a vest front, the broad revers, collar and lower portions of sleeves being made to match.

Three bright steel buttons decorate each jacket front.

Double puffs are gracefully arranged over fitted sleeve linings, the lower portions of which are faced with satin and trimmed at the wrists with lace. This mode is suitable for the pretty soft cotton fabrics that drape prettily and always look dainty and sweet.

The charming silk and wool mixtures, crepons, taffeta, etamine and cashmere all develop stylishly by the mode.

LADIES' SUMMER TOILET.

No. 6132 and No. 6133. This very attractive basque is one that is generally becoming, the simulated, short, round yoke being formed by successive rows of shirrings at the top, which are arranged over a lining, fitted to the form by the customary seams and darts. The pretty fullness over the bust which results from this shirring is arranged in small space at the points below the waist line in front and back, the outline being decorated with twisted satin ribbon; a bow finishes this at the side.

Full puffs are beautifully disposed over fitted sleeves, finished with ribbon at the wrists.

The skirt is full at the top, being specially adapted to thin fabrics. A flounce of lace trims the bottom, finished on the top by a band of ribbon. Crepon, cashmere, challis, India and taffeta silks, chiffon, crepe de chine, swiss, lawn or any of the pretty cottons now worn will make up charmingly by this mode.

SHIRT-WAISTS.

No. 4088 and No. 4084. The shirt-waist is one of the most popular garments for summer because it is the coolest and most comfortable; besides, they are easy to wash and iron. They are pretty and becoming for young or old, large or small. No. 4088 is the most desirable for shirt-waists this season (No. 4084 is the same as No. 4088, except misses' sizes).

The pattern consists of eight pieces; front, back, sleeve, lap, cuff, collar, collar-band and belt.

LADIES' SLEEVES.

No. 6145. Five different styles of sleeves can be made from these patterns.

No. 1 shows a double puffed sleeve arranged over coat-shaped linings. Various modes can be effected by this pattern. The large puff can be used singly, either as a short Empire puff or with the lining faced to second line of perforations. In place of a puff, the lower part can be used as a frill by doubling and gathering the lower edge in with the lower portion of the large puff.

No. 2 is the circular or "pear" shaped puff. It is arranged over fitted linings same as No. 1. All these styles are suitable for basques, waists, tea-gowns, wrappers, etc., and will be found of value in modernizing garments. Any preferred material can be used that will harmonize.

No. 3 is intended for outdoor garments, but can be made to do duty for basques, by omitting the seam allowance. It is the improved "Gigot" sleeve, with full top, which is disposed in side plaits, turning on each side from broad box-plaits on the shoulders. These are gracefully disposed over the upper portions of the fitted linings, the under portions being covered with the material.

40 CENT PATTERNS FOR 10 CENTS.

Any THREE Patterns and the Farm and Fireside for the remainder of this year to NEW TRIAL subscribers, 35 cents.

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand for our paper among strangers, and to make it more valuable than ever to our old friends, we decided to offer them to the lady readers of the Farm and Fireside for the remarkably low price of only 10 Cents Each.

These Patterns are out for us by the oldest, and we believe, the best Pattern Manufacturers of New York City.

Tens of thousands of orders have been received from ladies all over the United States, yet we have not had a single complaint—instead, many letters of praise. "I paid 40 cents for a wrapper pattern last spring, exactly like the one I got of you for 10 cents," writes one lady. Another writes, "I find them perfect, and am able to do my own dressmaking by using them." Another, "I cut the dress by your pattern without making a single change

and got a perfect fit." Another, "the patterns are so complete and instructions so clear that they give perfect satisfaction." Another, "I don't see how you do it. You deserve the thanks and patronage of every lady reader of your paper." Another, "It does make your paper even more valuable than ever to your old friends. I saved enough to pay my next year's subscription, on the two patterns ordered from you."

The patterns are all of the very latest New York summer styles, and are unequalled for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. For twenty-four years these Patterns have been used the country over. Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in

every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received. For convenience in ordering we have inserted a coupon below, which can be cut out and filled in as indicated, and returned to us with a silver dime, or 10 cents in new, clean postage-stamps, for each pattern wanted.

You can order any of the patterns which have been offered in the back numbers of the Farm and Fireside. Order by the number.

Do not fail to give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls and children. Order patterns by their number.

We guarantee every pattern, to be perfect and exactly as represented. To get BUST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms. Postage paid by us.

Price of each pattern, 10 cents.



No. 6131.—BOY'S OUTING SHIRT. 10 cents.
Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 6128.—BOY'S SUIT. 10 cents.
Sizes, 2, 4 and 6 years.



No. 6129.—LADIES' BASQUE. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.
No. 4050.—LADIES' SKIRT. 10 cents.
Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.



No. 6145.—THREE LADIES' SLEEVES.
Sizes, 32, 36 and 40 inches bust measure.
All three patterns for 10 cents.



No. 6132.—LADIES' SHIRRED WAIST. 10 cents.
No. 6133.—LADIES' SKIRT. 10 cents.



No. 4075.—LADIES' TEA-GOWN. 11 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.
This pattern is so large and heavy that it requires 1 cent extra to cover the additional postage. Send 11 cents for this pattern.



No. 4088.—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.
No. 4084.—MISSSES' SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.
Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Same as No. 4088.



No. 6146.—BOY'S SUIT. 10 cents.
Sizes, 4, 6 and 8 years.

PATTERN COUPON. (Cut this coupon out) and mail it to us.

Send 10 cents for each pattern wanted; or if you do not want to cut your paper or want more than three Patterns, send your order in a letter, but give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls and children.

PATTERN No.	BUST MEASURE.	WAIST MEASURE.	AGE IN YEARS.
No.....inches.inches.age.
No.....inches.inches.age.
No.....inches.inches.age.

Name.....

Post-Office.....

County, or St. and No..... State.....

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Blest Sabbath day, the gift of heaven,
Which brings our souls refreshing peace—
The day our God to us has given,
And bids us from our labors cease.

For six long days in arts well skilled
Have sons of toil their strength applied,
The seventh comes; the wheels are stilled,
The gates of rest are opened wide.

Athwart yon field no plowshare keen
In furrows cuts the fertile soil.
For lo, the farmers' steeds are seen
On pastures cool, at rest from toil.

No Sabbath rest the brooklets take,
But ever onward murmur flow
Through wood and glade, to join the lake,
Nestling in yon green valley low.

How sweetly through the still night air,
The vesper bells ring soft and clear,
Calling the worshipers to prayer
From farm and village, far and near.

This restful day to all should bring
Fresh force for every coming task,
Assistance from our Heavenly King
We ne'er in vain from Him shall ask.

This sweet reprieve from toil is given
To bid us free our worldly ties,
And draw our thoughts more close to heaven,
That blissful home beyond the skies.

Within our sinful hearts enshrine
Thy sacred love of right, O Lord,
That we may through this gift divine
Follow the teachings of thy word.

Dear Father, for this blest respite
We humbly thank thee; and we pray
That we may ever in thy sight
Grow nobler, purer, day by day.

Victoria, B. C.

A. M.

MISPRINTS IN THE BIBLE.

MANY lists of misprints in the Bible have been printed, but the following, compiled by the *Brooklyn Eagle*, is probably the best in existence:

The Breeches Bible is so named because it contains the phrase, "They sewed figge tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches." Genesis iii. 7. Printed in 1506.

The Bug Bible: "So that thou shalt not neede to be afraid for any Bugges by night, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day." Psalms xci. 5. Printed in 1561.

The Treacle Bible: "Is there not treacle in Gilead?" Jeremiah viii. 22. Printed in 1568.

The Rosin Bible, printed in 1609, translates the same verse: "Is there no rosin in Gilead?"

The Placemaker's Bible: "Blessed are the placemakers." Matthew v. 9. 1561-2.

The Vinegar Bible: "The Parable of the Vinegar" appears instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," as a chapter heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition, published in 1717.

The Ear-to-Ear Bible: "Who hath ears to ear, let him hear." Matthew xiii. 43. 1810.

The Standing Fishes Bible: "And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand upon it." Ezekiel xlvii. 10. 1806.

The Discharge Bible: "I discharge thee before God." I. Timothy v. 21. 1806.

The Wife-hater Bible: "If any man come to me and hate not his father, * * * yea, and his own wife also," etc. Luke xiv. 26. 1810.

Rebekah's Camels Bible: "And Rebekah arose and her camels." Genesis xxiv. 61. 1823.

To Remain Bible: "Persecuted him that was born after the spirit to remain, even so it is now." Galatians v. 29. When this Bible was in the press at Cambridge the proof-reader, in doubt whether he should remove a comma, applied to his superior, who penciled on the margin the words "to remain." This reply was thus transferred to the body of the text.

The Wicked Bible, printed in London in 1631, was so called because the negation was omitted in the seventh commandment, thus placing an awful injunction on the faithful.

The Printers' Bible makes David pathetically complain that printers (instead of princes) have persecuted without a cause.

The He and Sbe Bibles: From the respective readings of Ruth iii. 15, one reading that "she went into the city," and the other has it "be went." 1611.

The Thumb Bible, being one inch square and half an inch thick, was published in Aberdeen, 1670.

The Murderers' Bible, so called from an error in Jude, verse 16, the word "murderers" being used for "murmurers." 1801.

Wierix's Bible: The edition of this Bible

contains a plate by John Wierix, representing the feast of Dives, with Lazarus at his door. In the rich man's banqueting-room there is a dwarf playing with a monkey to contribute to the merriment of the company, according to the custom among people of rank in the sixteenth century.

HOT WEATHER DIET.

"I suppose you would like to know how to keep cool these hot days," said a well-known newspaper man. "Well, I have an unfailing recipe which can be guaranteed to effect the desired result. I use it myself, and know the system is a specific for the woes which mankind suffers in such dog-days weather as we are now experiencing. It is simple and easy—don't eat meat till the sun goes down. I have made this an inviolable rule during hot weather, and as a consequence I am never bothered about or by the condition of the atmosphere, no matter how high the thermometer may soar. This morning for my breakfast I ate a piece of strawberry short-cake and drank a cup of coffee. For luncheon I partook of some lettuce and tomato salad and a cup of tea. I will go in to dinner in a few moments, and very probably will order a thick, rare steak, and pay pretty generous attention to it. Then I will come out, and for an hour or two will be probably uncomfortably warm for the first time during the day. I was led to adopt this system from observing the immunity from suffering on account of the heat which the workmen in hot countries enjoy. This was particularly the case in Spain and Italy, and when I inquired the reason, I was told that a Spanish or Italian workman would rather eat kerosene with a wick in it than meat of any kind during the hot weather. I am not a vegetarian in any sense of the word, but I have proven to my own satisfaction that a diet such as I have suggested during the summer will preserve any one who follows it from suffering in hot weather."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

THE HOPE OF CREATION.

He who has gone into a far country to receive for himself the sovereignty must return to take it (Luke xix: 11-27); then at last peace and righteousness will follow in his train—He whose approach to our benighted earth will be as the morning, when the sun is risen, as a morning without clouds; he whose presence will clothe the sad earth with joy, even as the verdure that springs out of her bosom from the clear shining after rain; he at the light of whose countenance not only his saints and all they that fear God, both great and small, shall rejoice, but even the sick and groaning creation shall be loosed from her bonds; her restless fever shall be rebuked, and shall flee away; the whole earth shall be quiet and at rest, and break forth into singing (II. Sam. xxiii. 3, 4; Ps. xvi. 10-13; Rom. viii. 18-23). "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—*G. H. Pember*.

CRUSHING.

A young college student, who had taken up Ingersollism because it appealed to his overwhelming sense of self-importance, came home full of the ambition to enlighten his less progressive relatives.

"What would you say," he questioned his brother, "if I should tell you that before the lapse of twenty years this liberal movement will have utterly crushed out the religion of Jesus Christ?"

"About the same thing," was the ready response, "that I should say if I were to see a gnat crawling up the side of Mount Washington threatening to smash the whole thing in with its weight."

Such instances as this give us a clearer insight into the Psalmist's meaning when he says, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."—*The Lookout*.

FINDING YOUR MISSION.

To find your mission you have but to be faithful wherever God puts you for the present. The humbler things be gives in the earlier years are for your training, that you may be ready at length for the larger and particular service for which you were born. Do these smaller, humbler things well; they will prove steps in the stairs up to the loftier height where your "mission" waits. To spurn these plainer duties and tasks and to neglect them is to miss your mission itself in the end, for there is no way to it but by these ladder-rounds of commonplace things which you disdain. You must build your own ladder day by day in the common fidelities.

THE MOTHER.

As we go on in life, we find more and more that there is no love so perfect, so unchanging as a mother's—the love that abides fast where all else wavers. But often we see sons and daughters who seem to be careless of this treasure. They fail to realize how precious it is. They try to "do right," to be kind, but they omit many little offices of love which would brighten the sunset hours of the dear mother.

They love her, of course they do; but the outward tokens are withheld. Often she sits lonely, missing her early friends, perhaps her husband, gone to the heavenly home; and her children, immersed in care or pleasure, are apparently oblivious of the fact that the one to whom they owe most whom they love most, is left to desolation of spirit, yearning for a word of tenderness from her own children.

Show your mother that you love her. Let your affection wrap her around like a garment. Speak the kind, reverent, cheerful word now; see that she has every comfort now; soon it will be too late.

In the evening twilight sit close beside her. Clasp the pale hands. Touch the white hair gently. Remember that soon the white locks will be brushed smooth for the last sleep; the brow will be cold; the tender mother-eyes will be closed; the dear lips speechless. Then the words and acts of affection, which are now possible, cannot reach her. Never more can you speak one syllable of love to her, or perform one act of kindness for your mother. How you will then need such blessed memories! They will be as a benison of peace.

THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE.

The Bible is not an iron safe, to be opened by those who are keen enough to discover the combination; it is rather a rare and delicate flower that must have a certain atmosphere before it can be induced to unfold its petals and disclose its honey-cup and share with you its sweet perfume.

The atmosphere of the book is the atmosphere of prayer. When you have entered your closet and opened the window toward Jerusalem, and felt the heavenly breeze fan your cheeks, then the dull pages are transformed into a living voice, and the book becomes indeed the word of God.—*The Bible Reader*.

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Queries.

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Broom-corn Culture.—H. L. W., Maryville, Wis. Send 50 cents to Orange Judd Co., New York, for book on raising broom-corn and making brooms.

Where to Get Tobacco-dust.—L. M. J., Johnson, Vt., writes: "Where can tobacco-dust be obtained?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—A number of leading seedsmen catalogue it. I bought mine of Peter Henderson & Co., New York, at three dollars per barrel. Possibly you can get some refuse, sweepings, etc., from some cigar manufacturer near you.

Oats for Hay.—N. Z., Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I have six acres in oats. The crop does not promise to turn out well. If I should cut it before it is ripe and cure it, would it be a good substitute for hay to feed to cattle?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Elsewhere in these columns I am telling about various fodder crops, oats and peas among them. This oat and pea hay is very superior, and all kinds of stock relish it greatly and do well on it. Clear oats, cut while just beginning to develop seed, give also a most excellent fodder, both green and cured like hay. Don't be afraid to feed it to horses or cattle.

Celery in Close Beds.—C. H. S., Cleveland, Tenn., writes: "I have celery-plants in beds about five inches apart each way. Can it be blanched where it is, or should it be transplanted again to make celery for market?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—The distance given is too close. The plants will most likely grow up spindling. If of self-blanching varieties, they would bleach all right. I plant White Plume five by ten inches, using half as many plants as you have on the same area, and then I find that the crop needs very rich soil and an abundance of water. Better pull up every other plant, mulch heavily with manure or straw and apply plenty of water in a dry time.

Starting an Asparagus Bed.—Mrs. H. H., Pennsylvania, asks for information on starting an asparagus bed from seed or otherwise.

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—For this season it is too late to start plants from seed, and to save time, I would advise to buy strong, one-year plants next spring and set them in a well-drained, well-prepared spot, sandy loam preferred, in rows four or five feet apart, with about two feet of space between the plants in the row. Most home gardeners crowd a great many plants in a little spot. This is a mistake. If you do so, you may get reasonably good stalks for a few years, and then the crowded plants will speedily degenerate and give you undersized, weakly shoots. Set the plants from four to seven inches deep, each plant on a little mound of soil in the bottom of a deep furrow. Gradually cover up level with fine soil.

Seeding Weedy Land to Grass.—E. H., Randolph, N. Y., writes: "I have a piece of land that is rather moist, which has been used for a hog pasture. It has a great many Canada thistles and docks growing on it. I would like to know if I plow it and dig the docks out if it would be suitable to sow to orchard-grass and alsike clover? Or would it be too late in the season?"

REPLY:—The first thing to do with your land is to get rid of the noxious weeds by summer fallowing. Plow the land now, turning the weeds all under. Every few days for about six weeks run the cultivator over it. Do not allow a green leaf to show itself. Then about the first of September, or as soon as fall rains begin, sow the orchard-grass. The following spring sow the alsike. If you desire to use the land for pasture, it would be advisable to sow some blue-grass and red-top also in the fall.

Fertilizers for Tomatoes.—C. F. P., Sherman, Ill., writes: "I have a field of tomatoes, and wish to apply fertilizers around the plants in hill. Which would give the best and quickest results, bone-dust or nitrate of soda? How much should I apply to the hill, and how close to the plant should it be put?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—It is too late in the season for nitrate of soda applications. This is a quick-acting, nitrogenous fertilizer, and stimulates the growth of plant and foliage. We want such an effect early in the season. If nitrate is applied late, it will stimulate growth of stalk, etc., at a time when we want the plant to set and ripen fruit. Early applications make the crop earlier, late applications retard it. Bone-dust is hardly quick enough in its action for late applications. I would prefer to use dissolved bone (superphosphate), an excess of which usually hastens the ripening of fruits and seeds.

Thinning Onion-plants.—E. B., Kurtz, Minn., writes: "Please tell me how close I should let the onions grow in the rows in order to get large onions. I planted the Red Wethersfield. Soil black loam."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I doubt that anybody could give a rule applicable to all cases regarding the distance onions should stand in the rows for best results. It depends on the condition of the soil. I have seen enormous crops grown where the onions stood crowded in the rows and less than an inch apart. We now plant our Prizetakers two and one half to three inches apart, while in former years we used to set them four inches apart. Onions on rich soil and under good cultivation can stand considerable crowding without harm. Prizetakers are very large; indeed, the largest of all varieties with which I am acquainted. Red Wethersfields are larger than most of our ordinary older sorts, and on good soil I think I would thin them to about two inches apart in the rows. I do not claim this to be an arbitrary rule, however, or that this distance will always be the best. When you aim for large individual bulbs, you have to thin more thoroughly, of course, than when the heaviest crop, irrespective of size of specimens, is aimed for.

Keeping Granular Butter in Brine.—W. P., Tomlinson, and Mrs. J. B. C., Isaca, Tex. The following method of keeping butter has been highly recommended: Stop churning when the butter comes in small granules the size of wheat grains. Add cold water equal in quantity to the cream in the churn. A little salt added will facilitate the separation of the buttermilk from the butter. Agitate the churn a little. Draw off the buttermilk and water, pour in more cold water slightly salted, turn the churn a few times and draw it off. The third washing may be with brine. After the water is drawn off,

let the butter drain awhile. For a package, take an oak cask or butter-tub, previously cleansed and scalded out with the brine. Put a layer of salt in the bottom of the cask and cover with muslin cloth over it. Fill up the cask with the granular butter. Put a cloth over it and then a layer of salt. Head up the cask and drive the hoops down tight. Bore a small hole in the head of the cask, and through it pour in all the brine the cask will hold. Store it in a cool place. Occasionally add brine until it will take no more, then plug the hole tight, and let the cask remain in a cool place until you want to sell the butter. It is then taken out and packed in ordinary tubs for market. If it is desired, it may be churned a little in fresh buttermilk to freshen the flavor. But that is unnecessary, as the brine surrounding each butter granule has excluded the air and retained the original aroma. From dealers in dairy supplies you can get casks or tubs in sizes from ten pounds upward, to suit the size of your dairy.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. Detmers, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Note.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Probably a Fibroid.—C. H. D., China, La. What you describe is probably a collar-boil or a fibroid, and must be removed (excised) by means of a surgical knife. It will require a doctor to do it.

Contracted and Degenerated Hoofs.—J. H. B., Wautoma, Wis. Have the hoofs put into proper shape by judicious paring, where that is necessary, and then send the horse to pasture, and keep him there all summer.

Milk Too Thick.—O. P., Patriot, Ind. If the milk of your cow is too thick, you either milk her too long—that is, do not give her sufficient time to be dry before calving again—or there is something wrong in the food you give her.

Periods of Heat in a Cow.—A. S. B., Licanous, B. C., writes: "How soon does a cow come in heat after having calved? I understand that a cow comes in heat every three weeks."

ANSWER:—In three to four weeks, and then about every three weeks thereafter.

An Abdominal Hernia.—F. S., Dafter, Mich. It is very doubtful whether much can be done with an abdominal hernia, or as you call it, "a flank bowel rupture," of the size of a bucket. If you desire to do something, have the animal examined by a veterinarian, and ask his advice, because very much depends upon the size, exact situation and direction of the hernial opening; and besides that, if anything at all is to be done, it must be done by somebody who is perfectly familiar with the anatomy of all the parts, and also knows what can be done with comparative safety, and what cannot be done.

Pigs Coughing.—L. A. P. C. Nobody is able to base a diagnosis upon one symptom common to numerous diseases. There is hardly a respiratory disorder that is not attended with more or less coughing. The latter, indeed, is caused by anything that irritates the larynx. If you will give other symptoms, or inform me what causes the coughing, I may be able to comply with your request, but I have neither space nor time to dwell at length upon all the numerous possibilities. I therefore can only say the most frequent causes of severe coughing in pigs are either lung-worms (*Strongylus paradoxus*) or swine-plague (so-called hog-cholera).

So-called Scratches.—C. L., Halifax county, Va. If the so-called scratches have been brought to healing, nothing is needed but good care and good grooming. If the sores do reappear, it is due to filth allowed to accumulate on the skin of the legs, and bacteritic infection through small, yet existing sores. Liberal applications, twice a day, of a mixture of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and olive-oil, three parts, will bring to healing almost any case of so-called scratches, provided the animal is kept out of water, mud and filth, and the affected parts of the feet, when needing cleaning, are not cleaned with water, but are rubbed clean with a dry rag and a liberal application of the above mixture. There is no blood-disease about it, and nothing for the blood is needed.

Sore Teats.—W. D. R., Waco, Ky., writes: "Will you be kind enough to give me a remedy, through your paper, for tetter on a cow's bag and teats. I have a valuable Jersey cow that is perfectly sound and all right except her bag and teats. Her bag has small, red pimples on it, and her teats get sore and frequently crack, and sometimes bleed during milking. She has been in this condition for two years. While suckling a calf they get in the same fix."

ANSWER:—Apply to the sores after each milking a mixture of equal parts of lime-water and olive-oil, and see to it that the milker never milks the animal except with clean and dry hands. If one accustoms himself to it, it is just as easy as milking with wet hands, and then there is no danger of cracking, if once a healing has been effected.

Lung Disease.—M. A., Waverly, W. Va., writes: "My heifer is about a year old. She has had a cough for some time. When she coughs, her tongue hangs out. She breathes hard, and at times when she coughs her sides thump, and you can hear her breathing for some distance. Some of the time she has the scours. She has a good appetite, but is thin in flesh; is on good pasture, but will not pick up."

ANSWER:—Your heifer is evidently affected with a severe lung disease, which, very likely, will become fatal, but whether the disease is a pneumonia caused by lung-worms (*Strongylus micrusus*), croupous pneumonia, tuberculosis, or even pleuropneumonia, does not proceed from your communication, because the symptoms given more or less apply to all four diseases named. In any event, however, the prognosis is unfavorable, because according to your statement, the animal has diarrhea, is emaciated, and "thesides (flanks) are thumping" at times when she coughs. A treatment, therefore, will hardly have any effect, even if a diagnosis could be secured from your description.

Inflamed Eyes.—Mrs. T. C., Jenkins Bridge, Va., writes: "I have a horse that has inflamed eyes. They are inflamed in the inside corner. The lids turn out at times, and are very red and discharge stringy matter.

The balls look all right. I discovered in the early part of the year that hair grew in the corners of his eyes, and I keep them pulled out the best I can, but his eyes are as bad as they were last year when I did not pull the hair out at all."

ANSWER:—What you describe, if I understand you correctly, is a degeneration of the third eyelid, or Membrana nictitans, which prevents the closing of the eyelids, and thus causes an exposure of the mucous membrane, and gives the eyelids an appearance similar to that caused by ectropium. The remedy consists in first allaying the irritability by the use of an eye-water composed of acetate of morphia, two grains, to one ounce of distilled water, to be applied three times a day by means of a so-called dropper (a glass pipette capped with a rubber bulb), and then by removing (cutting away) the Membrana nictitans, or as much of it as is necessary, with sharp, curved scissors. If you have no competent veterinarian, ask your family physician to do it for you.

Dysentery.—E. S., Bloomingville, Ohio, writes: "I have a colt, five weeks old, which has a kind of diarrhea. I first noticed it about four days ago. She has a yellow, watery discharge which has a very offensive smell. She does not seem to have any pain; in fact, does not seem to mind it."

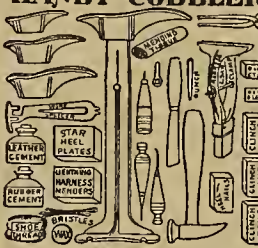
ANSWER:—You ought to have consulted a veterinarian at once, because when this reaches you, it may be too late, especially since the discharges are already very offensive, which indicates that destruction of tissue and decomposition are going on. If it is not too late, and the animal yet alive when this reaches you—the probability, though, is that the same is either dead or has recovered—the first thing necessary will be to put both mare and colt under the very best sanitary conditions, and then to give the colt a few large doses of opium—say eight to ten grains at a dose, combined, perhaps, with rhubarb (Rad. rhei), twenty grains, and carbonate of magnesia, half a dram. These substances should be mixed with some powdered marsh-mallow root and water, so as to make a mass of the proper consistency to form into several small pills. The same dose may be repeated in about eight or ten hours. For a young colt, of course, the dose must be smaller.

A Chronic Discharge—About Pigeons.—J. B. A., Fort Valley, Ga., writes: "Will you please tell me what is the matter with my horse? Sometimes he has white mucus discharges from his nose, mostly from his right nostril, sometimes from both. When I put my ear on his nose it sounds like it is somewhat stopped up. The discharges seem to bother him only when he is eating grass or drinking water. That is the only time I see any of it. It is worse at times than others. Sometimes it runs more than at others, and then again it gets thicker, and then thin and watery, but mostly thick and white.—Will you also please tell me what I can do to attract pigeons? I get pigeons, and as soon as they can fly they leave. Some come and go. Sometimes, they stay a day or so, but soon leave. I have tin on the sides of the pigeon-house so neither cats nor rats can get up there. I keep plenty of fresh water where they can get as much as they want. There are no lice or nits in the house. I keep asafetida in the house all the time. I have raised pigeons before, but never had them to leave their nest before. I have looked closely and can find nothing up there. My pigeons go to my

neighbors. Is there any drug I can put in the house to draw them?"

ANSWER:—The chronic discharge you complain of is either caused by a chronic catarrhal inflammation somewhere in the respiratory passages, including the frontal or maxillary sinuses, by the presence of a morbid growth (tumor or polyp) in the same places, or by glanders. If there is a morbid growth, its presence may be ascertained by a careful examination of the nasal cavities and respiratory passages, as far as accessible. If it is a chronic catarrhal inflammation that causes the discharge, the condition of the visible mucous membranes will indicate its existence, and if the seat of the same is in one or more of the sinuses, the percussion sound at the affected sinus or sinuses will be dull, some swelling possibly will be observed, and trepanation will reveal the true state of affairs. If, finally, the discharge is due to glanders, some more symptoms of that disease, such as a hard, knotty swelling of the submaxillary lymphatic glands, especially on the affected side, and ulcers on the septum will be formed. To see the latter, it is usually necessary to illuminate the nasal cavity by the rays of the sun thrown into it by means of a mirror. You ask me what to do. The first thing necessary is to ascertain the source of the discharge, which in all cases in which such a dangerous disease as glanders is to be suspected, must be left to a competent veterinarian. Therefore, if none is accessible, and unless by those hints I have given you, you can assure yourself that it is not glanders, I would advise you to inform your state veterinarian, if such an official is existing in your state. If the disease is not glanders, very likely a surgical operation will be required to effect a cure, provided the cause of the discharge is accessible and a cure possible.—Concerning your pigeons, it may be that the bad smell of the asafetida drives them away. Remove it, clean and ventilate your pigeon-house, and try a drop or two of aniseed oil, which, at any rate, is not objectionable to pigeons.

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The sentence a portion of which is given above, appears complete in this paper. The first one sending the correct answer will receive the first cash prize of \$2,000; the second, \$1,500; the third, \$1,000; the fourth, \$500; the fifth, \$300; the sixth, \$200; the seventh, \$100; the next one hundred will receive \$10 each; the next one thousand \$3 each; the next two thousand \$2 each, and the next six thousand four hundred \$1 each, making a total of 10,507 cash prizes, amounting to \$25,000. ALL of the other 9,493 people entering the contest will receive a handsome prize, a most beautiful and valuable article which every one wants and which is sold in the stores for \$2, making a total of 100,000 prizes. Under this plan every one will receive a valuable prize, whether the answer sent is correct or not. The date of the letter, together with the postmark on the envelope, will be used to show the time the correct replies were mailed. To prevent deception, the time the letters are received at our office will also be taken into consideration.

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Money sent by post-office or express money order or registered letter is SURE to reach us safely. You can benefit your friends by marking this offer and sending a copy of this paper to them.

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Our Miscellany.

MOLASSES is better than vinegar, and politeness is the grease of the human axle.—Joe Howard.

WOMEN will find their place, and it will neither be that which they have held, nor that to which some of them aspire. Nature's old Salic law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected.—Huxley.

How about the prudence of allowing a Cough to run on, rasping the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs, when that approved and speedy remedy, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectoant, can be obtained from any Apothecary?

So FAR as the public is concerned in this impossible crusade, the members of the American Railway Union have been led by the unprincipled and senseless chiefs who have gained their confidence, into an attitude which bluntly and without compromise says, "Let the public be damned!"—New York Sun.

How I do love the earth! I feel it thrill under my feet! I feel, somehow, as if it were conscious of my love, as if something passed into my dancing blood from it, and I get rid of that dreadful duty feeling, "What right have I to be?" and not a goldenrod of them all soaks in the sunshine or feels the blue currents of the air eddy about him more thoughtlessly than I. I think nature grows more and more beautiful and more companionable as one grows older, and the earth more motherly tender to one who will ask to sleep in her lap so soon.—James Russell Lowell.

RAILROADS IN AMERICA.

In a speech delivered in the United States Senate a few days ago, Senator Call, of Florida, drew attention to the fact that not less than five million men, women and children were dependent for their livelihood upon continued employment in the service of railroad corporations of the United States. No European government, however despotic, he declared, had control of an army of one million men, the total number of railroad employees being put by the Florida senator at one million.

Railroad investments, it is popularly supposed, yield a very large return, but the fact is, that taking the country through and adopting the figures of an ordinary year, it is found that money invested in railroads does not yield a sum so great as to inspire the cupidity of an investor seeking very large returns. The total fund of debt of all American railroads in the year of 1892 amounted to \$5,463,000,000. Four and one half per cent on this figure of gross bonded indebtedness would amount to \$245,000,000, whereas these railroads paid collectively in that year \$232,000,000 on their bonded indebtedness, or an average of four and one fourth per cent, taking a favorable year for such comparisons, and not one like the past year, during which by default upon bonded interest so many American railways have been thrown into receivers' hands.

During the year 1893 seventy-five American railroads, operating 25,000 miles, and having a gross bonded indebtedness of \$1,212,000,000, went into receivers' hands and have defaulted on their principal payments, so that this year's net returns from railroads to bondholders will fall short of four and one half per cent, and will not attain a higher average than three and one half. It is also to be remembered that those bonds which regularly pay interest as it accrues, sell at a premium beyond the nominal value, a thoroughly guaranteed, "gilt-edged" four-per-cent bond selling at a premium of twenty-five per cent.

The gross amount of capital stock of all American railroads has more than doubled during the past twelve years, and now amounts to \$5,000,000,000. The total dividends paid on the capital stock of American railroads amounted in 1891 to \$90,000,000, and in 1892 to \$83,000,000. Two per cent on the total capitalization would be \$100,000,000, and it is therefore evident that the holders of stock in American railways receive even in favorable years little more than one and two thirds of one per cent interest on their holdings. The field for investment is better in American than in English railway companies, the established rate of interest on bonds being higher, and the fluctuation in railroad stocks being greater.

DESTRUCTION OF NATIVE FORESTS.

It will not be many years before the last lone pine-tree in northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan will have fallen before the ax of the lumberman. Representative Baldwin proposes to hurry up the destruction of our pine forests by a bill which he has successfully pressed to a passage in the House, and which is expected to go through the Senate. This bill provides for the sale of all the pine timber in the White Earth and Red Lake reservations. It is estimated that there are at least 500,000 acres of this timber. The bill proposes to dispose of it, as fast as 100,000 acres are surveyed, in forty-acre lots at public auction to the highest bidder, but for not less than 3,000,000 feet. It would be a great deal wiser and better for the government to take measures to preserve this timber, by placing it under forestry regulations which would provide for cutting out the old pine-trees and letting the young grow, and thus perpetuate the forests for the benefit of future generations. There is enough wholesale destruction of our forests by the private owners

whose armies of axmen are gradually denuding the whole country of its native woods. This ought long ago to have been prevented by such reforms in the administration of our land laws as would have protected our forests from such wasteful devastation. But there is no need and no excuse for the government hastening within its own domain, or in the territory where it holds pine lands in trust for the Indians, to carry on this work of destruction. If Baldwin's bill should pass, ten years will scarcely pass before the entire region around the head waters of the Mississippi will be denuded of its forests, and when that happens, if the climatologists are not at fault, it is quite likely to be followed by serious consequences affecting the climate and hydrography of the state.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

COUNTING COINS BY MACHINERY.

The feat of counting two thousand silver dollars per minute is now being performed at the mint by a little machine invented by Sebastian Heines, the chief carpenter of the institution, and by its aid the work of counting the coin and weighing the silver bars can, it is thought, be completed by the middle of next month. The slow progress made in counting by hand led Mr. Heines to experiment, with the result, after the expenditure of much thought and time, of turning out a very successful machine.

Mr. Morgan, of Mint-director Preston's office, was greatly interested in the experiments, and after witnessing the final successful test of the invention, he gave permission for its use in counting the great mass of silver dollars. The machine was put into regular operation, and when worked to its limit was easily able to dispose of two bags of coin containing \$2,000 in a minute.

The machine consists of a hopper, into which the coins are dropped. A cog-wheel, the teeth of which resemble those of a circular saw, carries the coins to tubes, and from there they are forced out upon a little table containing twenty grooves, each of which holds just fifty coins. A turn of the crank counts one thousand coins, which are immediately put into a bag, and a second thousand follows before the expiration of the minute.—Philadelphia Record.

A FAMOUS RIDE FOR KOSSUTH'S SAKE.

None of the obituary writers on the late Louis Kossuth seem to have referred to an incident in his career which must always have a special interest for Englishmen. This was one of the most famous reeprides of ancient or modern times, performed by Capt. Charles Townley, a queen's messenger, in the interest of the Hungarian liberator. After the collapse of his cause in 1849, Kossuth and a crowd of his compatriots had fled to Turkey, from which Austria and Russia were menacingly demanding their extradition. But the "great Eltchi," who was then our representative on the Golden Horn, made bold upon his own responsibility to back up the sultan in his refusal to deliver up the fugitives, believing that Palmerston, who was then at the foreign office, would hear him out in his firm attitude of opposition.

Knowing that life and death depended on the speedy arrival of his approving dispatch at Stamboul, "Pam" selected Capt. Townley to be its bearer, with instructions "not to spare himself or others" in getting to his destination as soon as possible. Reaching Belgrade on Oct. 20th, Capt. Townley there took horse, and on the morning of the 26th he rode, or rather, reeled, into Parma, having covered the distance of 820 miles in 131 hours—a feat which elicited loud applause when mention was made of it in the House of Commons.—Pall Mall Gazette.

DOGS CAN FOLLOW A CONVERSATION.

The creation of something like a language among our civilized dogs has naturally been accompanied by the development of an understanding of human speech. Although we cannot attach much importance to the mass of anecdote on this point, there is enough which is well attested—sufficient, indeed, which has come within the limits of my own observation—to make it clear that dogs, even without deliberate teaching, frequently acquire a tolerably clear understanding of a number of words and even of short phrases. They will catch these not only when given in distinct command, but when uttered in an ordinary tone without any sign that they relate to their affairs. It is true that these understood words generally relate to some action which the dog is accustomed to perform, yet there are instances so well attested that they deserve credit, which seems to show that the creatures can get some sense of the drift of conversation even when it is carried on by persons with whom they are not familiar, and does not clearly relate to their own affairs.—Scribner's Monthly.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock box 113 Marshall, Mich.

TUSKAGEE IS THRIVING.

The normal and industrial institute for the negroes at Tuskegee, Ala., has just closed its thirteenth year, and the reports published show wonderful growth and development.

The institution began with just nothing except an appropriation of \$2,000 from the state for tuition. During its existence it has handled \$121,955.42, of which \$37,000 have come from the state. During the thirteen years the students have performed labor for the institution valued at \$187,612.52. It began in a little church and shanty, which it did not own, with one teacher and thirty scholars. It now holds property to the amount of \$290,000 free, including land, buildings, live stock, apparatus, etc. It has 791 pupils and forty-eight teachers in the various departments. It has graduated 166 students, who are doing good work in various departments of life, as teachers, farmers, mechanics, etc., and its influence is felt among the negroes all over the South. A good part of the endowment, which it has permanently, has been contributed by kind friends of negro progress in the North.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE ARAB AND THE JEW.

A Jewish professor, who is versed in the oriental languages, looked over two weekly papers printed in this city, one of them in the Hebrew language, with Hebrew characters, and the other in the Arabic language, with Arabic characters.

"Look," he said, as he held the two pretty sheets together, "at the peculiarities of the type used in each of them. Take notice of power, breadth, depth, rectangularity and solidarity of the Hebrew type. Take notice of the Saracenic delicacy, the ornateness, the subtlety, ingenuity and curvedness of the Arabic type. The contrast between them is very suggestive. Again, the reader who studies the style of the literary composition in the two papers will notice that the Hebrew thought is broad, strong and upright, like the Hebrew characters, while the Arabic thought is sinuous, tenuous and ornate, as the Arabic characters. The differentiation of the Hebrew from the Arabic, both in the forms of the type and in the expressions of the mind, will strike every critic who places the two papers together, looks at them closely and makes a study of their contents. Yet both the Hebrews and the Arabs belong to the Semitic race, and are monotheists. History and circumstances must be taken into account when tracing the characteristic differences between the two branches of the family.—New York Sun.

Don't fail to read Dr. Hair's Asthma and Hay Fever cure advt. in this issue.

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

When Edmund Yates was in this country he wrote an account of a presidential inauguration for the New York Herald. Seated at a table, he was asked what he wanted. He answered:

"A bottle of brandy and a few facts."

That was the old way. The story illustrates very fairly journalistic methods of twenty-five years ago. All is changed now. Time was when a man was deemed disqualified for journalism by temperance and morality. To be regarded as an ideal reporter or a meritorious editor one had to get drunk regularly and owe his grocer and his tailor. That was the halcyon time when the foreman of the composing-room had practical charge of the paper.

The drunkard nowadays has no more chance in a newspaper-office than a cat without claws would have in the hottest corner of the hot place.—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

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In the accompanying illustration is seen the picture of a healthy man.—Every facial feature indicates a sound physical condition. Dissipation holds no place here. With sparkling eyes, ruddy complexion and round cheeks, this man betrays no evidence of ever being wheeled and charmed by unholy pleasures. Many a "wild cat" has been sown, however, but his present healthy condition was restored through the aid of a remarkable and most effective prescription which I send absolutely free of charge. There is no humbug or advertising catch about this. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you may do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me, as this remedy restored me to the condition shown in illustration after everything else had failed. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose stamp if convenient. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A329, Albion, Mich.

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We Guarantee that this watch will keep accurate time, will not get out of order, and will in every way give entire satisfaction, or money refunded. The Case is strongly made of nickel metal and carefully fitted. It is open-face, with heavy polished hevel crystal. The Movement is the simplest and most durable of any watch movement known. It is wound up without a key. Four or five turns of the patent winding attachment winds it up for from 24 to 36 hours. This is a genuine American watch, made for service, and with ordinary usage ought to wear for ten years, and even longer.

ONE OF MANY TESTIMONIALS I want to say to you that I am delighted with your watch received some time ago. It is a little gem. I keep it upon my typewriter desk during week-days right before my eyes, and it keeps splendid time. I then use it on my pulpit on Lord's Days. Faithfully yours, REV. STEPHEN A. NORTHBOP, Pastor First Baptist Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.

This watch and chain given as a premium for six yearly subscribers to the Farm and Fireside at 50 cents each; or for two yearly subscribers and \$1 additional; or for one yearly subscriber and \$1.25 additional.

PRICE, when purchased, \$1.50. Postage paid.

NOTICE.—Each member of the club who pays 50 cents for a year's subscription may choose FREE any ONE of the following premiums: No. 803, No. 802, No. 101, No. 210, No. 591, No. 905. If the subscriber pays 60 cents, he can choose FREE, Premium No. 26, the Book of 400 Poems and Illustrations, or No. 11, the People's Atlas of the World.

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Smiles.

WHEN THE GOOSE HONKS HIGH.

We allers know that winter's done an' spring is on the track,
When flylug high up in the sky the geese is comin' back.
We know 'at snow-time's over, an' 'at cold an' frost is done,
When list'nin' to a flock o' geese a-honkin' in the sun.
I tell ye life is jest the same. I calls my children geese,
An' when they're gone away I find I don't enjoy much peace.
But all my woes fade right away, my spring an' summer's come,
When I've my tribe o' geeses back a-honkin' here to hum.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

He was the villain! standing there
Darkly handsome and debonaire,
And she bade him begone with a lofty air;
But that was part of the play.

The heroine she! and a gown from France
Her tearful beauty did much enhance;
But I think she gave him one swift, sweet glance,
And that was not in the play.

He roughly seized her delicate wrist,
And grimly eyed her and fiercely hissed,
"You are mine, and my prey I have never missed!"
But that was part of the play.

Her voice rang out like a clear-toned bell,
And his loathed advances she did repel;
But he kissed her after the curtain fell,
And that was not in the play.

—Judge.

A CHANGE OF TIME.

On board a Baltimore train pulling into Parkersburg was a book agent, whose demeanor conveyed the impression that he was matter-of-fact all the way through. No foolishness, no trifling with or in the everyday affairs of this busy old life.

"Mr. Conductor, what time do we get into Parkersburg?"

"Ten-twenty," replied the official politely.

"Yes. Well, what time can I get a train on West?"

"Nine-twenty."

"To-morrow?"

"To-night."

"Conductor, don't take me for a fool because my beard grows the wrong way and my clothes suggest the whip-poor-wills and penny-royal. I'm serious."

"So am I, good friend. You can make it all right."

"W-a-l-l, now, how?"

"Just keep your seat."

"And leave town an hour before I get into it?"

"That's the idea, my friend—"

"Look h'yer. You may be a good conductor, an' know all the stations an' the spotters, an' how to knock down forty per cent o' the receipts, but when you claim to have a reversin' lever on the sun, you're off, decidedly off."

"But the time changes an hour at the river."

"Then, at this rate, if I go on to San Francisco, I'll get there some time last week. I guess I'll get off and wait until I catch up with myself."—*Agents' Herald.*

A PRACTICAL TURN OF MIND.

The *Medical Record* tells of a woman in Ohio who utilized the high temperature of her phthisical husband for eight weeks before his death, by using him as an incubator for hen's eggs. She took a number of eggs, and wrapping each one in cotton batting, laid them alongside the body of her husband in the bed, he being unable to resist or move a limb. Fifty was the number of the eggs first used as an experiment, and after three weeks she was rewarded with forty-six lively young chickens. The happy result of the first trial prompted her to try it again, and this time she doubled the quantity, and was again rewarded for her ingenuity with another brood of chickens. Another hundred eggs were placed in the bed, but this time her husband was so near the end that the necessary heat was lacking, and he passed away, leaving behind one hundred half-hatched chicks. The scheming wife, not to be outdone in her plans by grim death, placed the eggs in the oven, thinking to finish the work her husband had failed to complete. During the hustle and excitement of the funeral, however, she allowed the fire to get too hot, and the eggs were all cooked.

The editor says he hopes there is no incubator awaiting this woman, in this world, at least!

AN ADEPT.

"I understand," said the handsome young woman, entering the printing-office, "that you employ only girls, and that you are in need of a forewoman."

"Yes," replied the printer. "Can you make up a form?"

"Just look at me and see," she answered, turning herself around.

She was engaged.—*Boston Courier.*

THEY WERE MEN.

Here is a conversation between two men that I heard yesterday morning. If they had been women I wonder what would have happened:

"Have you met the new partner in that firm yet?"

"Yes."

"Is he a young man?"

"No; not very young. About your age I should think."

"Do you think I am old?"

"Oh, not very old, but you are considerably older than I am."

"I doubt that, but how old are you?"

"I'm thirty-six. How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Then I am younger, but I thought you were even older than that. You look older."

"Oh, you think so?"

"Yes. Maybe it's the bald spot that makes you look older. Then you have an old figure, too."

All this was said in perfect earnestness, and yet the men parted friends.—*Washington Post.*

GETTING ALONG.

Richard—"By the way, how do you and Miss Smart get along?"

William—"Oh! that affair is all over."

Richard—"You don't mean it?"

William—"You see, I'd made up my mind about a week ago to bring matters to a crisis. So I began by saying that I had a question I wanted to ask her."

Richard—"Yes."

William—"She tossed her head and said any fool could ask questions."

Richard—"And you?"

William—"I merely told her perhaps it would be just as well, then, to let some fool ask my question."—*Boston Transcript.*

UNTRUE, OF COURSE.

A good story, which is, of course, untrue, is told on Judge Durham. The incident is said to have happened while he was Controller of the Currency. One Sunday, so the story goes, the judge, who is a devout man, went to church in Washington. The audience was an inspiring one, and the sermon a good one. When the minister had quit speaking he said: "Now let us return thanks to the Great Controller of the Universe."

No sooner had the words been uttered than the judge, who is a gentleman of the old school, arose and publicly thanked the preacher for the distinguished honor he had paid him.

HIS BOARD WAS GOOD.

The gentleman from Boston was stopping with a farmer, and a new guest arriving, he was much impressed by the conversation of the Bostonian. Later, in talking with the landlord, he remarked:

"By the way, that gentleman has an extensive vocabulary, hasn't he?"

The landlord was greatly pleased.

"Well," he responded, "you'd ought to 'a' seen it when he first come; twan't nothing to speak of; he's only been boarding with me two weeks, and he's had to let his waist-ban' out four times."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A FULL STOP.

Chicago councilman—"I can stand a good deal, but this is too much."

Friend—"What's the matter?"

Chicago councilman—"I didn't mind voting to make St. Patrick's day a legal holiday, and I didn't object when it came to adding Emperor William's birthday to the legal holidays, but when these Chicago Chinese laundrymen come forth and demand that we decorate the city hall and suspend business because it's the anniversary of the day that the great Confucius caught the measles, I think it's time to draw the line."—*Life.*

PART OF THE BIRD.

The young housewife—"Have you any nice chickens?"

The poultryer—"Yes, ma'am."

The young housewife—"Well, send me a couple in time for dinner, and I want them with the croquettes left in, do you understand?"

SHE DIDN'T SCARE.

Marshall—"What the mischief is the matter with you, Raymond; been held up by some highwaymen, or have you been in a railway disaster?"

Raymond—"Well, I can't say I have done either. Last night I just hid under the bed to scare my wife."

THE SERENADE.

Lover (singing [?])—"Come where my love lies dre-a-ming," etc.

Old man—"If you're addressin' my darter, Hannah, you'll find her dreamin' down to the dance with Si Perkins. Come 'round 'bout half-past one. She an' Si orter git back by that time."

HER VIEW OF IT.

She—"I don't see how anybody can like caviare. It's a depraved taste."

He—"No, it's a cultivated taste."

She—"Well, that's the same thing."—*Life.*

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A lady who suffered for years with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhoea and other irregularities, finally found a safe and simple home treatment that completely cured her without the aid of medical attendance. She will send it free with full instructions how to use it to any suffering woman who will send her name and address to Mrs. D. L. Orme, South Bend, Ind.

A Clock out of order shows it on the face. When the human machine goes wrong, the physiognomy tells tales. If you do not look well, take

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U. S. CENSUS, 1880, REPORTS

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Decorations AND Furnishings

Conducted by
KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

TATTING DOILY AND BORDER.



UMBLER DOILY.—This design (Fig. 1) may be worked with white wash silk, or fine, linen thread, as preferred. Commence with one thread only and work the tiny ring at the center. 1 d s (double stitch), 10 picots with 2 d s between each, then 1 d s, draw the stitches together, fasten threads neatly and cut off.

Work the next round with 2 threads, join to one of the picots of the ring just made, * 4 d s, 1 picot, 4 d s, 1 picot, 4 d s, miss 1 picot of the ring, join to next and repeat from * all around, fasten threads in first picot and cut off.

Work the next round with 2 threads also. Join to first picot of one of the scallops of preceding round, * 2 d s, 7 picots, with 2 d s between each, then 2 d s, join to next picot of same scallop, 2 d s, 3 picots, with 2 d s between each, then 2 d s, join to first picot of next scallop, repeat from * all around, fasten threads at beginning of round and cut off.

Next round is worked alternately with one and with two threads. * With 1 thread work a ring of 2 d s, 4 picots, with 2 d s between each, join to middle picot of one of the larger scallops of preceding round, 2 d s, 4 picots, with 2 d s between each, then 2 d s, draw the stitches together and turn the work, and work with both threads a scallop of 2 d s, 13 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s, turn work again, and with one thread work the three-leaved figure, 4 d s, 9 picots, with 2 d s between each, 4 d s, work another ring close to this of 4 d s, join to last picot of first ring, 2 d s, 3 picots, with 2 d s between each, join to middle picot of small scallop of last round, 2 d s, 4 picots, with 2 d s between each, 4 d s. Work the third ring like first one, but instead of forming first picot, join to last one of preceding ring, turn the work and with both threads a scallop as before. Repeat from * all around.

Commence next round with one thread and work a * ring of 2 d s, 7 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s, turn the ring downward and still with one thread work another ring of 2 d s, 3 picots, with 2 d s between each, join to middle picot of one of the scallops of preceding round, 2 d s, 3 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s; fasten the rings securely together where the stitches are closed, but do not cut thread, with 2 threads without turning the work, a scallop of 2 d s, 7 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s; join the fourth following picot of same scallop, work a small scallop of 2 d s, 3 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s; join to third picot of next scal-

ing second picot, join to middle picot of one of larger scallops, and instead of forming sixth picot, join to middle picot of opposite scallop, fasten securely where the stitches are closed, cut threads as closely as possible. Continue thus all around.

The outside round is worked with both threads. Join to the middle picot of one of the rings, 2 d s, 5 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s; join to the middle picot of first scallop, 2 d s, 5 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s; join to the middle picot of next ring, 2 d s, 5 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s; join to next scallop; so continue all around.

The border illustrated at Fig. 2 is designed especially for a table centerpiece or tea-cloth, and may be made of fine linen or cotton thread, as preferred. It consists of two rows of rosettes connected by small figures, and each rosette is composed of four four-leaved figures worked with one thread, and surrounded by a row of scallops



FIG. 1.

worked with two threads, and are joined together as made, by the picots.

Work the four-leaved figures with one thread as follows: 5 d s (double stitches), 5 picots, each separated by 2 d s, then 5 d s; close the stitches in a ring and work three more similar rings, but in making the last ring, leave the middle picot twice as long as the others, as the last ring of each four-leaved figure is joined to this picot instead of forming the middle picot of ring. Tie the ends of thread securely and neatly together, and cut off.

Work three more of the four-leaved figures, joining them as described above, then with two threads work the scallops.

Join to the middle picot of a ring of one of the four-leaved figures, 2 d s, 11 picots, each separated by 2 d s, then 2 d s; * join to the middle picot of next ring of same figure and to the middle picot of opposite ring of next figure, 2 d s, 11 picots, each separated by 2 d s, then 2 d s; join to middle picot of next ring of same figure. Repeat from * all around. Tie the ends of thread in picot at starting-point and cut off.

This completes the rosette. They are joined to each other in working the scallops, as shown in the illustration. The open spaces between the rosettes are filled in with four-leaved figures worked with one thread, 6 d s, 1 picot, 2 d s; join to fourth picot of a scallop, 2 d s, join to second picot of the connecting scallop, 2 d s, 1 picot, 6 d s; draw the stitches together and work three more rings, joining the scallops in the same manner. When the border is complete, baste it neatly onto the center and button-hole-stitch the two together around the inner edge of the border, taking up each picot. Cut the fabric carefully from beneath the border.

J. R. W.

The new sardine-dish is lovely in design. It is a deep plate, blue or sea-foam in color, with a fish-net in relief, among the folds of which are places for holding the sardines.

DECORATIVE NOTES.

It is entirely a matter of individual taste whether delicately-tinted ribbons or cords and tassels are most desirable for looping back summer curtains.

Curtain-poles one inch in diameter are more in favor for windows than larger ones, and brass or enameled ones are prettier than hard wood for summer.

Curtains are looped back higher than formerly.

Dotted swiss curtains come with a tucked border, as well as with a ruffled one.

One of the most exquisite and appropriately named summer draperies is called "sunshiny," and seems to embody the very sunshine which its name suggests. It is a silken fabric fifty inches wide, and costs \$3 a yard.

If one admires white curtains, those made of Colonial net and edged with lace which comes on purpose, are among the prettier lace ones.

deed, everything looked cool, summery and comfortable. There was no artistically-draped divan that is sure to be disarranged by an after-dinner nap; no useless "throws" and ribbon bows; or cushions too ornamental for use. But every rocker, as well as a rattan settee in the hall, and lounge in the parlor, had luxurious loose cushions, either box-shaped or plain; and cushions with plain, frilled or embroidered covers lay everywhere ready for use, and were plainly made for service, for not one among them all would be the worse for a visit to the laundry! The greater number were covered with natural-tinted old pink, pale blue or cream linen, embroidered with Bargaren art thread, but enough were covered with such figured goods as Liberty chintz, Persian prints and Chester cottons to afford a pleasing variety. The two pairs of portieres were made of brown linen, one pair being lined with the same, and the other with dull green silesia. The former had a dado consisting of a six-inch-wide band of willow-green linen in a dull, deep tone; and rising fifteen or more inches above it a conventionalized design of chrysanthemums was embroidered in shades of old pink with foliage and stems in green. The top of the portiere was turned over for a valance and edged with handsome netted fringe in flax color. The other pair were embroidered with similar colors in an all-over geometrical design, and finished along the inner edges and bottom with heavy knotted linen fringe.

Sage-green holland shades were at the windows, and over these snow-flake curtains (cross-striped silk and cotton) were suspended from rather small, brass poles and allowed to hang in straight folds to the floor.

Green bamboo shades protected the piazza, and a pair of bead and bamboo portieres were in the arch connecting the hall and dining-room.

There are few pictures and no fancy work of any sort upon the walls. Indeed, here as elsewhere the tasteful, wise housewife evidently appreciated the attractiveness of space. There were a few etchings in dainty but cheap frames, three or four cuscus fans with their sweet, herby odor, and on the stair-landing and one rather dark side of the hall were grouped a pleasing collection (at least as to color) of prints and water-colors without frames.

The large fireplace in the hall had facing and hearth of unglazed terra-cotta tile, and wrought-iron andirons, shovel and tongs. There were lamps of the same metal and candlesticks in variety; both ornamented with shades of green or pink crape paper.

There may be homes that indicate as great culture and refinement as this, whose inmates are not fond of reading and study, but it surely was not here, for books, magazines and papers were everywhere.

K. B. J.

SUMMER COMFORTS.

Inexpensive, convenient and well-looking piazza-shades can be made of striped awning-cloth, or fancy ticking. If one cannot afford strong fixtures, such as are used for shades in shop-windows, a strong wire, a few brass rings (such as are used to crochet over) and two screw-eyes will answer every purpose. Hem the curtain at top and bottom; sew the rings along the former hem, spacing them evenly, insert the wire and fasten the ends to position with the screw-eyes.

One wire window-screen is not expensive, but to fit out all the windows of a house necessitates quite an outlay. If you cannot compass this expense, buy a piece of black mosquito-netting (eight yards only costs fifty cents, and it is more than a yard and a half wide) and use it in the following way: Cut a piece to fit the window opening, allowing for a parrow hem on all four sides. Working from the inside, fasten the netting with small tacks just inside the outer edge of the window-frame (if there are outside blinds, just between them and the window itself). If black netting is used they are scarcely noticeable from the outside, and will remain in position all the season. If removable screens are used in the lower half, make the netting half length, and fasten it as above. If kitchen windows open onto a piazza, such a full-length screen admits of their being removed entirely on washing, ironing and baking days.

A portiere made of mosquito-netting, with weights in the hem at the bottom, will prove a surprising protection against flies when hung in a doorway between rooms. Make it long and full.

K. B. J.

REQUESTED INFORMATION.

H. L. M.—I have never seen the new kind of curtains you refer to as "novelties," but if they are full size and trimmed with deep fringe at top and bottom, and cost only \$2 per pair, they must be made of some of the cheap cotton stuffs that come under the general head of "art muslins." I do not like to express an opinion in the dark, but should think a frill of the same or lace would be a prettier finish than fringe, and should prefer to have it on the inner edge and bottom. No, jute portieres will not retain their coloring if exposed to the direct rays of the sun in summer. But for all ordinary use the colors are fast, and the new weave called "gour-gourand," which is woven in stripes of oriental coloring, is by far the most desirable of all cheap fabrics for this purpose. It is fifty inches wide, and costs ninety-five cents per yard.

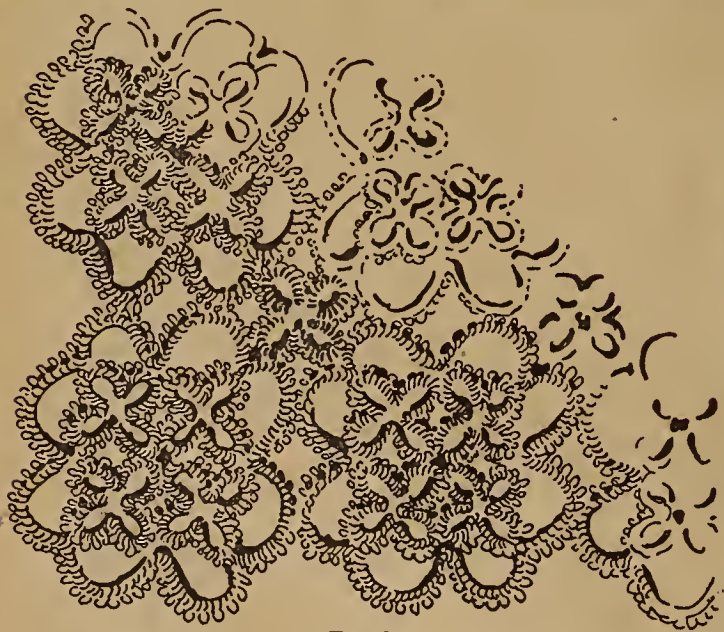


FIG. 2.

lop, and still with both threads a scallop of 2 d s, 7 picots, with 2 d s between each, 2 d s. Repeat from * all around.

The next round is worked throughout with one thread, and consists of double rings like those of the preceding round. In working the second ring after turning the first one downward, instead of form-

SUMMER FURNISHINGS AND DECORATIONS.

Natural-tinted linen embroidered in shades of willow green with a little old pink, is not as dainty a color combination for summer decorations as cream and soft, pale blue, green or old pink, but as recently used in the parlor, reception-hall and roomy piazza of a summer cottage, where artistic effects were subordinate to comfort, no material or color combination could have been better adapted. The woodwork of both rooms was willow green, the side walls decorated with plain ingrain paper in a lighter tone, with ceilings in a greenish cream, dado of natural-tinted matting, with frieze the tone of the side-wall decorations, with conventionalized design in clover blossoms in old pink, and masses of soft, green foliage. The floor, over which was spread jute rugs, showing only soft greens and old pale pinks on a creamy ground, was stained in green of a deeper tone than the other wood finish. The furniture was mainly of rattan or bamboo, and not a piece upholstered. In-

FANCY WORK.

Conducted by HATTIE WILLARD WETMORE.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch means chain or chains; st, stitch or stitches; a c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; tr, treble or trebles; h-tr, half treble; l-tr, long treble; s-tr, short treble; sl, slip; k, knit; n, narrow; p, purl or seam; tog, together; tto, throw thread over; * repeat; o, over; sh, shell or shells; d sh, double shell.

EMBROIDERED TRAY-CLOTHS.

THE tray-cloth at the extreme left of the illustration is fourteen inches long and ten inches wide after an inch hem is hemstitched down. The embroidery is done with B. & A.'s Roman floss, brown and red. Outline, French knot, satin and long leaf stitches are all used. Around the edge is crocheted a row of picots directly through the edge of the hem. 2 d c are crocheted, 5 ch, 1 d c back in first ch for picot, 2 d c in edge of cloth.

The middle cloth, oval shaped, is twelve and one half inches long and eight and one half inches wide, including the fringe, which is shortened at the rounded corners. The embroidery is done with twisted embroidery silk, B. & A. make, in light and dark olives and red. The foundation is buttonholed over at the edge with light olive, securing at the same time the fringe. The inner part of border is worked in red in heavy outline-stitch, and inclose round dots of light olive, worked in satin-stitch, united by dark olive Italian stitches and red knot-stitches. Dots of red are worked in satin-stitch united to form trefoil leaves at the top of red curves.

The third one is fifteen inches long and eleven inches wide, worked on rather coarse linen. The outlines are edged with cord, buttonholed down with yellow silk, while between these corded outlines the edge is worked with blue close buttonhole-stitch, and the spaces between being darned in with blue; the effect is of two cloths, one above the other, and is very handsome.

INITIAL LETTER DESIGN.

The bow-knot letter design given in the illustration is seven inches in height, and is admirably adapted for stamping table-cloths, sheets, shams, etc. A smaller bow-



INITIAL LETTER DESIGN.

knot letter, three inches in height, should be used for napkins.

These designs, together with a complete alphabet of floral, Japanese, rustic and old English designs, may be had in our premium No. 337, price 40 cents for the six designs, which is remarkably cheap.

Order from the office at Springfield, Ohio.

WIDE TORCHON LACE.

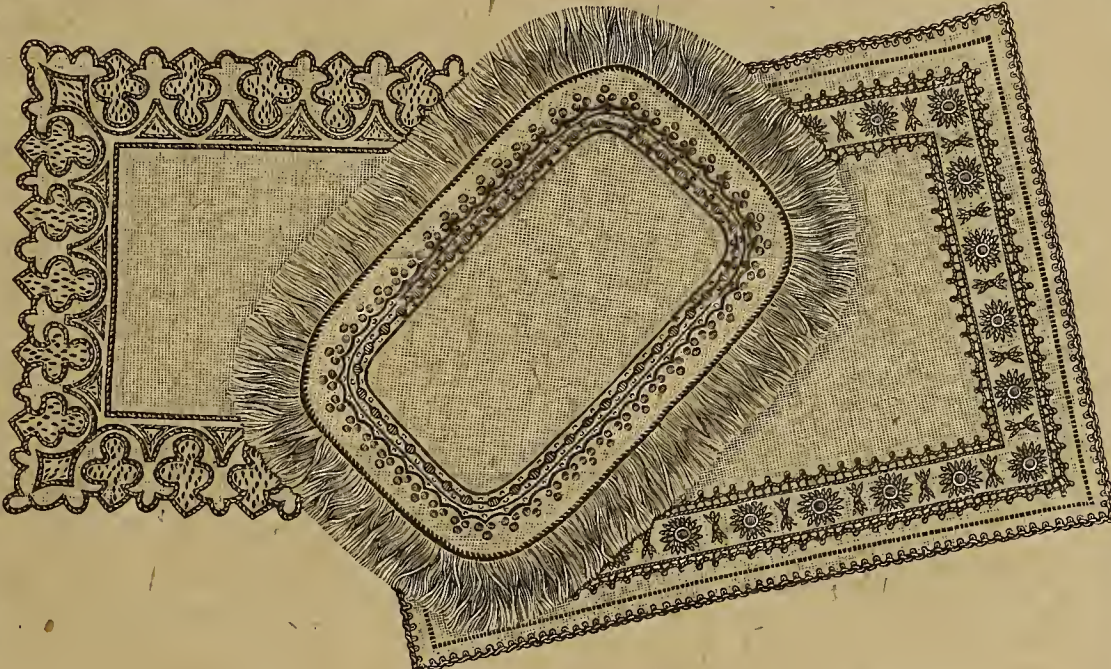
Make a ch of 65 st.

First row—Miss 3 ch, 1 tr in each of next 2 ch; 5 ch, miss 5, 1 tr in next; * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 tr in next; repeat from * ten times (making 12 tr with 1 ch between each tr); 5 ch, miss 5, 1 d c in next; miss 2, sh of 5 tr in next; miss 2, 1 d c in next; 5 ch, miss 5, 1 tr in next; ** 1 ch, miss 1, 1 tr in next; repeat from ** three times (making 5 tr with 1 ch between each tr); 5 ch, miss 5, 1 tr in next; 1 ch, 1 tr in last st of foundation; turn.

Second row—6 ch, 2 tr separated by 1 ch under first 1 ch; 1 ch, 1 tr in first of 5 ch; 1 ch, miss 1 ch, 1 tr in next; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 tr under next 1 ch; * 1 ch, 1 tr under next 1 ch; repeat from * three times, the last 2 tr being worked in the first and third of 5 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c in center of sh; 5 ch, 1 tr in third of 5 ch; ** 1 ch, miss 1, 1 tr under next; repeat from ** three times; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 tr under next 1 ch; *** 1 ch, 1 tr under next 1 ch; repeat from *** six times, working the last in tr before 5 ch of last row; 5 ch, 1 tr in each of 3 tr; turn.

Third row—3 ch, 1 tr on each of 2 tr; 2 ch, 1 d c under the two 5 ch loops; 2 ch, 1 tr under first 1 ch; * 1 ch, 1 tr under next 1 ch; repeat from * four times; 5 ch, 1 d c under 5 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 tr under next 1 ch; ** 1 ch, miss 1 st, 1 tr in next; repeat from ** four times more; 5 ch, 1 tr in third of next 5 ch; *** 1 ch, miss 1 st, 1 tr in next; repeat from *** three times more; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 tr in third of 5 ch; (a) 1 ch, miss 1 ch, 1 tr in next; repeat from (a) twice more; 2 tr separated by 1 ch under 1 ch between 2 tr in last row; turn.

Fourth row—6 ch, 2 tr separated by 1 ch under first 1 ch; 6 tr each separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, miss 3 of 5 ch and 2 tr, 8 tr each sep-



EMBROIDERED TRAY-CLOTHS.

arated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c under 5 ch; a sh of 5 tr in d c of last row; 1 d c under next 5 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 5 tr separated by 1 ch (the last tr work on tr before 5 ch of last row); 5 ch, 1 tr in each of 3 tr; turn.

Fifth row—3 ch, 2 tr; 5 ch, 3 tr; 5 ch, 1 d c under 5 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c in center of sh; 5 ch, 1 d c under 5 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 5 tr each separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 10 tr each separated by 1 ch (always 2 tr on 5 ch, and ending the row with 2 tr separated by 1 ch); turn.

Sixth row—6 ch, 2 tr separated by 1 ch under first 1 ch; 10 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr 2 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c under 5 ch; sh of 5 tr in next d c; 1 d c under 5 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c under next 5 ch; sh in next d c; 1 d c under next 5 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 2 tr separated by 1 ch; 2 ch, 1 d c under two 5 ch loops; 2 ch, 1 tr on each of 3 tr; turn.

Seventh row—3 ch, 1 tr on 2 tr; 5 ch, 1 tr under 1 ch between tr, 1 tr on each of first and third of 5 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c in center of sh; 5 ch, 1 d c under 5 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c in center of next sh; 5 ch, 2 tr on 5 ch, 1 under 1 ch between tr, 2 tr on next 5 ch, each separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 10 tr separated by 1 ch; turn.

Eighth row—6 ch, 8 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 8 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c under 5 ch; sh in next d c; 5 ch, 5 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 1 tr in last 3 tr; turn.

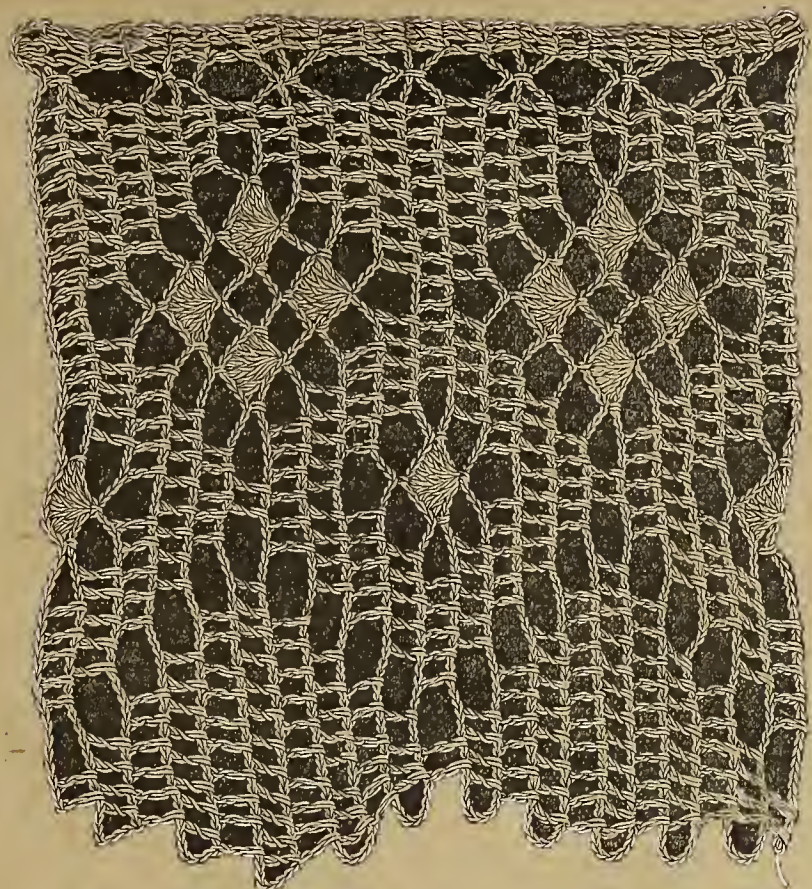
Ninth row—3 ch, 1 tr on each of 2 tr; 2 ch, 1 d c under two 5 ch loops; 2 ch, 6 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c in center of sh; 5 ch, 5 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 5 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 6 tr separated by 1 ch; turn.

Tenth row—6 ch, 4 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 5 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 d c under 5 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 5 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 8 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 1 tr in each of 3 tr; turn.

Eleventh row—3 ch, 1 tr in each of 2 tr; 5 ch, 12 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 1 d c under 5 ch; sh of 5 tr in next d c; 1 d c under next 5 ch; 5 ch, miss 2 tr, 5 tr separated by 1 ch; 5 ch, 1 tr, 1 ch, 1 tr under next 1 ch; turn.

Repeat from second row.

This lace may be made as much wider as desired by continuing the pattern and alternating the diamonds. An insertion can be made as wide as desired by making both edges like the upper one.



WIDE TORCHON LACE.

SILK DRESS TRIMMINGS.

We give three dress trimmings—one in hair-pin work, one in knitting and one in crochet. These are worked in Brainerd &

4 ch, a bead picot, and repeat from * on each side. This crocheted heading is very pretty used on wash dresses, when it should be made of cream crochet thread, No. 50, and no beads used, the picots being made as follows: 8 ch, 1 d c back into fifth ch, 4 ch.

SILK CROCHETED SLIPPERS.

Three balls of Brainerd & Armstrong's crochet silk, one pair of No. 4 lamb's-wool soles, a fine, steel hook, elastic cord and ribbon for bows are the materials necessary to make these slippers.

Crochet a firm, tight stitch, in order to prevent the slippers from stretching all out of shape when worn.

Make a ch of 24 st.

First row—Miss 3 ch, 1 tr in each 10 ch, 3 tr in next ch, 1 tr in each of next 10 ch; turn.

Second row—3 ch, 1 tr in each of 11 tr, working in the back horizontal loop of each tr; 3 tr in next tr; 1 tr in each of 11 tr; turn.

Each succeeding row is made like this last one, increasing 1 tr on each side of the middle tr in each row, by making 3 tr in second of 3 tr of preceding row. Continue until there are twenty-four rows. Then begin the sides thus: 3 ch, 1 tr in each of 24 tr; turn. 3 ch, 1 tr in 24 tr, taking up the back horizontal loop of each tr, until there are seventy-eight rows. Join the last row to the twenty-fourth row on the other side of foot, with a row of d c on the wrong side. Around the top of ankle make one row of 1 tr, 1 ch, 1 tr at equal distances in which to run the elastic cord. On top of this work a row of scallops; 5 tr under 1 ch, 1 d c under next 1 ch. Sew on the sole and place a bow of ribbon at the instep.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

LIZZIE G., Amsterdam, N. Y.—The corrections for Royal lace are as follows: Ninth row—Slip 1, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, n, o twice, n, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, n, o twice, n, n, o twice, n, k 4, n, o twice, n, n, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, n, o twice, n, o twice, p 2 tog, k 2, o 3 times, k 2, o, n, k 1. In the fifteenth row, after k 22 it should read, o twice, p 2, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 10.

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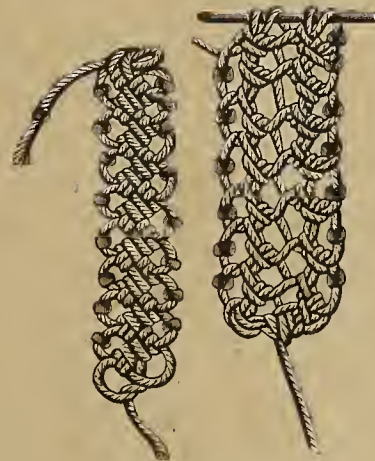


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.
SILK DRESS TRIMMINGS.

the center of each circle sew a bead, and on each side of circles make an edge thus: String beads on silk, * 1 d c in second tr of a circle, 4 ch, slip up a bead and make 1 d c back into the last or fourth ch st, 4 ch, miss 3 tr, 1 d c in next tr; 4 ch, a bead picot as before, 4 ch, 1 d c in fourth tr of next circle;

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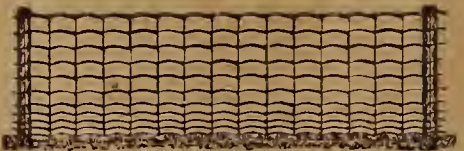
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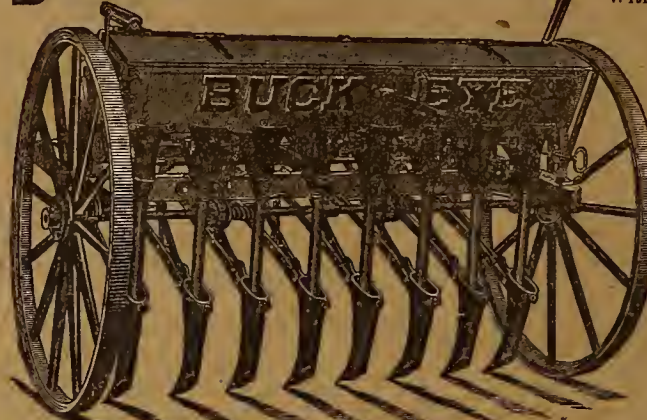
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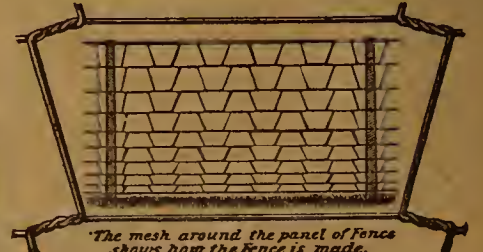


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SENATORIAL VIEWS ON THE STRIKE.

The great strike was the occasion of a memorable debate in the United States Senate. Representatives from three sections—the West, Northwest and South—and of three parties—Populist, Republican and Democratic—took leading parts, and put speeches on record which will not soon be forgotten.

The remarkable part of the speech of the Populist senator from Kansas, Mr. Pepper, reads as follows:

I do not wonder sometimes that there is a growing feeling against the condition of things at Washington; I do not wonder sometimes that men write me and say, "Would to God that the Senate was abolished." I wrote to a friend the other day that I was ready for its abolition, and would be willing to vote for it, and I would go still further and vote for the abolition of the House of Representatives, and I would favor that the *personnel* of the government should be confined to a few men, not to exceed one from each state, and let them select a presiding officer from their own number. The fewer governors we have in this country the better, Mr. President, as it seems to me; at any rate a few men could do no worse than a few hundred men have done. Now, this strike of the American Railway Union means a solution of the problem. It is not a strike of lawbreakers, of men going out affirmatively and positively and as an original proposition to destroy property. Such is not the object of the union. But the Pullman company lays down the rule, "No matter what we are doing, this is our own private concern. Neither the city, the state, nor the nation has any right to interfere with our business." Yet there is not an incorporated village, town or city in the country which does not have ordinances restricting in many ways the liberty of its citizens in regard to their own private business. It is time that this military idea, the idea of quelling every little disturbance by force, should cease.

To this proposal to abolish Congress, and to the objections raised against the use of federal troops for the purpose of quelling insurrection, Senator Davis, Republican, from Minnesota, replied as follows:

I have listened to a great part of the remarks of the senator from Kansas with amazement and pain. I had supposed that by common consent it was deemed to be the

better course in these troublous times not to inflame the controversy by speeches on either side. At a time when, in the second city of the United States, and the fourth or fifth city in the world, order is suspended, law is powerless, violence is supreme, life is in danger, and property in the very arms of destruction, I am appalled to hear the trumpet of sedition blown in this chamber to marshal the hosts of misrule to further devastation. This question does not concern the issue between the Pullman company and its employees. It has got beyond that. It does not concern the sympathetic strike of the American Railway Union. It has got beyond that. It does not concern any strike which may be ordered. It has gone far beyond that. A simple strike as to a local organization not directly connected with the transportation instrumentalities of this country grew into another strike of far more comprehensive proportions. That grew into a boycott. That boycott took the liberty of the American people by the throat, and then grew into a riot, and from thence into an insurrection which confronts this government to-day with all the dormant and latent powers of revolution, and speaks here in the voice of its advocate, threatening and advising the dismemberment of the government by the abolition of its executive and legislative departments. I speak for society entire. But I tell you, Mr. President, that the words I shall utter will six months from now be received as the words of a better friend to the laboring man than those of the senator from Kansas. The senator from Kansas talks about putting this matter in the hands of the people. The people have taken this matter into their hands, through the constituted authorities, in order to take it away from what he calls the people, who are acting in violation to law and in rebellion against the constituted authorities and the government of the United States. This matter has been taken by, and it will remain in the hands of the people in the highest sense—the people of a free country who, having secured to themselves the enjoyment of a liberty regulated by law, which guarantees to each man the same rights that another has, and no more, propose to perpetuate that liberty to their children. Who has conferred this authority upon Mr. Debs? Where is his patent of right to say to the city of Chicago that it shall not be fed; to say to the people of the Northwest that they shall not leave their homes, or that they shall not be able to get to their homes if they are away? No, Mr. President, this Massaniello of a day, drunk with power, has unloosed agencies which he cannot chain, has set at work destructive forces which he cannot recall; his own disciplined men have gone beyond his control, and it is a notorious fact that their violent action has called from the caves and dens of Chicago the professed criminal, the idly vicious, the anarchist. Everybody who is conspiring to put down modern civilization is now moving under the mask of this strike and taking life and destroying property in its name.

Senator Gordon, Democrat, from Georgia, voiced the sentiments of the people of the South as follows:

The senator from Kansas [Mr. Pepper] closed his somewhat extraordinary speech by an assault upon the two leading political parties of the country as responsible for the present unhappy conditions and by an appeal in the interests of another party. Sir, at a time like this, when the peace of great communities is not only threatened, but broken; when the law is openly defied; when our very civilization, not to say the form of government under which we live, is heaving under the mighty groundswell of a great agitation, it seems to me that any representative on this floor has descended very far from the lofty plane of statesmanship and of patriotism when he stands at such an hour to appeal for party. Sir, what matters it now whether we be Republicans or Democrats or Populists; what matters it to any lover of his country, and of his whole country, at such an hour whether this or that party be in power; what matters it on which side we stood in the mighty and bloody conflict of the past? If we would save

our country from anarchy we must stand now shoulder to shoulder for the enforcement of its laws, for the preservation of its peace, the support of its dignity and the perpetuity of its freedom. I do not wish to speak on a subject like this from a southern standpoint. I shall not. It matters not whether these calamities threaten western or eastern, northern or southern cities. The situation which confronts us involves not only labor and law and personal liberty, but the life of the republic itself. Our system is to govern through representatives chosen by the people, who make the laws which are declared and enforced through the orderly processes of courts of justice, and whenever the people fail to support the law the government fails. The distinguished senator from Minnesota [Mr. Davis] said truly that among the strongest and most conservative classes of our people were the farmers. I belong to that class; I am a farmer, and as one of their representatives, I wish to say that south of the Potomac river you will not find one farmer, be he white or black, who will not rally to the cause of law and of order and to the support of the government in all its constitutional rights and powers, upheld by the constitutional authorities whom the people have elected. My deepest sympathies are enlisted for the suffering masses of this whole land. I heartily wish that these labor troubles could be peaceably settled and that bloodshed could have been avoided; but I feel impelled to add that the blood which has been shed or may yet be shed is nothing as compared to the value of this republic, and that the sons of the men who established it will save it, whatever may be the cost.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

Among the unalienable rights of man are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The right to work without interference or fear of molestation is one of the sacred rights of every American free man, guaranteed by the supreme law of the land. In his charge to the special federal grand jury summoned to try strikers charged with violation of federal laws, Judge Grosscup clearly defines the rights of labor, and points out the means of redress for whatever wrongs exist. The following is an abstract of his charge, and can be studied with profit by every citizen:

"You doubtless feel as I do, that the opportunities of life under present conditions are not entirely equal, and that changes are needed to forestall some of the dangerous tendencies of current industrial life. But neither the torch of the incendiary nor the weapon of the insurrectionist, nor the inflamed tongue of him who incites to the fire and sword, is the instrument to bring about reforms. With the question behind present occurrences, therefore, we have, as ministers of the law and citizens of the republic, nothing to do. The law as it is must first be vindicated before we turn aside to inquire how law or practice as it ought to be can be effectually brought about. The government of the United States has enacted that 'every person who entices, sets on foot, assists or engages in any rebellion or insurrection against the authority of the United States or the laws thereof, or gives aid or comfort thereto,' and 'any two or more persons in any state or territory who conspire to overthrow, put down or destroy by force the government of the United States,' 'or to levy war against them, or to oppose by force the authority thereof, or by force to prevent, hinder or delay the execution of any law of the United States, or by force to seize, take or possess any property of the United States contrary to the authority thereof,' shall be visited with certain penalties therein named. 'Insurrection is a rising against civil or political authority; the

open, active opposition of a number of persons to the execution of law in a city or state.' And he who, by speech, writing, promises, or other inducements, assists in setting it on foot, or carrying it along, or gives it aid or comfort, is guilty of a violation of law. It is not necessary that there should be bloodshed. It is not necessary that its dimensions should be so portentous as to insure probable success to constitute an insurrection.

"If it shall appear to you that any two or more persons corruptly or wrongfully agreed with each other that the trains carrying the mails and interstate commerce should be forcibly arrested, obstructed and restrained, such would clearly constitute a conspiracy. If it shall appear to you that two or more persons corruptly or wrongfully agreed with each other that the employees of the several railroads carrying the mails and interstate commerce should quit, and that successors should, by threats, intimidation or violence, be prevented from taking their places, such would constitute a conspiracy. I recognize, however, the right of labor to organize. The individual option to work or to quit is the imperishable right of a free man. He is entitled to the highest wage that the strategy of work or cessation of work may bring, and the limitations upon his intelligence and opportunities may be such that he does not choose to stand upon his own perception of strategic or other conditions. His right to choose a leader, one who observes, thinks and wills for him—a brain skilled to observe his interest—is no greater pretension than that which is recognized in every other department of industry. So far, and within reasonable limits, associations of this character are not only not unlawful, but are, in my judgment, beneficial, when they do not restrain individual liberty and are under enlightened and conscientious leadership. But they are subject to the same laws as other associations. The leaders to whom are given the vast power of judging and acting for the members are simply, in that respect, their trustees; their conduct must be judged like that of other trustees by the extent of their lawful authority and the good faith with which they have executed it. * * * * * You may inquire whether their acts and conduct in that respect were in faithful and conscientious execution of their supposed authority, or were simply a use of that authority as a guise to advance personal ambition or satisfy private malice.

"I confess that the problems which are made the occasion or pretext for the present disturbances have not received the consideration they deserve. It is our duty as citizens to take them up, and by candid and courageous discussion ascertain what wrongs exist and what remedies can be applied. But neither the existence of such problems nor the neglect of the public hitherto to adequately consider them justifies the violation of law or the bringing on of general lawlessness. Let us first restore peace and punish the offenders of the law, and then the atmosphere will be clear to think over the claims of those who have real grievances."

TARIFF LEGISLATION.

With the Senate and house dead-locked, a most extraordinary letter from the president, an open rupture between the majority leaders in the Senate and the president, and gigantic trust scandals overshadowing all, the present situation of tariff legislation is unparalleled in congressional history.

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We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

The Hay Crop Of 1894 is the lowest in a period of five years. Droughts and winter-killing were the principal causes of the exceptionally low yield. Generally, the crop is of fair quality and was harvested in good condition. Undoubtedly, good prices will be realized for all that can be spared from the farm for market. With the present prospect of fair prices for this crop, foresighted farmers will make arrangements for sparing a good part of the crop by substituting other forage, for use on the farm.

Silage Corn and Sugar-beets. The Pennsylvania experiment station reports results of a comparison of yields of digestible matter produced by mangels, sugar-beets and silage corn grown under similar conditions. The yield of corn per acre in green substance was 18,591 pounds, containing 3,589 pounds of digestible organic matter. The yield of beets per acre was 13,806 pounds, containing 1,829 pounds of digestible organic matter. The food value of an acre of silage corn was equal to that from almost two acres of beets.

"Leguminous Plants For Green Manuring and for Feeding," is the title of farmers' bulletin No. 16, issued by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. A copy of this bulletin can be obtained on application. It ought to be read by every progressive farmer in the land. It contains the latest results of scientific investigations and practical experiments with leguminous plants for the assimilation of nitrogen of the air for the purpose of maintaining and increasing the fertility of our soils and providing live stock with well-balanced rations. The subject is treated from the standpoint of advanced theory and practice. The following conclusions from the summary of the bulletin indicate its bearing:

(3) Green manuring with clovers, peas, beans, lupines, etc. (leguminous crops), actually enriches the soil in nitrogen drawn from the air. These plants can grow with very little soil nitrogen. They store up the nitrogen of the air as they grow, and when plowed under, give it up to the soil and to future crops. It is the cheapest source of manuring the soil with nitrogen.

(4) But animals, as well as plants, require nitrogen for food. By feeding the crops of clover, cow-pea, etc., only about one fourth of the fertilizing materials of the crop is lost if the manure is properly cared for. As the nitrogen of the air is the cheapest source of nitrogen for plants, so it is the cheapest source of protein (nitrogen) for animals. The leguminous crop is best utilized when it is fed out on the farm and the manure saved and applied to the soil. The greatest profit is thus secured, and nearly the same fertility is maintained as in green manuring.

(10) Grow more leguminous crops. They furnish the cheapest food for stock and the cheapest manure for the soil. They do this because they obtain from the air a substance necessary for plants and animals alike, which costs in the form of fertilizers and feeding stuffs from 15 cents to 25 cents a pound.

Corn Fodder Is the available substitute for hay on the farm. Every acre of corn fodder saved for feeding on the farm will release an acre of hay for market. With wheat so close to the cost of production, farmers are forced to look for a better ready-money crop. This year it is good hay. Millions of acres of corn fodder which could be substituted for hay for feeding on the farm are allowed to go to waste every year. Save the fodder and turn the hay into cash. Bright corn fodder is better and cheaper food for cattle and horses than hay. Fully one half the food value of the corn-plant is in the fodder. It is one of the most valuable by-products of the farm. The corn fodder from one acre contains as much digestible matter as two tons of timothy hay. The market value of two tons of timothy hay is therefore the money value of the acre of corn fodder that can and ought to be substituted for the hay for feeding on the farm.

Corn Harvesters. The enormous annual waste of corn fodder can be partially accounted for by the hand labor required to cut and shock the corn. Cutting corn is one of the hardest jobs on the farm, and in many of the principal corn regions there is usually a scarcity of labor available for this purpose. Machine labor must be substituted for hand labor. For a number of years inventors have been at work on machinery for cutting corn, and manufacturers are now turning out corn harvesters that do very satisfactory work. With one of these latest-improved corn harvesters, drawn by a steady horse, two men can cut from two hundred to three hundred shocks of corn a day, and the cost of cutting an acre of corn is less than one fourth that by the old way. A greater advantage than the saving of labor and reducing the cost is that the work can be done in short time. To secure the full food value of corn fodder, the corn should be cut, like wheat, just when it is ready. If allowed to stand until it is too ripe, or frost-bitten, there is a great loss of digestible matter. Corn harvesting should proceed as rapidly as wheat harvesting. That the advantages of corn harvesters are appreciated is attested by their large and yearly increasing use. The use of the present style will increase until inventors produce a machine of moderate cost that will cut and shock corn without the assistance of hand labor at all.

Irrigation Congress. The third National Irrigation Congress will be held September 3-10 at Denver, Col. The official call says:

"To the people of the western half of the United States, this congress presents both an urgent duty and supreme opportunity. In this moment of extraordinary political, social and industrial unrest, the nation may well recall Macaulay's prediction that the real test of our institutions would come with the exhaustion of our public domain. The nation faces that situation to-day, with all its perilous possibilities, unless the arid public lands are to be made fit for the homes of men. To suggest the means whereby this may be done, so that idle energies shall find employment and landless citizens find homes and industrial independence, is the duty and the opportunity of western men. Irrigation commissions in seventeen states and territories, created by the last irrigation congress, will render reports to the convention at Denver. Upon these studies of existing conditions and future needs in all parts of the arid region, it is proposed

to construct a national policy and code of local laws to be submitted to the federal Congress and the legislatures of the western states."

Irrigation of western arid lands is clearly an interstate matter, and uniformity in state legislation is the first thing necessary in the development of a comprehensive and enduring system of irrigation. One of the main objects of the coming congress is to lay a broad, safe foundation for such a system. Full information about the congress can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. T. L. Smith, Denver, Col.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMING.

CRIMSON CLOVER ONCE MORE.

When years ago I saw for the first time in a southern city the loads of a peculiar, rich-looking green clover which farmers brought to the city market in early spring, and sold by the bushel to owners of horses and cows, my attention was at once attracted, and on my inquiry I was told that the rank, green stuff, with its long, crimson clover heads, was "Italian clover." Right there and then I became impressed with the great value of the plant as a forage crop; for it was too early in the season for any other green fodder except rye, and the city people who owned horses and cows seemed to be willing to pay what I thought was a rather stiff price for an armful of green stuff that might act as a laxative and furnish a pleasing change to the hay and grain fed city animals. I did not dream, however, that there might be value in the plant for northern people also, and occupied in horticultural lines, I forgot about the "Italian," or Crimson, clover, until reminded of it again by the various glowing accounts about this crop which recently appeared in the agricultural press.

Crimson clover is an annual of exceedingly quick and thrifty growth. Sown in the fall, it will give a heavy crop of forage or hay early the following spring. The only question about which we are anxious is that of its hardiness. Doubt about this, I think, is just what has been the stumbling-block in its path to popularity among northern growers. But it now seems that we have doubted without just reason. The New Jersey experiment station (Professor Edward B. Voorhees, director, New Brunswick, N. J.) has just issued a bulletin (No. 100) treating on this clover. From its summary I quote the following important statements:

"Crimson clover is an annual plant, hardy for the whole state; it has been successfully grown in every county from Cape May to Sussex. Its best use is probably derived when seeded in the summer or fall for an early spring crop, either for pasture forage or green manure. The time of seeding may extend from July 15th to September 15th, depending upon the character of the season and the seed-bed. Good results have been secured when seeded later than September 15th. It is the experience of growers that the seed takes better when lightly covered.

"Crimson clover may be seeded in orchards, berry patches, corn, tomatoes, etc., and upon new ground, following after potatoes, tomatoes, melons or other crop harvested before September. It is not adapted for seeding with wheat or rye.

"The amount of seed may range within wide limits—eight to sixteen pounds per acre. On an average twelve pounds per acre will doubtless be found sufficient. No failures to stand the winter have been reported when good American-grown seed was used. It is more hardy than red clover. Foreign seed has not proved satisfactory.

"The crop, in common with all other farm crops, requires good soils for its best development, though it is well adapted for light lands, catching readily and growing well where red clover will not thrive, and also making use of the mineral constituents not available to the cereals. The average yield secured from a full stand on May 24th, and representing soils of a different character, was 15.75 tons of green clover per acre, or equivalent to 2.7 tons of dry hay. Very much larger yields have been reported.

"This plant provides a good pasture before other crops are available. An early pasture is not only valuable for the food contained in it, but also because it helps to insure proper feeding, and to prevent too early use of other and later pastures.

"Crimson clover in average seasons provides a soiling crop excellent both in yield and quality of product. It is satisfactory for the purpose for about twenty days,

yielding sufficient for ten cows in full flow of milk for that length of time.

"The composition and digestibility of this plant show it to be superior to red clover, and when seasons are favorable for early hay-making, the product thus secured is not excelled by any of our farm crops as a feed for all purposes.

"The advantages derived from the crop when used solely as a green manure are but slightly reduced when the crop is used for food, provided the resulting manure is properly saved and applied."

This is a strong indorsement of the value of crimson clover. Possibly some of these claims may yet have to be modified, but I think the half has not yet been told.

If the plant is hardy, or wherever it is found to be hardy, it will surely fill a "long-felt want," a great gap for which we have been trying for many years to find just the right filler. I am frequently asked to recommend a crop that can be planted in orchards and will cover and protect the land during winter, and improve the fertility of the soil. Rye, which is so often used, does not answer the purpose. It does not draw nitrogen from the atmospheric stores, and would add no fertility, and but little humus. We have thought of peas and vetches, ordinary clover being of too slow growth. Now, if Crimson clover can be seeded in orchards after cultivation should cease, and then pastured off, cut or plowed under in spring when cultivation should begin again, we have in it exactly the crop that we were looking for. It covers the land sufficiently to give some sort of winter protection. It furnishes a valuable crop during a time when the land would lie idle otherwise. It furnishes vegetable matter, thus improving the mechanical texture of the soil to a far greater extent than could be done by means of rye, ordinary peas or beans; and last, but not least, it furnishes to the soil nitrogen derived from the atmosphere.

In proof of this I will quote another paragraph or two from the same bulletin:

"A crop six inches high, April 24th, showed an accumulation of nitrogen in the whole plant at the rate of 104 pounds per acre, an amount equivalent to that contained in ten tons of city manure, or 648 pounds of nitrate of soda, costing \$15. The crop secured at this date may be utilized for early vegetables, potatoes, melons, etc., crops usually benefited by liberal applications of nitrogenous manures.

"On May 12th, a crop averaging thirteen inches high, which in many sections can be utilized as a manure for late potatoes, corn and orchards contained nitrogen at the rate of 168 pounds per acre, worth \$25.50. The plant at maturity showed nitrogen at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, or an amount equivalent to that contained in twenty tons of city manure which would cost in that form \$30.

"Good crops of this clover can be obtained on naturally poor or worn-out lands when fertilized with the mineral constituents only; these soils are rapidly improved by the addition of the nitrogen and accompanying organic matter contained in the crop."

From all this, I think the great importance of this new fodder plant in farm practice must have become plain to our readers. Now is the time to make trials. Seed is freely advertised in the papers, or to be had from any regular seedsman, and it is not expensive. I think the price usually asked is \$4.50 or \$5.50 by the bushel, and twelve pounds is the usual rate of seeding.

SOME SPECIAL FERTILIZERS.

Since I penned my remarks on saltpeter, I have made inquiry about the price at which this substance can be procured. Thus far I have not been able to find a source of supply at the rate mentioned by a certain party as the regular price; namely, three and one half cents a pound. The very coarsest and crudest nitrate of potash, purchased by the ton in New York, through the regular channels of trade, would cost me about six cents a pound. Then the material would need crushing or grinding, and sifting, etc., to fit it for application as a fertilizer.

Saltpeter waste from gunpowder works becomes available for manure in some instances. Such waste has often considerable fertilizing value. If it comes up to the analysis given in my "Practical Farm Chemistry"—namely, 2.45 per cent nitrogen and 18 per cent potash—we might find it profitable to use it at \$26 to \$27 per ton. But saltpeter waste, unless accompanied by a guaranteed analysis, is always an uncertain quantity. A sample which one of my friends had analyzed some time ago by the Massachusetts agricultural experiment station, gave only 1.56 per cent nitrogen and 6.24 per cent potash, and therefore a fertilizing value of only about \$11. We should not be too fast about purchasing waste materials in the dark, and at a high figure based on a supposedly high analysis. Insist upon a guaranteed analysis, anyway.

T. GREINER.

Our Farm.

PRACTICAL MILK-COOLER.

THERE are many methods of cooling liquids: Large surface exposed to air; long coils of pipe, or sets of horizontal pipes, immersed in water and ice, through which the liquid flows; systems of horizontal pipes, over which, from the one uppermost to those beneath, the liquid drips, and through which cold water flows; refrigeration by liquids or gases, etc. With the exception of the last, not one of these suits milk. Milk cannot be exposed to the outside air in thin volume without deterioration. The long coil or pipe systems offer considerable surface for the viscous milk to adhere to without a chance of thorough cleaning, unless by steam, and thus there is risk of getting the milk tainted.

The milk-cooler described here, seems to the writer nearer perfection than any that has come under his notice, for, as will be further explained in the details, the surface coming in contact with the milk is very great, yet covered, the flow a kind of alternate rise and gravitation, preventing the cream from separating.

and twist them, and at the end make a brush of bristles or some clean rags, and push it up and down.

The beauty of the cooler is that it is compact, easily cleaned, no intricate corners, the water not wasted, and of plainest workmanship at least cost. It suits all sizes of dairies; there appear three sets of cans, but the number and sizes of them might be made to suit one's quantity of milk. The flow can be regulated, and thus one set with slow running will cool as low as all three with faster.

As no scale is attached to the drawing, the readers are informed that the trough is two feet broad at the bottom, and eight inches wider at the top, and two feet six inches deep, all inside measures. The outer cans are sixteen inches in diameter, the inner ones two inches less. The height of the lowest outer can, two feet six inches; the height of the inner cans, irrespective of their rising necks, one foot nine inches. The outer can stands upon two strips of wood two inches broad by six inches high, laid apart on the bottom of the trough. A. B.

AN EXPERIMENT IN TURNIP RAISING.

Here in central Illinois, corn is raised so cheaply and so abundantly, and has been regarded as so all-sufficient for stock-feeding purposes, that turnips, beets, etc.,

I once sowed eight acres of corn to winter turnips. They grew deep into the ground, like parsnips, and I turned the hogs into the field to harvest them, and they got everyone of them. It is hoped that these experiences may lead young farmers to make experiments of their own in this important line of farming and stock raising.

R. M. BELL.

SECOND-CROP POTATOES.

Every farmer who lives in sections where the second-crop potato can be grown, should be interested in this subject, as it is certainly the cheapest and best seed potato he can use.

This subject, of course, applies only to early varieties and to sections where the season will admit of the development of two consecutive crops. The Rose and Rose seedlings, Beauty of Hebron and Early Triumph are the favorite varieties planted in Tennessee. The Triumph is of recent introduction, and has proved itself earlier and more productive than any of its competitors, though it does not possess so desirable shipping qualities. Its shape is also objectionable, being a round potato, and its color is too deep a red.

The methods of growing second-crop potatoes are not generally known outside of the potato districts, and the man who has neither information nor experience

PEANUT CULTURE.

We are twelve in family. Each one of the children had a "goober" patch of his very own. For years we have given them all due encouragement in this line. Each also has a popcorn and melon patch. My wife and I have a patch large enough for our own use and for the benefit of company. We believe in peanuts. We like them, our children like them, our hogs never found anything they liked any better; while the tops are greatly relished by our milk cows. No part of the plant goes to waste except the shell of the nut, and even that makes good manure. I have seen a few persons with whom they disagree, but never found a single person who did not like them.

With all ranks and conditions of men, rich or poor, large or small, white, black, red, yellow or ginger cake, they are a general favorite. I heartily wish every reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE had a good-sized patch of his own to go to next fall.

The Large Red is an upright grower, the Spanish a semi-recumbent grower, while the Large White and the Small White are recumbent; that is, they lie flat on the ground. This difference in the habit of growth of the different varieties not only necessitates different methods of culture, but also requires a considerable difference as to the distance apart—at which the plants may be allowed to stand—in hill or drill. The Large Red, for instance, being an upright grower, twelve to thirteen inches apart—in drill—is amply sufficient distance for that variety. The Large White, on the contrary, is such a robust grower that a single plant will easily cover four feet square, or sixteen square feet.

In cultivation the main points are: (1) To keep them clear of grass and weeds. (2) In the case of the spreading varieties, to permit them to lie flat on the ground; hence they should never be hilled for the purpose of making them grow erect. (3) In the case of the upright varieties, to keep the ground loose and mellow, so the roots can readily extend themselves through the ground in all directions, and in the case of the creeping or recumbent varieties, to keep throwing fresh dirt under the ends of the vines as they grow outward, so the young nuts can bury themselves.

By way of conclusion I would say that the farmer, where latitude and climate permit, who does not raise peanuts annually sufficient to supply the home demand, is failing to live up to his privileges.

Mississippi.

G. H. TURNER.

A PNEUMATIC HORSE-COLLAR.

A pneumatic horse-collar has been invented in Canada. The part which comes in contact with the horse is as smooth as glass and sufficiently pliable to give with every motion of the animal. The air-valves are so constructed as to preclude the possibility of any leakage even under the heaviest pressure, and are covered by neatly laced leather flaps, leaving the surface perfectly even. A high veterinary authority says: "I expect it to be a valuable preventive of sore shoulders and muscular strains, arising from badly-fitting and sweat-hardened collars, especially during hot weather, by fitting the neck and shoulders accurately and rebounding from the skin when the pressure ceases, thus allowing the air to cool and soothe the skin.—*Farmer's Home Weekly*."

SALTING STOCK.

Letting beasts lick salt from the fingertips is a different thing from "salting stock." I do not drive the cows in from pasture, even when they have no young calves. They are glad to be let through the gate at the proper time, for they know that a few pinches of salt will reward their punctuality.

Arkansas.

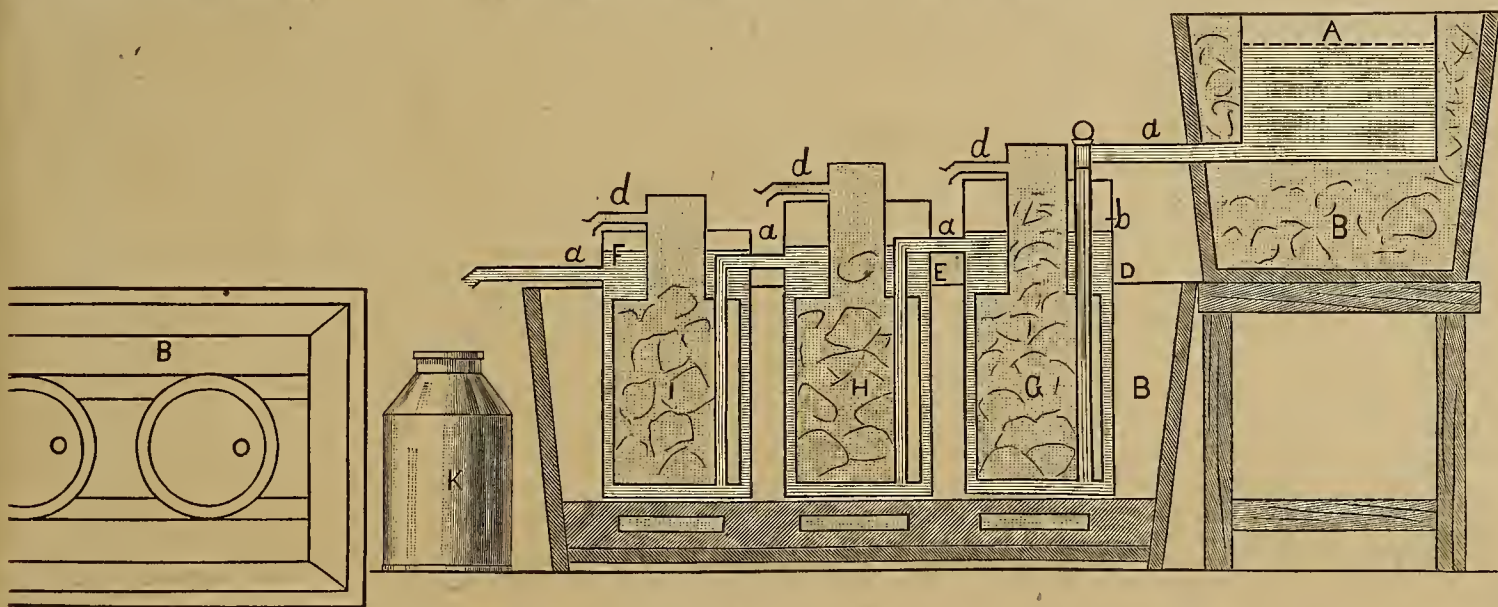
J. F. MOULTON.

Sleepless Nights

Make you weak and weary, unfit for work, indisposed to exertion. They show that your nerve strength is gone and that your nervous system needs building up. The

Hood's Sarsaparilla
true remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite and gives sound, refreshing sleep. Get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box.



PRACTICAL MILK-COOLER.

The surface coming in contact with the milk can be easily cleaned—no more trouble with it than the ordinary milk-cans, requiring no steam.

B indicates the two troughs into which ice and water are put. The one trough stands higher than the other, and in it is placed a tin-iron tank, into which the milk is emptied from the pail immediately after milking. In the lower trough are placed (in this extended system) three open-mouthed tin cans (D E F) of rising heights, at the upper end of which are short pipe connections with three other long-necked tin cans (I H G), which are filled with ice and water, and through which are carried pipes fixed at the bottom of these cans. The inner cans are only two inches in diameter less than the outer cans, and by buttons on their bottoms, raised one inch. Thus the volume of milk is nowhere thicker than one inch, whereas there is ice and water all around influencing the liquid to a depth of one half an inch from either side.

The proceeding now becomes thus: The milk in tank (A) flows through pipe (a), regulated by a faucet down the perpendicular pipe passing through inner can (G), and when reaching the bottom, spreads out rising between the cans until reaching next pipe (a), repeating the same process through H and I, and finally discharges into the milk-can (K) outside the trough. The necks of inner cans (I H G) have each a short precautionary pipe (d) for overflow of water from melted ice, discharging into the trough.

As this simple apparatus must be made by some professional manufacturer, it is left to his ingenuity to arrange so that the connecting pipes (a) can be easily and practically separated and fixed each time when separated for being cleaned. A tight-fitting, rubber tube may serve the purpose. Anyhow, any one can judge that the inner can might be emptied of its water by using a rubber tube as a siphon and then lifted out, and its outside washed for the next operation. Then the outer can is lifted up (an easy matter, the water assisting), and the very small quantity of remaining cooled milk emptied with the rest, and then its inside cleaned. The pipes are all very short; water can be poured through them, but better still, take strong wires

have been neglected by the average stock feeder and farmer.

In the early days, however, when the prairie sod was turned over, the virgin richness gave a certainty to turnip raising. But as the lands were abused—butchered—the soil lost that fertility which was supposed to be inexhaustible, and turnip raising became so uncertain that no one tried to raise more than a few bushels for family use. Many farmers believed that the climate did not suit turnips and that they must get along without them. When told that turnips were necessary if stock raising was to compare with England, that sheep required turnips, the American farmer was disposed to ignore the subject, and more than ever put his faith in corn, the great food crop of Illinois, and feigned to believe he could hold his own against all creation if he had full corn-cribs.

There came a time when something more than corn, timothy hay, corn fodder and straw was wanted, and remembering how turnips used to grow on new land, and suspecting that it was not the changes of seasons so much as the depletion of the soil that made the difference in results, we concluded to try fertilizing the ground. An acre of oat stubble was plowed and twenty-five loads of barn-yard manure was spread over the land before the harrows were used. The old rule of "sowing turnip-seed on the twenty-fifth of July, wet or dry," was followed, and the results were satisfactory. An abundant crop of turnips was raised. The conclusions were, and future experience confirmed it, that turnips can be grown on any land if thoroughly manured and put in proper condition.

I once had a little over three quarters of an acre of new land—an old pasture that had never been plowed—in corn. I had no reserved turnip land that year, so the thought came that the turnip-seed might be sown in the growing corn, and by cutting the corn early the turnip-plants would make a late growth and perhaps a fairly good crop. This was done, and eighty bushels of nice turnips were gathered in the fall. If the land is rich, turnips may be raised successfully by sowing the seed in the corn, especially if the corn is removed early. Where corn is to be siloed, this is to be recommended.

to guide him usually makes a failure in growing the second crop. Experimenting in this line is costly, especially when several acres are planted; the experience of others is much cheaper. The slowness and indifference of first-crop potatoes to germinate when freshly dug, together with the dry weather that prevails at time of planting—July and August—makes the observance of certain conditions absolutely necessary.

1. Have the soil free from trash and well pulverized.

2. Spread seed in some shaded place where they will be exposed to the rain and open air for a week or so before planting. Or any time after the tubers are well matured, they may be dug and planted at once.

3. Cut every tuber, and cut it through the blossom end, and plant immediately after cutting. Leave enough of the potato to give support to the young vine. If too small to cut, split partially so it will bleed. Cutting them causes them to germinate more readily, and the blossom end is first to sprout.

4. Drop the potatoes from four to six inches apart to be sure of a stand. Many of them never germinate.

5. Plant when the soil is very moist and cover before the sun dries the furrow. This is of vital importance. Never plant in dry dirt. Some open the rows beforehand, and when it rains, plant before the ground dries.

6. Cover shallow; one light furrow is sufficient.

7. It is much better to roll the ground after planting, though this is very rarely done.

Destroy injurious insects by the use of one part Paris green to one hundred of lime, ashes, flour, plaster or road dust; or one pound of poison to two hundred gallons of water; or a teaspoonful to two gallons of water. This mixture will kill the Colorado beetle and drive off the striped blister-beetle. When used with water, keep well stirred. This mixture may be made weaker or stronger if the case demands. Young plants will stand a stronger solution than old ones, and it requires more poison to affect the blister-beetle than it does the Colorado beetle.

Tennessee.

JNO. C. BRIDGWATER.

Our Farm.

IN GARDEN AND FIELD.

POTASH AND SODA.—What fools we mortals be! Here we have been using nitrate of soda for years, imagining that it was simply the nitrogen we have been feeding to our crops. We have been putting large quantities of soda into our soil, and then, in order to supply the potash, have spent our money (wisely, as we thought) for ashes, and sulphate and muriate of potash, etc.

Now comes a new apostle, proclaiming a new agricultural gospel, and bringing us the glad tidings that soda can take the place of potash in plant nutrition, and that hereafter we can save our hard-earned shekels, which we heretofore have simply wasted on ashes and kainite, and muriate and sulphate of potash, while soda is cheap and so much of it was left over anyway in the nitrate of soda applications.

Nothing new under the sun, however. The new gospel is an old story warmed up. We have heard of it before, but were only lacking in faith. Possibly our new apostle will not have better luck than other apostles in speedily converting the doubting Thomases, although he accuses (in weekly New York *Tribune*) all who do not agree with him of "having little knowledge of science and no practical experience," he alone probably being infallible.

But surely the science of agricultural chemistry does not support the claim that soda can be given in place of potash. It may not be difficult to cheat people by adulterations and imitations and substitutes of less value. You cannot cheat nature in that way. Trees and plants want potash in one form or the other—they will not accept "ammonia alkali" (carbonate of soda) in place of the potash. Can you turn a stone into bread? How could you expect a tree to absorb soda and then give it back, in its ashes, as potash? A fowl will eat pebbles, and the pebbles are a benefit to it as a necessary aid in its proper digestion and nutrition. But it would be absurd to claim that pebbles can take the place of grain in feeding poultry.

It is not only science that is opposed to the assumption, but practical experience also. We surely have used nitrate of soda long enough (experimentally for all crops) to know that it would be folly to give it in order to meet the wants of potatoes and other crops that need potash. Let us not be deceived in this respect. That it does not furnish potash is just the reason why nitrate of soda as manure finds so little appreciation by the general farmer. If its soda could take the place of potash, it would take only the addition of a little phosphate or superphosphate to make a complete manure of it, and one which would be extremely cheap. The "new apostle" figures that with soda "at 5½ cents per pound (the trade value of potash in sulphate of potash), the nitrogen in nitrate of soda would cost only half a cent a pound."

If such figuring had one leg to stand on, you may be sure the syndicate which owns the nitrate supply and the importers and dealers would quickly push these claims and try to make a big boom for their goods.

But the "new apostle" seems to have little faith in his own gospel, for I see he also recommends the much dearer nitrate of potash (13 per cent nitrogen, 45 per cent potash) as a cheap manure. He says:

"With nitrate of potash at 3½ cents a pound (the present market price), and its potash valued at 4½ cents a pound (the price the stations allow for it in muriates), the nitrogen cost 11.4 cents per pound; at 5½ cents a pound for potash (the price the station allows for in sulphates), the nitrogen will cost 8 cents a pound."

But why in common sense should we use saltpeter when the nitrate of soda is so much cheaper, and just as good (as claimed)?

The fact is, that no fruit grower, or farmer, or gardener, who knows what he is about, will depend on nitrate of soda to supply his trees, his clover, his potatoes and root crops with the potash which these crops so urgently need.

As to saltpeter (nitrate of potash), I consider it a good enough source of potash and nitrogen, and I have heretofore not used nor recommended it simply because I thought it was too expensive.

If we want potash and nitrogen, and we can get saltpeter at 3½ cents a pound, as alleged, we have in it a cheap source of these plant-foods indeed. Nitrate of soda supplies, at station valuation, about \$45 worth of nitrogen to the ton. Saltpeter, nearly chemically pure, as indicated by the mentioned percentages (13 per cent nitrogen, 45 potash K₂O), at the same valuation would be worth about \$84. Nitrate of soda, therefore, is cheap at 2 cents a pound, and nitrate of potash (saltpeter) nearly as cheap at 4 cents a pound. If we could get the latter at 4 cents a pound, it becomes available as a source of manure for general purposes, and if, as alleged, the present market price is only 3½ cents a pound, it would be folly to ignore so cheap a source of nitrogen and potash. But can we get it at such a rate? I greatly doubt it. We may be able to find some waste saltpeter, impure and of low grade, at 3½ cents per pound, but if there is any chance to buy saltpeter that is almost chemically pure, and ground fine enough for easy application, I would like to know where, for I would wish to use it and recommend it to others for fertilizing purposes. Can any one tell me the address of a party selling it at this rate?

I have given so much space to this subject for the purpose of protecting the FARM AND FIRESIDE circle of readers from being misled by the articles from the pen of the "new apostle," now appearing in a great number of our agricultural journals.

There is one more thing I would wish to say. Nobody, not even the most experienced agricultural chemist, can claim that he fully understands all the chemical actions and reactions which take place in the soil and in plant nutrition. Sometimes the application of some substance, salt, carbonate of soda, copperas, etc., may have a decided stimulating effect on plant growth, and yet who would be wise enough to tell just exactly why this effect was produced? Was it the soda or the chlorin, or the moisture-absorbing faculty of the salt, that was the active agent? Is a certain effect of ashes due to its potash, its phosphoric acid, its lime, or to other mineral elements present in the ashes in smaller quantities? Is it due to the protection which ashes afford against drought by absorbing moisture from air? Is it due to the mechanical improvements of the soil, which lets in the air and promotes chemical decomposition? Or is it due to a combination of some or all of these causes? Nobody will be bold enough to venture a definite reply to all these questions. The wisest among us will say we don't know.

But if a test on a small scale proves to us that a substance, may this be "ammonia" alkali (carbonate of soda), or salt, or lime, or ashes, or kainite, or any other that is easily attainable, has such a good effect on our crops that the increase of crop pays back more than the cost of the application, we will not hesitate to use the substance generally, whether we are able to explain the exact reason of the good effect or not.

MURIATE OR SULPHATE OF POTASH.—How far we are from having even quite simple problems settled to the point of general agreement, is plainly shown by the different views held even by those who claim to be experts in the practical application of agricultural chemistry, concerning the effects of muriate and sulphate of potash on potatoes and other crops, some claiming that muriate hinders the development of starchy matter, and makes potatoes waxy and soggy, while others with equal faith claim muriate to do just exactly as well as sulphate of potash, and being the cheaper of the two, should always be procured in preference to the other. Who is right?

A GARDEN FERTILIZER.—A New Jersey gardener recommends the following formula for most kinds of vegetables: 1,000 pounds cotton-seed meal or bone-meal, both costing about \$30 a ton; 500 pounds bone-black, costing \$25 a ton, and 500 pounds of muriate of potash, costing \$42 to \$45 a ton. This makes one ton of first-class manure, costing about \$30. He says: "I have had better results from this formula than from \$46 special manure from the manufacturer. I used the above formula on two acres of sweet potatoes last season, making a fine crop of about 60 barrels to the acre. I put 1,200 pounds of the \$30 fertilizer on each acre, costing about \$18 an acre."

Here we have it again—muriate of potash for potatoes with good results. These reports are nothing new from New Jersey. When living there I often applied muriate of potash to my potatoes, and it never made them "waxy." At least there was

no difference between potatoes fed with muriate of potash and those fed with sulphate of potash.

On the other hand, I must mention an experiment recently made at the Massachusetts station, at Amherst, to ascertain the effects upon potatoes of feeding with 5½-cent sulphate or 4½-cent muriate of potash per pound. The varieties were Clark, New Queen and Beauty of Hebron. The rate of fertilizer applied in each case was 400 pounds of potash and 600 pounds of bone. The sulphate contained about 4 per cent more actual potash than did the muriate. The yield was in every instance larger when sulphate of potash furnished the potash than when muriate furnished it, the average increase being 16 bushels to the acre.

I am this year making a comparative trial with the two forms of potash on a larger scale for potatoes, corn and other crops. Possibly I may get some new light.

JOSEPH.

SOUTH ATLANTIC FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The key to success in home gardening is the best paying succession of crops. It is as indispensable as the proper management of the soil and the best method of manuring it. An excellent general order for the commonweal or welfare of the farming community would be this: "No weed must be allowed to go to seed, either on the farm or along the roadside."

I find that the FARM AND FIRESIDE is quite popular here, because it contains in each issue terse statements of experiences and facts that have come under the observation of the writers. Such a timely record of experiences is of great value to the reading, thinking farmer. Record-paying experiences are what are most needed in the make-up of a live agricultural paper.

The production of what is known as second-crop Irish potato-seed is rapidly increasing among the truckers and small farmers, from the Chesapeake bay to the Rio Grande. As a reader of the FARM AND FIRESIDE, I should like the benefit of the experience of one or more of the most successful growers of second-crop potatoes, in Virginia and North Carolina.

To the provident village or suburban gardener, who is careful to let no fertilizing material go to waste, the too common practice of constructing a drain from the kitchen to a ravine or open drain is one which he does not approve. On the contrary, where the soil is poor and thin, and where there exists the most need of fertilizing material, the water should be used in such a way as to come into immediate contact with the roots of the plants, or by some method of subirrigation. Otherwise the water should be promptly put upon the manure-heap.

The black-knot, which affects the plum and cherry trees, is a much-dreaded disease in all localities especially adapted to the growth of these desirable fruits. This fungus, or parasitic growth, is the most rapid in the spring, about the time the buds are opening. Later, the swelling increases; the bark cracks open and the inner bark assumes a light brown color. The common remedy is to cut off and burn these knots, also the smaller twigs. Where large knots are cut off, the wounds should be painted with some kind of paint in which boiled linseed-oil is used. As the wild plum is also affected with this disease, trees should be promptly destroyed. In this matter the co-operation of your neighbors, whose trees may also be affected, is very desirable.

View from a practical standpoint, the Scarlet or Crimson clover is by far the most valuable crop for forage, green manuring and seed that we have. It is evidently destined to be of even more value than the southern field or cow-pea of the cotton-growing states. One of the newest and most popular varieties of the latter is what is called the "Unknown pea." Third in point of importance, perhaps, is the Soja bean, which is not only prolific, but almost indispensable as a nitrogen-accumulating plant. As stated, the Crimson clover, which without protection has withstood a winter temperature of six degrees below zero, is what nearly every farmer south of Columbus, Ohio, and Columbia, Mo., should sow in July. The principal source of the seed supply is in the state of Delaware. The price charged by the growers is usually five dollars per bushel of sixty pounds. Fourteen to fifteen pounds is sown to the acre. The seed should be sown broadcast as early as July 15th, if possible. August seeding will answer. It may be sown when the last cultivation is given the corn, beans, toma-

atoes or other midsummer or early maturing crops.

My nearest neighbor, who is somewhat of an enthusiast on the subject of subirrigation, has shown me how he puts old nail-kegs to most excellent use. He prepares four or five at a time by boring half-inch holes in each stave about five inches below the top. He then puts into each half a peck of hen manure, and on this the same amount from the privy receiving-eans, and then fills the keg with stable manure, ramming it solid as the filling proceeds. The kegs are then set so that the upper ends are about two inches above the general surface. The soil about the keg is made fine and rich. The cucumber seed is planted about one keg, the squash, or other seed about another, so that kinds of vines that are liable to mix by crossing are kept as far from each other as possible. He then keeps the kegs well supplied with waste water from the house. He confidently expects a liberal home supply, and also to take some premiums this fall. It is not yet too late for the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE to give the plan a trial this season. Taking a hint from this, I have made some five-inch holes fourteen inches deep, about nine inches from a few tomato-plants. I have put a little nitrate of soda in the bottom of one. I keep them well supplied with water during the present dry spell. A small piece of board is laid over each hole. The outlook is very favorable at this date.

J. W., JR.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

SOME DISEASES OF THE PLUM.

PLUM-POCKETS.—This is a name given to certain peculiar, hollow deformities, which occasionally take the place of the plums (see Fig. 1). They consist merely of a thin shell, with no evidence whatever of seed. Some seasons this disease is very abundant, and then for a number of years it may scarcely appear at all. It is due to the presence of a parasitic fungus (*Taphrina pruni*), which attacks the young fruit, and by growing within it causes the peculiar development which finally results in the formation of the so-called pocket. The only course of treatment which can be recommended is that of removing and destroying the pockets before they reach maturity. It will sometimes be found that a single tree will be troubled with this fungus for a series of years, and it will



FIG. 1.

not spread much. When this is the case such trees should be destroyed, as they are likely to be centers of infection. Some varieties are more subject to its attacks than others.

BLACK-KNOT, OR WART, OF THE PLUM is the common name of the fungous disease of this tree, which manifests itself by knot-like or wart-like growths appearing on the smaller limbs, as well as on the larger branches, and sometimes even on the trunk (see Fig. 2). In sections of the country where *Prunus domestica* is grown, this is one of the most serious obstacles to successful cultivation of the plum. Our native plums are not often destroyed by it, but it sometimes causes serious injury to them. This knot-like growth is spongy and of a black color. Upon examining it with a microscope, it is found that the sur-

face has many little cavities which contain the spores by which the disease spreads. It is probable that the spores escape from the knots during late winter or early spring months.

Remedy.—Upon their first appearance these swellings should be removed and burned, if they are on the smaller branches where it is practicable to cut them off; if on the trunk or larger branches where they cannot be cut out, they should

be painted with a paste made of yellow ocher and linseed-oil, using care to keep the oil away from the healthy bark; where trees are very badly infested, they should be removed entirely. This same disease also grows in the wild black and choke cherries, and if abundant on them, their removal will make the extermination of the disease easier.

OTHER DISEASES.—There are several other fungous diseases which occasionally injure the plum. One of them (*Monilia fructigena*) causes the fruit to rot, while another

produces round, dry, scabby spots on the skin. Probably the best treatment where these are abundant is to spray the fruit with Bordeaux mixture as soon as it is well formed, and again when about half grown.

PLANTING TREES IN SINGLE ROWS.

A. M. Purdy, who has had quite a long life of experience as a fruit grower, says he would plant trees in separate rows, along lanes, roadside fences and the boundaries of fields, or in long rows with intervals of cultivated fields. He believes the time is coming when close planting of orchards in solid blocks will be abandoned. In support of this he alludes to the fact that the end trees in the outside rows of an orchard are much the best.

In the near future this will be the belief of our thoughtful and observing orchardists. The apple, pear, cherry, plum and prune thrive best, are longest-lived, and produce the most regular and full crops when planted in rows running north and south so closely that the tops will meet in a few years. But the intervals between the rows should be wide enough for unimpeded air circulation. If ten rods apart, and the space between, properly fertilized, is used for crops, all the better. This method of planting is old in east Europe, where it has grown out of centuries of experience. In our close, block orchards we are finding the inner trees to be of few days, and full of trouble. Is it not time to try the new method?—*Prof. Budd, in Rural Life.*

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Strawberries in Shade.—Planting Gooseberries.—A. B. Linoleumville, N. Y. Land that is a little shady will do all right for strawberries. In fact, there seems to be less danger from diseases in the shade than in full sunlight. But if the roots of near-by trees are abundant in the strawberry-bed, as they would be around maples and many other trees with surface roots, the land may be too dry for best success.—Plant gooseberries in autumn or very early in the spring. Good, well-rotted stable manure is all right for either of the above. Bone-dust or tankage and kainite make a good fertilizer. Any of the complete fertilizers, especially those rich in potash, are good for them.

Grafting and Budding Peaches.—B., Hawkinsville, Ga. Peaches should be grafted early in the spring, preferably below the ground in the case of small stocks. Peach-trees should be budded in August or September. It does not matter about the size or age of the stock, provided the bark is not too thick and peels easily. Buds will take freely on branches about an inch in diameter or smaller. It is customary to plant the peach pits in the spring, and to bud on them within three or four inches of the ground the same season. Grafting is seldom practiced on the peach, and is generally unsuccessful at the North. For rules for budding, see last issue of FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Delights of Amateur Gardening.—A. L., Yardley, Pa., writes: "I want to know (1) why my dwarf English walnut-trees, seven years old and fine, cast all their nuts when they are about the size of oblong peas. (2) Why my Marianna plum-tree, eight or ten years old, and very thrifty, casts all its fruit, turning yellow, before they are as large as small, black cherries. Other plum-trees are within twenty to fifty feet, one of which is Coe's Golden Drop, which also drops its fruit annually, never maturing a full-sized plum. (3) Why so many of my strawberry-plants begin to wither and die, loaded with fruit just beginning to ripen. The roots are black and dead-looking. It is not from dryness, for we have had continual rains this season. (4) Why urscymen can't tell the truth about their stock. For example, I bought a 'bearing' Meech quince six years ago, and after cultivating it five years I got half a dozen. It is doing well now. I bought a giant Japan chestnut-tree, 'branched, bearing,' six years ago, and now it is in blossom for the first time. It is a splendid dwarf tree. I bought, seven years ago, two Kentish Cob filberts, to bear in two years, and I've never seen a nut yet, and never will, for they are pistillates, or males."

ANSWER:—(1) It is quite out of the question to answer your query intelligently, without knowing something of the season. The English walnut is rather impatient of unfavorable climatic conditions. It might be that heavy rains at flowering-time washed all the pollen off before the stigmas could be fertilized. I have known this to be the case. It was so two years ago, in the northern Mississippi valley, and caused a failure of the plum crop. (2) The above would also apply to the Marianna or Coe's Golden Drop plum. Both these plums are unreliable. The Marianna is not worth growing, anyway, and you had far better graft or bud it with a better kind. The Coe's Golden Drop is quite susceptible to rot in some sections, and to attacks of the curculio wherever grown. (3) Your strawberry-plants probably died from the attacks of the leaf-rust (*Sphaerella fragariae*). It can be prevented by spraying the new plants twice in autumn and once in spring with Bordeaux mixture, made with five pounds lime, five pounds copper sulphate and fifty gallons of water. Many commercial strawberry growers are becoming accustomed to spray for this disease as regularly as for the potato-bug. (4) I do not know that there is more deceit practiced by nurserymen than by any other business men. Perhaps you have met a poor lot. There are nurserymen who are thoroughly honest. Much disappointment is caused by buying of irresponsible nursery agents, who misrepresent the goods they sell. It is far better to deal directly with the growers.

PERMANENT PLANTING.

There are few places so well calculated to be made permanently attractive as our country homes; and so far as the grounds go, this may be done at small expense.

Usually, the space around country houses is a liberal one, and the exercise of a moderate amount of skill may result in a most attractive home. Country people are not devoid of taste, nor yet can they plead, with all their work, lack of time, for there are months when the farm-work is not pressing, which may be devoted to arranging the home grounds. First of all is the necessary grading. By this we mean an evenness of slope. If there are decided bumps and holes, the first must be cut down and the latter filled up; but an even grade does not of necessity mean a leveling of the grounds. Any natural slopes which are easy and gradual, should by all means be left.

The next step, if the buildings are likely to remain as they are for some time, is to provide for a proper amount of tree shade. Always retain any large, healthy trees you may have which are not actually in your way. It is better policy to curve the walk several feet in order to pass a tree than to cut down the tree in order to have a walk just where you want it. In setting shade-trees, two things are to be considered: First, will the tree, when it reaches maturity, unduly shade or darken any portion of the house? And second, will it at maturity shut off any attractive view from the house? Trees and gross-growing shrubs should always be considered at maturity. A tree may be only ten feet high when set, but if its mature growth will reach twenty-five or more feet, the effect at maturity on its surroundings must be considered at the time of planting.

Do not dot trees and shrubs over the space like checkers on a board. Always allow any abundance of room for a wide and free expanse of lawn. In the best class of landscape work on a large or small scale, straight lines are, as a rule, avoided. Sharp corners or curves are softened or modified by a grouping of shrubbery, adding to the attractiveness of the whole. Select the varieties of trees and shrubs suited to your soil and climate, and with trees, see to it that the greater number are of upright growth. Of a dozen trees, eleven of them should be of the upright growth and only one of the drooping or weeping character, like Kilmarnock willow. Do not, as a rule, on small grounds, have more than one tree with red or white

foliage. One purple-leaf beech or one cut-leaf birch would be sufficient contrast to eight or ten of the green-leaf types.

In the matter of color, the flowers of summer will supply this; or if these are for any reason limited, the variety of color may be obtained by the use of low-growing shrubs with a variety of color in both foliage and flower.

As we have suggested in regard to flowering plants, the arrangement of trees and shrubs should be such that the tallest at all times form the background. This applies not only to grouping or massing, but to single plantings. So also with borders of roses and the like; the dwarfier sorts should be nearest the front, and the taller kinds in the background.

In previous issues we have named good varieties of shrubs for general planting. This could be extended according to the portion of country where the varieties are to be planted. Among the ground ornamentations of a country place nothing will give greater satisfaction than roses, planted either singly, in beds or borders. In the colder sections of the country, the class known as hybrid perpetuals will be found most desirable for permanent effects. They are almost entirely hardy, and while not so profuse bloomers as the varieties classed under the general name of teas or ever-blooming, with proper care they will give an abundance of bloom for many years. Among the best sorts which have the merit of having been severely tested in all parts of the country, the following are of the best: General Jacqueminot, a good, old sort, strong growing and bearing a profusion of double, dark scarlet blossoms of large size; Louis Van Houtte, very similar, but the bloom is darker; Coquette des Alps and Coquette des Blanches, both varieties of great merit, white, blooming profusely and in clusters; Capt. Christy, blossoms of a delicate flesh-color, darkest in the center, a free bloomer; Prince Camille de Rohan, dark crimson, almost black; Boule de Neige, a pure white, profuse bloomer and strong grower. La France is properly a hybrid tea, but its strong growth renders it almost hardy in the extreme North; a slight winter protection will carry it through severe winters. The flowers are large and of a beautiful flesh-color, fragrant and a free bloomer. Of the newer sorts, Dinsmore, scarlet, American Beauty, crimson, Ulrich Brunner, red, Dr. Reymont, crimson, and Mrs. John Laing, pink, are all sorts of promise, and will be additions to any collection. All are entirely hardy.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM FLORIDA.—No other state in the Union equals Florida for truck farming. First, it is near to coast and interior markets; second, the season for the best crops is winter and spring, when all other states, except along the gulf, are dead with the winter's chill; third, Florida has the eastern states and many of the middle and southern states for a winter market. R. B. Sanford, Fla.

FROM VIRGINIA.—We have a very fine crop of wheat; corn is looking well; grass is moderately good; oats are good; fruit is scarce. The dairy business is large in this county. Milk and cream are sent to Washington, which is only fifty miles distant. Loudon county will compare favorably with any other in the state. It has fine farming and grazing lands, is well timbered, and has as fine water as ever came out of the ground. It has several very enterprising towns. Paoeman Spring is a nice town, with the finest medicinal water in the East, and a lovely place for homes. We have a fine country, cheap land, and are close to good markets. S. M. J. H. Hillsboro, Va.

FROM OHIO.—Clermont county is a good part of Ohio for farming. The present wheat crop is good; corn is looking fine. I have one fourth of an acre in onions this year, and they are about ready to harvest. They are the Red Wethersfield and Yellow Danvers, and many of them will not go in a pint cup; am also raising Prizetaker from seed. Have a fine patch of melons. I have about one thousand tomatoes out, and they are doing well. Have been trying some novelties, and am like Joseph as regards the twenty-six-day tomato, and pronounce it a humbug, or nothing more than an ordinary tomato. I am training about fifty to stakes and pruning the surplus vine; expect fine fruit, but not so much as if they were left on the ground. Lerado, Ohio. G. M. W.

FROM MICHIGAN.—There never was a time when a man could build a home cheaper than now. Land can be bought in this or adjoining counties cheaper than to homestead, considering the nearness to market, church and schools. No one need go so far back that they cannot hear the car-whistle or the church-bell. Land is easily improved, and the cheap lands will raise vegetables if well worked. Much of the land here will raise wheat. No man from this part of Michigan has gone into the so-called industrial armies. The FARM AND FIRESIDE atlas shows that we are blessed

with plenty of water, and one can find plenty of lakes, springs, creeks and ponds here that are not on the maps. Good citizens who are tired of town or city life are invited to come and find homes among us. There are no saloons in country places here; so bring your boys along and get homes for all. H. H. Montcalm county, Mich.

FROM VIRGINIA.—In Halifax county, Virginia, will be found one of the finest climates in the South. It is never too warm nor too cold. Our winters are very short, with but little snow and ice. No cyclones, no northers, no earthquakes, no strikes, no Coxeyism. Scottsburg is a thriving little town on the R. & D. railroad, backed by a fine surrounding country, thickly settled with good people. It has had no saloons for fifteen years. There are fifteen or twenty lithia wells within the village, similar in quality of water to the famous Buffalo lithia and the Wolf-trap lithia waters. The whole country is abundantly watered with springs, creeks and rivers. Staunton river, Difficult and Piney creeks are a few miles east; Dan river four miles south; Banister river two miles west. All these watercourses are bordered by fine bottom lands, which are most excellent for corn, tobacco, clover and grasses of all kinds. The uplands also grow clover, fine tobacco, corn, oats, wheat and orchard-grass. Japan clover in the past five years has spontaneously overspread this whole section of country, taking hold of the poorest fields, old gulleys and roadsides, improving the lands and making the best pasturage for all kinds of stock. Halifax county was one of the richest counties in Virginia before the war, and can be made so again with proper farm culture. A larger percent of the lands have been cultivated by white and colored tenants for many years, and now nearly all the colored people have gone North, and the lands are for sale and can be bought for \$4 or \$5 an acre—some selling for \$1 and \$2 and on up to \$8 per acre. I have known poor people to pay for their farms off of the first crop of tobacco. H. C. B. Scottsburg, Va.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—Rutherfordton is situated among the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge mountains. The scenery is grand and the climate delightful. The winters are mild, as it is nearly surrounded by mountains. On the east lie the Cherry mountains, on the north the Black mountains and on the west the Blue Ridge. The people are hospitable and kind, always ready to give a hearty welcome to all good people who come among them. Land is cheap, fertile and easily cultivated. Northern farmers who are energetic and thrifty could do well here by raising hay, as the greater part of it is brought here from other places and sells high. The land here is well adapted to grass. Our farmers make a great mistake in not raising more feed and less cotton. Fruits of all kinds grow to perfection here, if given the proper attention. The country is well watered by clear, running brooks fed by springs. There are no ponds, slashes or sloughs around here; no mosquitoes or other insects to disturb the night's repose. Any one desiring to live easy can do so here. The farmers work their lands half way, and to a great disadvantage in many ways, and yet mother earth yields a living. I often look around and think what an energetic northern farmer could do here. Timber and wood are cheap and plentiful. A real comfortable cottage of five good rooms can be built for \$500. I have no farms to sell, therefore I am disinterested; yet I would like to see this lovely country filled with energetic people. Rutherfordton, N. C. J. W. S.

The Sturges Steel Churn, as shown on page 15, manufactured by the Chicago Stamping Co., Chicago, is the latest improvement in butter making. It has many points of excellence over the old style wooden churn, chief of which is its perfectly smooth surface inside, thereby requiring but little labor to keep it clean. The cover being full size of inside diameter of churn, and edges rolled over leaves no projections for the accumulation of sour milk. The frame is also made of steel throughout. The bearings are frictionless, making it easy running. All who have not seen it would do well to write the manufacturers for descriptive booklet.

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BREEDS AND THEIR USES.

WE are often at a loss to determine which breed to recommend, and yet the question of "which is the best breed" is a very frequent one. The majority of the inquirers desire to know which is the best for both poultry and eggs. As some of the breeds excel in certain respects only, it is difficult to select any one of them and make a claim in its favor as possessing all that could be desired.

We have no doubt that if one wished a breed that excels as a market fowl, the Dorking would come nearer answering the purpose than any other, but unfortunately the Dorking is a tender breed in this country, though considered superior to all others in England. It is difficult to raise the chicks, but after the chicks have passed the period of feathering they are hardy. In other words, it is about as easy to raise a young Dorking as it is a young turkey. Yet the Dorking is the best breed for market.

If we wished a breed that excels in egg production, we would select the Hamburgs or Leghorns, as they mature early, are non-sitters, and lay a great many eggs, but the Hamburgs cannot endure long and severe winters, and are, like the Dorkings, tender when young. The Leghorns, on the contrary, are hardy, but they have large combs, which are liable to freeze in winter, and when this happens they will not lay. Here we have again to meet difficulties as well as advantages.

The "best" breed means a very small difference over the others. We doubt if the "best" breed will lay as many as a dozen eggs, during a whole year, more than the breed that is at the foot of the list, and this is not worth striving for when the difficulties to be encountered are considered. No matter which of the breeds may be used, the "best" depends largely on the feed and the management.

If we were compelled to select a breed, we would never aim for the best market fowl, or the one that could lay the most eggs in a year, but would first endeavor to learn which is the most suitable for the climate. In other words, which breed is the *hardiest*. The first requisite is a healthy flock, one that is free from disease, and which will, if a large number is kept, have fewer members on the sick-list. It does not pay to have a hundred birds and only one half of them on duty. The hens may be of the best-known breed for laying, but if they are not adapted for the farm, they will cause a loss and disgust the farmer with pure breeds.

SELECTION OF BREEDS FOR CROSSING.

In selecting a breed, aim to have size, activity and hardiness. One of the best characteristics of the Brahmas is that they have small pea-combs, which do not freeze in winter, and their heavy feathering is a protection. The Brahma, however, must be fed with judgment, as it is a heavy feeder, and may be thrown out of laying condition by too much grain in summer. For confinement in yards it answers well, as it is somewhat indolent in its habits. The Plymouth Rock and the Wyandotte are breeds that have become favorites, because they are hardy, have fair size and are active, yet they are not the best table fowls, nor do they equal the Leghorns for egg production.

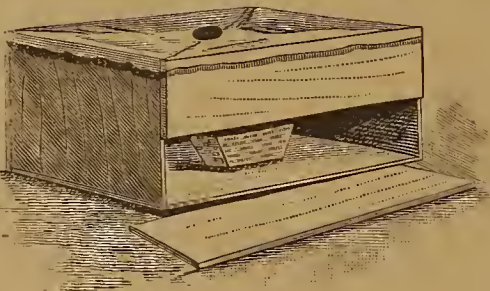
We are not partial to crosses, not that something may not be gained by crossing, if judgment is exercised in selection, but because when one begins to cross his breeds he soon destroys the flock by omitting to procure choice males every year. A flock of common hens may be improved by the use of a Plymouth Rock male, but there will be a temptation to keep some of the cross-bred males for use the second year. Some advantages may be secured by crossing when the object is to secure both egg and choice market chicks. For instance, to have good and hardy layers, a Leghorn male (selecting one with a small comb) may be used with Light Brahma hens. The males from this cross should be sold as soon as large enough, while the pullets may be kept as layers. They will be half Leghorn and half Brahma, and will combine the activity of the Leghorn with the hardiness of the Brahma. For market chicks use a Plymouth Rock male with

the cross-bred Leghorn and Brahma pullets, and the chicks will be one half Plymouth Rock, one fourth Brahma and one fourth Leghorn, but the pullets from the cross should be sold. If other pullets are wanted, let them be half Brahma and half Leghorn.

The advantages of the above method are that new blood will be the rule. While the laying hens may be one half Leghorn, the chicks for market should have not more than one fourth Leghorn blood, for the reason that Leghorn chicks show their combs too early, and this is detrimental to them in the markets. They also feather too rapidly, and may droop from the great drain on them in the production of feathers. It is important to raise all chicks hatched, and this can only be done when they are from hardy and vigorous parents. If the pullets of the second cross are retained, they will contain only one fourth Leghorn blood, and will be one half Plymouth Rock. Mate a Wyandotte male with them. Follow the order given, as follows: First year use a Brahma male with common hens, then a Leghorn male, next a Plymouth Rock and last a Wyandotte, going back to the Brahma again.

NEST TO PREVENT EGG-EATING.

A novel contrivance, sent by Mr. G. L. Bateman, of California, for preventing hens from eating their eggs, is given in our illustration. Take a soap-box, remove the top and place the box on a board, or leave it with the bottom on. Cut away one half of the front, or an opening large enough to permit of placing a small basket or a pan of sawdust in the box. Now tack a flour-sack over the box, and let it sag. Cut a hole in the top of the sack. Close the front of the box with a board. The hen will go on the sack to lay, and the egg will roll down and into the hole, and continue until it falls into the pan of sawdust



NEST TO PREVENT EGG-EATING.

underneath. Instead of a flour-sack an old piece of carpet, or anything that will serve the purpose may be used. It will cost but a few cents to give this method a trial.

SELLING EGGS AT HIGH PRICES.

After collecting the eggs for two or three days from a large number of hens, place them together and examine them closely. They will appear of different sizes, colors and shapes. Now assort them in different lots, and note the great change that has appeared. Each lot will be somewhat uniform, and will also be more attractive, while before they were assorted they possessed no advantages in appearance over eggs that may not be so fresh or desirable. The way to secure high prices is to improve the appearance. Attractiveness is an important feature in selling, and applies to eggs as well as to anything else. Uniformity of size and color may be secured by assorting the eggs and selling each lot separately, which will induce a great deal higher prices.

LARGE CHICKS.

Good prices are now paid for large chicks weighing about two and one half pounds each. It is useless to send them to market unless they are fat and in good condition. They may be sold either dressed or alive. To fatten them, put not over twenty-five together in a small yard (not in coops) and feed them three times a day. A mixture of boiled potatoes, skim-milk, corn-meal and bran is excellent, but between the meals they should have a light mess of chopped grass or clover. They will become fat in about ten days, provided they are free from lice, as no amount of food will be of avail if the lice persistently annoy and torment them.

FEEDING YOUNG TURKEYS.

While turkeys need no food but that which they secure for themselves at this season of the year, yet if a mess of wheat and corn is given at night it will induce them to come up regularly. They will stray a long distance over fields during the day in search of food, but can be made to come up regularly at night, if given only a light meal at a certain hour, which will be an advantage in protecting them against enemies in the field.

ADVANTAGES OF LINSEED-MEAL.

Linseed-meal should not be fed as a regular ration, for the reason that it contains too much oil and fattening material; but as it also contains about thirty-six per cent of protein (flesh-forming substance), and about seven per cent of ash (bone-form-

ing substance), it is one of the best materials that can be selected for balancing the ration, when such is necessary. Grain is deficient in lime, and excels in fat-producing substances. When it is fed steadily, and the food is lacking in variety, a mess of linseed-meal, twice a week, will be found excellent. The proper mode of using linseed-meal is to mix it with some other substance, as it is sticky. One pint of linseed-meal, two pints of corn-meal and three pints of bran, well mixed with boiling water, and fed at night, to twenty-five hens, is a fair mess, and it will not only serve as a change, but is a safeguard against bowel disease, as it prevents constipation and promotes digestion. Cotton-seed meal is fully its equal in feeding value, but it is constipating, and for that reason linseed-meal should be used in preference.

SKIM-MILK AND BRAN.

While little chicks should have no milk but that which is fresh, the hens may be given all the skim-milk that they will consume, and we will include whey, curds or buttermilk. It should never be left in the pans, however, but should be cleared away as soon as the hens have satisfied themselves. The most satisfactory method is to use the milk for mixing the ground grain that may be used. One of the best mixtures for producing eggs is to take a pint of milk, stir into it a gill of linseed-meal and then thicken with equal parts of bran and corn-meal until a stiff, crumbly dough results, which should be fed at night and the residuum removed. Bran is rich in mineral matter, and supplies substances more largely than can be derived from ground wheat or corn. It is not advisable to feed the hens ground grain in the morning, as they should be compelled to seek their food, and work, hence whole grains, well scattered, should only be given. At this season of the year one meal a day is amply sufficient.

PRESERVING EGGS.

Although we have many times advised how to preserve eggs, yet inquirers request more advice. We can best give the most satisfactory method in a few rules: 1. Use only eggs from hens that are not with males. 2. Place the eggs on racks or trays, or in any manner so as to permit of turning them easily. 3. Turn them half around twice a week, to prevent adhering of contents to the shells. 4. Keep them in a cool (or cold) place. The first rule is the most important.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Sudden Losses.—Mrs. G. W. S., East Onondaga, N. Y., writes: "My hens act dumpy, remain humped up, and often die in a few hours. They appear well at night, and are sometimes found dead in the morning. They are in good condition, but not overfat."

REPLY:—The difficulty may be due to some substance eaten, or to lice. Remove the male, omit grain from their food, anoint heads with a few drops of melted lard, and change their location for awhile. They have no disease.

Buying Extra Fowls.—L. S. S., Indiana, Pa., writes: "I am offered a lot of one hundred fowls cheap, and as I have a large number myself, what should I do with them before bringing them on my place?"

REPLY:—Quarantine them on a separate plot for awhile, as they may bring lice or disease into your flock. Even if but one fowl among the one hundred is not well and free from lice, there may be damage done by the spread of disease or lice.

Probably Overfeeding.—Mrs. L. B. S., Buffalo, Mo., writes: "I have Plymouth Rocks, and they have commenced to droop, and some have died. On opening them we find decomposed wheat in the crops. I fed wheat of good quality, but fed none for a week, yet it was found in their crops."

REPLY:—It is due to indigestion, caused by overfeeding of too much grain at this season. Withhold all food, and add twenty drops of tincture of nux vomica to each quart of the drinking-water.

Exposure of Chicks.—Mrs. E. S., Reserve, Kansas, writes: "After my chicks get from one to two weeks old they become blind, stand quietly, peep continually, and die. I feed a variety, and have treated them for lice. I keep them in a brooder."

REPLY:—They have probably been exposed to dampness and drafts, and taken cold. There is no remedy except to keep them dry and free from drafts, although anointing the faces with a few drops of crude petroleum may be of assistance.

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Our Fireside.

THE PRAIRIE.

Long, level sweeps of dull, flat land, and still
More dull with dreary drifts of snow, which fly
Across the bleak and helpless earth, nor try
To veil her nakedness, but seem to chill
The staring plains, which stretch and stretch until
At last they find the dull, gray rim of sky,
And lose themselves in mist. . . Ah! how the eye
Would gladden at the promise of a hill.

—Jesse Lynch Williams.

Will o' the Wisps' Story

A TALE BY MARIE PETERSEN,

"Authoress of 'The Princess Ise.'"

TRANSLATED BY MARY CHAPMAN.

IGNES FATUI.



OR many days the tempest had raged. The heavy storm-clouds could find no outlet from the clefts of the mountains. Dark and threatening they wound up their dizzy pathway on the steep precipices—a pathway up which neither beast nor bold hunter could follow them—or they sank deep down in the ravines, calling out with rolling thunder tones in every rocky cleft, in every cave, and puffing their sultry breath on the trees and plants, which stood anxious and motionless. The

timid wild animals had sought the protection of the woods and caves, and the mountain-swallows, which build their nests on the rocky walls, no longer ventured into the upper air. Flying close to the ground, the dark tips of their wings almost brushing the grasses, they wheeled about in trembling circles.

The storm-wind had rushed through the valleys in short, fierce gusts, as precursor of the bewildering torrents of rain. Wild and cruel as he is, it was nothing to him that the fairest and proudest trees of the forest stretched out their green arms to him imploringly. If here and there a slender, supple birch-tree had escaped unharmed from his fierce embrace, yet many noble oaks, many evergreen firs, paid with broken limbs for his wild greeting.

The sister of the tempest, the rain-torrent, was hardly less wild and full of malice than her brother. Born of the same clouds, she rushed over mountains and meadows with the same unrestrained force and fury. Dashing over the precipices, pressed together in the clefts, she dragged violently on with her everything that came in her way, rolled trees and heavy stones from the mountains, and pitilessly tore great rents in the green velvet mantle which the spring hung tenderly on the bare shoulders of the old crags. But woe above all for the ripening grain, through which the wild torrent cut its way! The tender stalks were cast down, never to rise again. Covered with mud and stones, fettered with rank weeds, they died a miserable death—they, to whom every sunbeam had prophesied future triumphs; how in their golden ripeness they should make their festal entry into the village on lofty, gaily-decked wagons, blessed by the pastor and welcomed by the happy-peasants with song and dance.

But though so much rain had poured down, the dark clouds would not withdraw their heavy folds which curtained the sky. Casting shadow on shadow, they shrouded every inch of the blue heavens which usually looked with such sunny smiles between the leafy canopies and the rocky ledges down upon the flowery mead.

To-day the howling voice of the storm-wind had not been heard since early mornung. The wild torrent of rain had ceased to shake its silver mane; only a gentle shower rippled softly after them over mountain and valley. On the broad mirror of the frog-pond on the border of the woods—there the rain-elves danced their merry rounds all the afternoon, and skipped away only as the sun sank to rest, and the evening wind, which rested in the grass, weary with conflict, rose up, and here and there tore rents in the clouds through which the genial sunbeams gently dropped their evening greeting down to the valley. Pursued by sportive breezes, the rain-elves took refuge among the tall sedges, swinging from their plumes and from the narrow leaves of the reeds, or in long, misty procession they ascended the steep ladder of sunbeams to their cloud-mother, to dream in her arms of new carnivals.

A broad stream of bright sunlight fell through the rent clouds and filled the green clearing in the woods, where from the crag which jutted out half way up the mountain side, the eye could sweep unhindered over a wide prospect. Two young travelers stood there arm in arm, and looked with shining eyes on the land which lay at their feet wrapped in shadow by the clouds and approaching evening.

Falling off abruptly toward the south, the mountains extended two giant arms far into the plain, wresting some miles of territory from the fruitful meadows which stretched out

to the banks of the distant river, and claiming them for its own possession. It is a green and lovely spot of earth, which, embraced by these mighty arms, protected from the north and east winds, nestles warm on the rocky bosom of the old mountain. Fed by her fountains, unfolding in ever-increasing beauty, adorned with luxuriant fields and meadows, with wooded hills and fruit gardens, it looks up with grateful smiles to the mountain, whose lofty head rises above it crowned with light; its fresh greenery presses coaxingly into the wildest clefts; its bold, young trees, its fragrant, shadowy woods climb bravely up the steep heights, springing daintily over fearful gulfs and precipices to place two dark fir-trees on a lonely cliff, and a waving, light green veil of birches on the solemn head; or it follows lovingly the mountain side and lies down to rest where sparkling mountain brooks leap to greet it.

It was not the setting sun alone which shed such light over the two boys as they stood together on the cliff; the bright sunshine of the just-begun summer vacation shone out from them and brightened their blooming faces with that sparkling, youthful delight which makes a few weeks out of the school cage, with full freedom to bound unrestrained through field and wood, seem like an eternity of inexhaustible happiness. And when to that is added the return to a distant home, the meeting with parents, brothers and sisters, revisiting all the dear nooks in house and garden which are glorified by the earliest associations of dawning consciousness—ah, how the young heart leaps up in flames of joy!

Both the boys, who were almost young men, came from a large town on the other side of the chain of mountains. The heavy post-coach in which they traveled could advance but slowly on the mountain roads, gullied by the rain, and while it halted for its relay of horses at the last station among the mountains, one of the boys had left the close waiting-room and climbed the height by the well-known footpath. His friend, who hastened after him, had but just caught up with him, and now stood by his side, drawing long breaths and gazing into his heated face.

"How your face glows," he said, smiling. "You climb like a chamois; it was all I could do to keep you in sight."

"Oh, I am at home here," said the other joyfully. "I know every tree, every stone. I could find my way at night; in fact, I often clambered among these rocks after sunset in search of night-moths. Our traveling companions have annoyed me all day; I never could endure the fellows, and down there in that close room their senseless clatter utterly disgusted me."

"They are good fellows, though," replied his friend. "A little wild and rough, but well meaning. I think they would have liked to ask us to play with them, but you put on such a grand air that they did not venture."

"Well, I am glad they did not. But look around you, my boy. Can you regret that you did not stay down there?"

"No, indeed," replied the first. "It is glorious up here; and the wide prospect richly repays one for damp clothes and the steep path. The rain has stopped now, too, and the long rays of light pierce through the wooded ravines and show the mountain brook sparkling in the depths below. See that old church on the hill. The gold cross on the steeple shines as though it were on fire."

"That is the church in Nordingen," he answered in joyful tones. "On the left of the wood, far below us, you can see the gable of our house. The two windows which shine so brightly are in our guest-room; you will live there when you visit me next year. Ah, if I could only take you with me now! What a pity that your sister is to be married in vacation-time."

"What an idea! It was very nice in her to be married in vacation, when I can be there. But I should have liked to visit you, too. How delightful it will be next summer. Do the little houses below us also belong to Nordingen?"

"Yes; the huts of the peasants and the weavers are scattered all around among gardens and fields. The manor-house could also be seen from here formerly, but the elms and lindens in the park have grown and concealed the desolate building."

"Does no one occupy it now?"

"The bailiff lives in one wing with his wife and family, but the main building is empty, and the blinds and curtains are seldom opened. My father often goes over to see that everything is well taken care of and nothing is out of order."

"Is the young heir to live in England?"

"Oh, no; he is only being educated there among his father's relations, and is to come back as soon as he is of age. Up there, close by the church, where the tall fir-trees rise above the roof, are the graves of his grandparents. My father was deeply attached to the family. As long as I lived at home, he had me carry fresh flowers to their graves every Sunday all through the summer, and either he or old Bridget often accompanied me. The churchyard lies on the other side of the hill, and extends to the park. I have seen many coffins lowered into the earth there."

"Is your mother buried there?" asked his friend in a softer voice.

"Alas! no," replied the other sadly; "my mother died far away, when I was very small. She does not rest in German soil."

Had you, dear reader, sat all day in the coach opposite the two boys and listened to their gay talk, and could you then have heard this simple answer and gazed in the suddenly-clouded face of the speaker, perhaps you might have seen at once why this face had attracted you so strongly; why your eyes could not turn away from these firm, finely-molded features, the grave mouth and the dark, dreamy eyes, whence shone a ray of child-like purity which seemed to belong to another world. As the shadow of the clouds lies on a landscape in its fresh spring beauty, so an expression of melancholy gravity rested on these youthful features, and spoke of something else than the happy days of blooming youth and the delights of the summer vacation which was just beginning; of something else than the simple experiences of a scholar who is bringing home good reports and even a prize. When on a childish face we see that transfiguring breath of a spiritual significance which transcends that tender age, we are wont to cast anxious, questioning glances into the future and prophesy an early death. But how often is it but the shadow of a sad past which we see before us, projecting itself far into the young life—the traces of the countless bitter tears which fell hot upon the babe in its cradle—the reflection of earnest, sad faces, under whose gaze the poor little one practiced his first smiles, his first lisplings. And now that one precious treasure of a sad and desolate heart, a child, who is cherished and cared for with greater love for the sake of the dead, and because it must forever lack a mother's affection, on its face the Lord God writes a passport into the loving kingdom of all good and tender hearts; and with this divine passport on brow and eyes, the strange boy has now your sympathy also, dear reader, and you will no longer need to ask why you bestowed it on him, since you know that he is a motherless orphan.

His young comrade seemed to feel something of this silent attraction, as he now threw his arm around his friend, and with a loving glance from his clear and honest eyes said affectionately:

"How pleased your father will be to see you to-day; a day earlier than he expected you."

"Oh, my father, my dear, dear father! God grant I may never be anything but a joy to him! You have no idea, Albert, how much the thought sometimes troubles me; I know that all his hopes and his happiness depend on me. What if I were not to be such as he would have me—I, his only child!"

"But that is too absurd," cried the first, hastily withdrawing his arm. "There he is, a model from the very outset, the delight of all his teachers; even the strict director could find nothing in him to criticize. And the fellow fears that his own loving father will fall into utter despair over such a miserable good-for-nothing! You promised me to give up all your gloomy fancies. All the time for the last two days you were as gay as a lark—your head was always out of the window, looking for your beloved mountains, which the clouds persistently hid until we were right among them. All night you never once closed your eyes; and as soon as the road began to ascend, you begged and coaxed that fierce, stout old man until he actually let you sit outside. And now, here on the threshold of your home, your dear Nordingen actually before your eyes, you hang your head and are in the dumps. Come, come! The shadows are growing longer; we must not miss the coach."

"Oho!" cried the other, quickly drawing away the arm which his friend had grasped, "don't fancy I shall climb up again into that hot box of a coach and go all the way to Waldschenk, when no one is expecting me and no carriage will be waiting. If I go down here right through these bushes, by the wheat-fields and through the alder swamp, I shall be at home in an hour. My baggage can be left at the inn until I send for it to-morrow."

"No, no, Walter, I don't like that plan," said his more prudent friend. "See how dark it is already in the valley; the mist is rising everywhere, and may make you trouble."

"What, our veiled spirit, that will not harm one of the children of the land. If one were a stranger and did not know the path, it might be dangerous among the rocks. Do not be troubled about me. Crawl back into your coach and greet the stout old gentleman for me. But to-morrow, when you reach home and see your parents and sisters and comical little brothers, do not quite forget me in your happiness."

"Dear Walter," said the other, laying his hands on his friend's shoulders and looking sorrowfully into his face. "For four long weeks I must do without you. But on the way back, the last Monday in July, we will meet again at Waldschenk."

"Yes; or better still, we will meet here. You can leave the coach before you reach the village, when you come to the waterfall of the Weissbach, and follow the path that leads up from the brook to the left; then you will get here long before the coach, and here you will find me with my father, who will come up with me. And we will bring with us juicy pears from our garden, and almond-cakes, such as nobody but our old Bridget can make."

The cheerful tones of the post-horn had accompanied the last words; now the neighing of horses and the rumbling of a heavy vehicle were audible in the woods behind the speakers. One more warm pressure of the hand, a cheerful "Farewell, God keep you!"

and one hastened back into the fir forest to meet the coach, while the other, forcing his way through the bushes, sprang down the undefined but well-known path, where the huge steps of a natural rocky staircase led down the mountain side. Passing between precipitous, rocky walls, he soon became the companion of a voluble mountain brook, which, gleaming and shy as a little lizard, crept out from under the stones, and quickly gathered force and boldness as it ran on. The heavy rains had made the little brook so wild and wanton that soon the boy no longer recognized in the tumultuous roar the voice of his old playmate, and could no longer keep pace with the wild rush of the swollen stream. Below, where the fall of the Nixy waves its misty veil from the lofty cliff as it leaps down into the Schwarzbach, the green margin of the rocky basin was overflowed, and Walter found only a few wet stones on which to step and so pass through the rocky gate.

Beyond this point the water had washed away the path which led toward the meadows. The brook was now swollen to such a torrent that it could not be crossed by leaping from stone to stone, as the boy had often preferred doing instead of going by the little wooden bridge. He went along by the bank a little way, looking for a place where he could cross, but finally decided to keep to the woods on the left, and not to cross the Schwarzbach until he reached the stone bridge in Nordingen.

The path he now chose was longer, and his father had formerly forbidden him ever to follow it alone in the evening, for the wood had bottomless bogs which were very dangerous for any one who was imprudent or unfamiliar with them. But to-day no other choice was left; Walter knew the path perfectly, and was two years older than when the prohibition was last made. His father himself could have made no objection had he been there.

So he took the narrow pathway, which, leaving the brook, turned into the woods. The excitement of the last few days, which had driven sleep from his eyes by night and had urged him so quickly up the mountain and down the narrow gorge, racing with the Schwarzbach, gradually died away in the deep, impressive silence of the twilight woods. Walter was not conscious how tired he was; he walked slowly under the trees, and thought of his rambles here with his father and the stories of all that had happened in this part of the forest. A gray-haired huntsman, who had belonged to the establishment of the old family and still lived in the manor-house, had told him the strangest tales. The boy remembered suddenly that he was a Sunday-child; that old Bridget had told him he was born on Sunday morning when the church-bells were ringing, and would therefore see more and stranger things in the world than other people with only ordinary vision. He had asked his father then what there was different about Sunday-children, who were born, like him, while the church-bells were ringing; and his father answered that children were peculiarly favored when the sweet church-bells rang a blessing to them at their very birth. When the Lord God calls his people together by the voices of bells, he does it that he may bestow grace and blessing upon them; and his dear mother had received the sacred sounds as a token of benediction when she held her little, new-born son in her arms, thanking God in earnest prayer for the little child that he had given her, and vowing to watch over him with truth and faithfulness, and bring him up according to God's will. His dear mother was no longer with him, but he was already old enough to understand God's commands, and if he accustomed himself early to obey that holy will and to be attentive and consider the gracious gifts of God, he would soon come to the time when he would see more and more glorious things than other men who slumbered fast, awakened by no voices of bells.

Then his father took him up into his own room, where hung the large, beautiful picture of his dead mother, and there told him many sweet things of her—how angelically good she had been, the joy and delight of all who knew her, and how tenderly she loved her little Walter. Though she endured such bitter pain—and his poor mother had suffered much and deeply—she forgot all her griefs so soon as her child was brought into her room. With him she laughed and played and was herself a child; her last failing strength was devoted to the guidance of his tottering steps as he first learned to walk, and when she died in a foreign land, when in the hour of death all earthly sorrow fell away from her spirit and she had overcome even the sharp pang of separation from her child, she whispered with a happy smile that she heard the church-bells as they rang at Walter's birth—they were the matin bells of the new day which dawned for her.

The young traveler had grown grave; his thoughts had led him far back into the past, and as often before, a thousand unanswered questions hovered with anxious, gloomy forebodings and conjectures about the unknown grave of this early-lost mother, whose destiny was wrapped in thick twilight for him. His father and old Bridget, the only ones who could enlighten him, had withheld all explanations. When he questioned them importunately, they had told him to wait until he was older and could understand better. They had told him of various traits in her, of her goodness and unselfishness, of her meek sim-

placidity and tender care for others, and while by these accounts they had done their best to fan the natural love in the heart of the ardent boy to a glowing flame of enthusiastic devotion, they had refrained, either intentionally or accidentally, from giving any definite background for the sainted image which they placed in the shrine of his heart. The searching eyes of the orphaned son strove in vain to bring his lost mother from the shadowy realms of misty fancy, and to see her former earthly life in clear, plain outlines.

A long, hopeless illness had laid the young mother in her early grave; but when his father thought of the great sorrows she had endured—when at the same thought tears ran silently down the furrowed cheeks of the faithful Bridget and fell on her clasped hands—then Walter felt an absolute certainty that she must have suffered more than the mere bodily pains of a fatal illness. His mother had not been happy! She was good and pure as an angel, beloved, and even now revered by her family as though she were a saint; yet in life she had been unhappy. Unhappy? Yet she had his father, who was a model of all possible perfections, and her little Walter, whom she had loved so tenderly?

This was the great puzzle in the life of the poor boy—a puzzle for whose explanation he would have given years of his youth. Once when he assailed old Bridget with importunate questions, with tender entreaties, she begged him with tears not to coax her to disobey her good master and break her promise to him. This entirely cut off, once and for all, every investigation in that quarter. His father's wish was sacred to Walter; he felt a deep, respectful awe of the mystery of the past which was so painful to his beloved father. But how would it be now when he had come home after a long absence, and was so much older and graver? Would his father now confide in him? Would he be thought worthy to have the dark seal of the past removed, and be granted a free view of the earlier life of his parents?

Absorbed in his thoughts, Walter had wandered on under the leafy canopy of the woods and had not noticed that the darkness fell rapidly. Suddenly, the path descended sharply on one side, as though the mountain had thrust out one last rocky step into the valley. The trees were not so close here, and Walter could look about him more freely. Right before him, at the foot of the declivity, was a luxuriant green meadow, surrounded by forest trees, and in it lay a silent, reedy pond, stretching out a long way and extending beyond the forest toward the west, and there, where the alder swamp and the cultivated fields joined each other, giving outlet through its quiet depths to the Schwarzbach. Only a small part of the smooth, watery mirror was agitated by the wild brook. The waves which it cast up as it flowed swiftly through broke on either bank against the roots of the trees, or for a little distance danced shyly in circles over the cool surface, until the reeds, standing ready all about, received them and sang them to sleep with soft murmurs. Here in the wood, where the seldom-trodden foot-path led down to the pond, the water lay dark and still as death; little oak twigs, thrown down by the tempest, rested on the surface as motionless as the broad leaves and white, starry blossoms of the water-lily. The weary evening breeze had sunk to rest with the sun; the scattered clouds had drawn together again and sunk deeper; the fading evening light showed but a few pale lines of color on their edges. The air was sultry; the only sound that broke the profound silence was the melancholy cry of the frogs, which had given the pond its name. Walter knew the place, and had never approached it without a shudder. The green meadow, a bog covered with luxuriant vegetation, was called by the peasants the "Phantom's Meadow" and also the "Dead Man's Garden," since the time, many years before, when a learned botanist sank there, and soon after a poor widow from the mountains, who was gathering fagots in the forest, was swallowed, with her son. All sorts of uncanny apparitions were said to appear there. The savant who there met his death was said to have been a perfect heathen. He never entered the house of God, but dealt with evil spirits, who now held their nightly meetings over his grave. The peasants in that region carefully avoided the spot when they were obliged to go through the woods alone, and the narrow foot-path which led around the edge of the bog was but little trodden. In many places the quick-growing grass and forest moss had obliterated all traces of it. Walter felt no fear of the unknown wonders of the forest; he loved the awe they produced. The mysterious had always exercised a powerful charm over him, and to-day the lonely spot spun its magic threads about the weary boy.

It occurred to him that in order to take his father completely by surprise, he must wait in the woods until it was quite dark. He did not want to be seen far off as he was approaching the house. It would be so nice to walk in suddenly and unexpectedly. Old Bridget was weak and timid; he would spare her. But his father was in the habit of sitting up late in his room, reading or writing. He would creep through the garden and climb in at his father's window, as he had often done when a little child. And just here it was glorious. He would wait here for the proper hour.

He lay down under a huge maple-tree on the slope. The pond and the mirror lay in one another's embrace at his feet; the forest threw its green garland around both, and the tall reeds which adorned the water lifted their heads bere and there among the flowers in the meadow, as a warning to the wanderer not to trust the treacherous ground. Just in front of the boy's resting-place the reeds divided and left an open view. The water here came up into a little cove made by the Phantom's Meadow, which thrust a narrow tongue of land out into the pond. On one side framed in by meadow flowers and tender blades of grass, while on the other wild blackberry-vines and wreaths of moss drooped from the stones on the steep bank into the water, this cove was the little world where lived a water-lily, which unfolded her buds to-day for the first time under the gently-falling showers. The young flower had never as yet passed a night in the woods. She still rested on her green stalk in the middle of the cove, and looked out into the twilight with wonder and timidity. Distant lightning shot across the heavens in the open spaces between the tree-tops. At the tip of the low-lying tongue of land stood an oak-tree, blasted by the lightning. Stretching his two remaining barren and half-consumed branches out over the pond, his dark, strange form resembled in the twilight a gigantic magician, who walks with long, trailing garments over the water, and stretching far out his gaunt arms, utters his magic spells in the dark night. Solemn trains of misty figures bovered over the moor behind him, sometimes seeming to stand still as if enchanted, and again whirling about fantastically whenever the slumbering night-wind drew a long breath, and the reeds sighed, shuddering. A cricket sang her evening song; the cry of the screech-owl sounded from the thicket.

Walter rested, his head leaning on his hand. His glance dreamily followed the misty figures on the moor; his thoughts fluttered like the floating mist; the boy's eyelids fell; the straw hat rolled from his curls, and his weary, heavy head fell on the moss-covered root of a tree.

Sadder and louder rose the lament of the frogs in the pond; the screech-owl cried more drearily through the wood. The night-wind rose and shook the tree-tops violently; it crept cold over the hot forehead of the sleeper. But the boy neither heard nor felt anything. He lay in a profound slumber, and the night-wind sank to rest again, and the trees were motionless as before.

The summer night spread her darkest veil over the forest, over the Phantom's Meadow and the frog-pond. Now and then distant sounds rose on the air—single, two together, several in succession. The little church of Nördlingen, the gray old warden of time, counted from its tower the passing hours and quarters, and day and night uttered to the valley its monotonous sermon on the flight of time. In daylight, in the rush of life, its voice speaks to most men of earthly things alone. With warning and exhortation it calls to the industrious peasants and weavers in the region all about; it sends them to their labor and calls them to their simple meals, their evening repose. But at night, on the silent couch, what does the old tower clock say to them? Happy, healthy persons, wrapped in deep and quiet sleep, do not hear its voice. But those whose eyes cannot close by reason of bodily or mental pain, in whose weary limbs fever burns, whom care and sorrow or a heavy conscience will grant no peace of heart nor closing of the eyes in slumber, what say the hours to these? Are they hard mile-stones, by which they count with sighs how short have been their joys and pleasures, and long is their torture and rough the path, through storms and over sharp rocks? Do they feel that one of these mile-stones—perhaps the very next—will be the boundary stone of that unknown land which they must enter when the joys and sorrows of earth are forever ended? And do they, poor souls, shudder at that boundary? Happy art thou to whom the land beyond is not a dark and unknown country, but the radiant land of promise! Happy art thou, even though the pangs of sickness rack thee, though care and sorrow—ah, though even the pain of sin gnaws at thy heart! Still thou knowest thy hope! In every hour that strikes thou feellest the finger of God, which guides even thy poor little human life, which counts thy pulses and can still their throbbings and wipe away all tears from thine eyes—the finger of God, which rises in warning when thou dost stumble, bidding thee, "Watch, be faithful, wait and hope!"

[To be continued.]

HORACE MANN'S COUNTRY SCHOOL.

The country school, as it existed in the thought of Horace Mann, had nothing in common with the college or the university. In his mind the education of the child of the humblest laborer in the commonwealth was of as much consequence as that of the child born to an inheritance of millions. Of state universities, of agricultural colleges, of secondary schools, of manual training, of university extension, he had no occasion to learn, and so was left free to concentrate the powers of his mind upon his work in behalf of the common district school.

He went from village to village, and from hamlet to hamlet, preaching everywhere to the common people—the saving gospel of

education; and the common people heard him gladly.

If we expect to rescue the common district school from its present low estate, we must catch the spirit of Horace Mann, and talk to the people in plain, unmistakable language, concerning the duty as well as the necessity of providing for every child in the state the best education possible at the public expense. But in many country districts in every state where population is scarce, and school-houses far apart, apathy, ignorance and indifference brood like a thick cloud over the entire community. There are two questions which claim the attention of the public just now: The one is how to obtain better results from the work done in the elementary schools in our towns and villages; the other is how to raise the character of the instruction given in the common country school.

Horace Mann's teacher for the district school must possess aptness to teach, as well as knowledge, which he says embraces a knowledge of methods and processes. But Horace Mann's teacher must also possess the power to govern and control her school, not necessarily through fear, for love is far better and more enduring. Yet when love fails, force must be called in, for disobedience is the open gate to all evil influences.

Horace Mann's idea was very far from confining instruction in the country schools to the three R's. Whatever has a tendency to make the boy more useful on the farm, or to make the life of the farm more attractive to him; whatever will make the daughter more useful in the home, or make the home a place of supreme pleasure to her, may legitimately be taught in the district school. It is not desirable that the country school should keep equal pace with city systems in the character and kind of studies introduced in it. What the city school ought to do in fitting boys for the office or for professions, the country school must do in fitting boys and girls for the farm.

Long and earnestly did Horace Mann labor to reform the architecture of the country school-house. There will never be suitable buildings until the state exerts its authority and compels it, as a prerequisite of obtaining a share of the public funds. Finally, the district school-house must be the rallying point for every influence which tends to elevate or benefit mankind. Within its walls should be kept the district library. Here may be held the country lyceum, the debating society, the singing school.—*Henry Sabin, Des Moines, Iowa.*

TAME-SPIRITED AMERICANS.

No doubt every boy who has the spirit of liberty in him has said to himself on reading the story of Caligula or of Nero, "What fools the Romans were to put up with the cruelties and follies of their emperors! Why didn't they rise in rebellion and turn out such monsters?"

Truly they did display an astonishing amount of patience. But if any of the boys who grow sarcastic over the meekness of the old Romans live in one of our largest cities, let them ask their fathers what kind of men fill the city offices.

Who are the aldermen? Liquor dealers, perhaps, or prize-fighters, or gamblers, or loafers.

The heads of departments are selected from the ward and district bosses, whose only trade is politics, and who never earn anything unless it is by cheating at elections—and that is paid for by the city.

Why do not the people turn them out? Because they are the slaves of party, as much as the Romans were the slaves of Nero. Their rulers do not murder them, nor command them to commit suicide, as the emperors did; but they rob their subjects openly.

Yet there is not spirit enough in the American people to tear off the party fetters and unite to form a purely municipal party, independent of national politics, to put good men in office and keep them there.

Until they can do that, let them not sneer at the chicken-heartedness of the people of Rome in the first century.—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR REMOTE ANCESTORS.

Dr. J. G. Garson, lecturing at the Royal Institution on "Early British Races," endeavored to sketch out the method by which the British islands were originally peopled. The information imparted by the lecturer has been gathered up from river drift and other deposits in various parts of the islands, where occasionally evidences of the existence of primitive man are found. Some of these deposits go to show that man existed in the pre-glacial era, though the evidence is somewhat doubtful. But, according to Dr. Garson, when the ice cleared off from the northwest of Europe, Great Britain and Ireland were part of the mainland, and their territory stretched a considerable way northward and westward into the Atlantic.

The Rhine and the Thames ran together up the plain which is now the North sea, and emptied themselves into the ocean beyond the Shetlands. Glacial man crossed the great valley of the English channel and took up his abode among the flints abounding in the South. From the continent also came the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros and other fauna now restricted to tropical regions, and these were chased by man, as is proved by the remains of these animals which are found side by side with the human bones.

After the hunters came the cavemen, who evidently possessed some ingenuity and were taking the first steps of humanity toward civilization. In the caves with the fragments of these ancient people are generally found articles manufactured with more or less art, and in some instances evincing considerable skill, having regard to the rude tools and implements with which they worked.

Dr. Garson showed his audience a large number of skulls and other fragments of paleolithic, neolithic and round harrow men who were formerly inhabitants of Great Britain. There was a marked distinction between the formation of each of these, the skulls of the first-named being conspicuous for a remarkable frontal development and a receding lower jaw; those of the second were strongly dolichocephalous, with long, narrow faces, and those of the third not differing very much from the present generation. From the bones of these ancient Britons it is assumed that they were of very diminutive stature, and when contrasted with corresponding bones of people now existing, there certainly appeared to be some justification for the assumption.

BREAD WITHOUT WHEAT.

Research shows that so-called "bread" has been made out of very many substances besides wheat and other cereals. In remote antiquity all kinds of almonds, nuts and grains were used for this purpose. In South America an enormous quantity of earth nuts is devoted to this object; they come from Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee. There they also use poppy seeds, chestnuts and rice. In ancient times the inhabitant of Thrace made a kind of flour out of the triangular and thorny roots of the water-lily. In Syria they dried mulberries and made them into flour, the chief objection to which arose from the fact that it caused the hair to fall off. Persons with large appetites became bald. The Egyptians made bread out of a mixture of wheat grain and flour. In Sweden, Lapland and Tartary they made bread out of powdered fish, dried and ground. In northern countries they mix tomato flour with powdered meal. The Irish, in times of distress, like the inhabitants of Russia, made bread from a species of moss found in abundance on their coasts. It is said that this bread is nourishing and appetizing. The Indians during their frequent famines made an imitation bread of crushed white stones, bark of trees and sawdust. They consider themselves lucky when they can mix millet and its varieties with it. Sorgho, dura, rice, roots rich in starch, give up arrowroot, manioc and tapioca.

AN EASY WAY TO MOVE.

A friend from California tells this story illustrative of the comfort and excellence of Chinese service on the Pacific coast. It was moving day, and a new house had been rented in a distant part of the city. The contract for the removal of the furniture from the old house to the new was given to Chinese men. On the morning of the day in question the family went to a hotel, spent an agreeable day, ate a comfortable dinner, and in the evening went to their new house, which was in perfect readiness to receive them. In one day the new house was thoroughly cleaned, carpets were taken up, shaken and relaid, the library packed and all the books placed on the new shelves in the order in which they had been found in the old, and the furniture arranged in its customary manner. Everything was in perfect readiness for occupancy, and the family resumed their home life that evening as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. All this was done for the exact cost of \$23.—*Christian Inquirer.*

LINING OF A TEA-CHEST.

It is popularly supposed that tea-chests are lined with tin-foil. This is, however, not the case. It consists of lead, and the purest that can be found. The lead is placed in small vessels, and then melted and poured out while hot and pressed into a sort of mold before it has time to cool. When enough squares have been produced, they are soldered together, and the sheet is then placed in the chest as a lining. Then the chest is filled with tea, after which the lead lid is soldered on, and the tea is ready to go to the end of the world, for no matter how long the time since it left the packers' hand, its strength is unimpaired. The lining is worth more than the chest itself, as the lead is so pure, and only the finest solder is used. The supply of lead is inexhaustible in China, and if properly worked would yield millions annually.—*New York Spice Mills.*

A SURE CURE.

It is told of Hannah Moore that she had a good way of managing tale-bearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory to another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandalmonger to the scandalized, to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossip story to Hannah Moore. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal.—*Harper's Bazar.*

OUTDOORS IN THE COUNTRY.

I really don't 'xactly understan'
Where the comfort is fer any man
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says be can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, maybe you'll say;
A-livin' out here day after day,
In this kinder easy, careless way,
But an hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As fer that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun',
An' the fruit a-hendin' the trees way down.
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or ruther, in the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

CARRYING GOLD AT SEA.

The specie locker on an ocean steamer is a carefully-constructed vault, and is located in the stern immediately over the screw. It has the shape of a half oval, following the contour of the side of the vessel, and is generally about six feet in its extreme from top to bottom. Some vaults are fifteen or twenty feet in length, fore and aft. The interior is reached by a door or hatchway from the top, simply large enough to give convenient access. This door is of steel, and has a combination lock, which is known only to the purser. Over this hatch is also fastened three bars of steel two and one half inches thick, which swing at one end on hinges, and are locked and also bolted at the other. The locker, it will be seen, is in the most suitable location in the ship away from the crew, and cannot be tampered with, as on three sides of it is the sea. The purser receives the gold, carefully examines the seals, then checks off the weights and assumes the responsibility for it. Gold is shipped in bags holding \$5,000 or in kegs of \$50,000. When in bars the size varies. Silver generally weighs 125 pounds to the ingot.

HARD TO EXPLAIN.

There are some things I cannot understand. One is this, that the people can stand to lose a large sum, and cannot stand to give the same large sum. I once asked a man for \$25,000 for a college. He said it was utterly impossible. Two weeks later he, by accident, lost \$250,000, a round quarter million. When I met him and offered him my sympathy, he said, "Our house is a very strong one, and it will not affect us." I asked another for \$60,000, and his wife said it would beggar them. He told a friend one year afterward that he wished that he had given it to me, for, as I talked, he thought of the money it would take if he did it, and that he had put it elsewhere, and lost it all, and more than an equal sum to get out; but he would not feel it much! A farmer is shocked to be talked to about giving \$100, but his best horse will die, and nobody sees that it makes any difference. I cannot understand this thing. Will not those people please give us their testimony whether it does make any difference in the bank whether money is checked out to pay gifts or pay losses?

CONVICTS AND GOOD ROADS.

Last year seventy-eight convicts of the Clinton state prison (New York) were employed in the construction of a macadamized road. About one mile was completed. The work was reported well done, the men worked well, eight hours a day, and only three attempted escape. No complaints were made by the citizens.

Every state is interested in good roads, every township avoids the expense of road-making, if possible, and organized labor does not object to the employment of convicts in this branch of labor.

Work is essential to the moral and physical health of the men who, suffering from their transgressions, will some day re-enter the community. It is well that they should learn to labor in the open air and over the earth. There is always room for the farm-hand.

It would be well if the convicts in all the state prisons were put at work in making good roads, which benefit the state, the town and the convict who builds them.—*Illustrated American.*

THE BICYCLE.

Not many years ago the bicycle was looked upon as a mere plaything which had no practical utility nor beneficent influence. It had no rights which drivers of more ancient styles of vehicles were bound to respect. Riding the bicycle was looked upon by the staid portion of the community as a foolish pastime.

But the "bike" has progressed in a number of directions. Instead of a clumsily constructed machine, it has come to be as carefully made and adjusted as the highest skill can do the work. Not many well-informed people now deny the practical value of the bicycle, and the law recognizes the machine as a vehicle which has its rights on the road.

Even though the bicycle had not made for itself a place in the commercial world, which nothing else could so well fill, its use would be justified by reason of the health and pleasure cycling gives. To ride through the city parks in early morning, while the dew is still upon the grass that fringes the roadway, or to skim along the country roads in the cool of evening, is to enjoy sensations the memory of which makes the heart glad.

After the sensible class of riders succeed in

shaming the monkey-back wheelmen out of their foolish habits, the race will receive a physical uplift through the use of the bicycle. Thousands of men and women are better in health as a result of their riding the wheel. It is a cure for many ills, both of body and mind.

In short, it may be said that the bicycle is a great institution.

THE STRANGE AFFECTION OF ANIMALS.

At Beyreuth was noticed for some time that two goats always kept close together, one being especially watched and guarded by the other. On inspection it was shown that one goat was blind, and its companion, evidently knowing this, attached itself to its poor, afflicted friend and acted as its guide, showing untiring watchfulness and care. If any difficulties had to be overcome, or any precipices to be avoided, the faithful friend was certain to be seen at the side of the blind goat, tenderly guiding it. This went on for several months. But one day it was noticed that the blind goat was left to its own devices and quite forsaken by its former companion. How was this? Had the faithful friend in affliction grown weary of its self-imposed charge? No, the blind goat had recovered its sight, and therefore aid was unnecessary.

In the same neighborhood trout were reared, and they were transferred, according to their age, from smaller reservoirs refreshed by a running stream. A naturalist took great interest in these fish and fed them from a long-handled spoon. Soon all the trout regularly waited his arrival and stormed the eagerly-looked-for spoon. But there was one poor fish which was either pushed aside or missed its way to the point of attraction. It was blind. At last one of its companions took pity on it, led it up to the ladle, and saw that it obtained a share of the feast.—*Great Thoughts.*

THE AGE OF TREES.

The general impression heretofore has been that the age of a tree could be accurately judged by the number of rings showing on the trunk after the tree had been cut through. Continuous observation has caused this idea to be especially entertained by scientific foresters in Europe, but what has proved acceptable there, does not seem to hold good in tropical countries. We learn through reports from Palinque, an Indian village in the state of Chiapas, Mexico, that a certain tree when cut down in 1871 was found to possess no less than 1,700 rings. This, according to undisputed theory, proved the tree to be 1,700 years old. Twenty-two years later, in 1893, the same tree had acquired considerable second growth, with stems about ten inches in diameter. Upon cutting a number of these, it was found that in the course of twenty-two years there were two hundred and thirty so-called "annual" rings. Continued investigation showed that in some specimens a new ring was formed almost every month.

THE WORD "WIFE."

What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the great word with which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greeks. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that of "femme." But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is, and for a noble woman, it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet life for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is woman's true place and power.—*Ruskin.*

A KIND VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the seas. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.—*Elihu Burritt.*

SOLVING THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

The Dutch have worked out the tramp question to what they consider a final conclusion. The state maintains a farm of 5,000 acres, and every man applying for relief is sent there to earn his living. If the man won't work, he is sent to a labor colony where he has to work; but if he shows a disposition to get ahead and learns how to cultivate the soil, the state rents a small farm to him, where he is left to his own resources.

AMERICA FOR THE POOR MAN.

To begin with, the humbler kind of work is better paid in America than with us, the higher kind worse. The official, for instance, gets less, his office-keeper gets more. The public ways are abominably cut up by rails and blocked with horse-cars; but the inconvenience is for those who use private carriages and cabs, the convenience is for the bulk of the community who, but for the horse-cars, would have to walk. The ordinary railway cars are not delightful, but they are cheap, and they are better furnished, and in winter are warmer than third-class carriages in England. Luxuries are, as I have said, very dear—above all, European luxuries; but a workingman's clothing is nearly as cheap as in England, and plain food is on the whole cheaper. Even luxuries of a certain kind are within a laboring man's easy reach. I have mentioned ice, I will mention fruit also. The abundance and cheapness of fruit is a great boon to people of small incomes in America.—*Matthew Arnold.*

A MINISTER FOR NINETY-NINE YEARS.

Probably the oldest clergyman in the world was a Greek priest who lately died in Thessaly, Greece, after completing his one hundred and twentieth year. He never left the place in which he was born and where he died. He was accustomed to begin his priestly offices before sunrise, and to retire promptly at nine. His sight and hearing were in excellent condition to the day of his death, and he never made use of glasses. He was in the active ministry for ninety-nine years.

OREGON POTATOES.

Think of potatoes big enough that it only takes twenty-seven to make a bushel. It may be a little hard to believe, but you have only to step into the Enterprise office to have it verified. They were grown by B. H. Butler. The potatoes are a roundish, blue variety, but Mr. Butler did not know the name. Come in and see them. It will make you proud of your country, even if it has been a rather soggy old thing for several months.—*Garfield (Oregon) Enterprise.*

CAVE-DWELLERS.

The cave-animals of North America, according to Prof. A. S. Packard, of Brown university, comprise one hundred and seventy-two species of blind creatures, nearly all of which are mostly white in color.

WHEN THE PEACH WAS POISONOUS.

The peach was at one time a poisonous almond. Its fruity parts were used to poison arrows, and for that purpose was introduced into Persia.

FECUNDITY OF THE HOP-VINE PEST.

The hop-vine insect is able to produce 6,000,000,000 young during its life of a month or six weeks.

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See new patterns on page 13.



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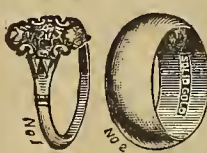
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Our Household.

GRAPE-VINE LACE.

ABBREVIATIONS.—S c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; st, stitch; ch, chain; ho, hole; sh, shell; tr, treble.

For the full size lace and edging.—First repeat the insertion to **.

For only the edging and border.—Of insertion, repeat the first row of shells, joining the border on together with the loops the same as the insertion.

For the border to match the insertion.—Make a ch of 32 st. Turn.

First row—1 s c in sixth st, ch 3, 1 tr in each of 3 next st, 2 ho, ch 2, miss 5 st, 1 sh in the next st, ch 2, 1 s c under the third st of 5 ch (the first loop of insertion and edging), ch 2, turn.

Second row—1 sh in sh, 3 ho, 4 tr, * ch 12, 1 s c in eighth st of ch, ch 3, miss 3 st, 1 d c in next st, turn; 2 tr in the ring, besides the 3 ch; 1 picot, and 3 tr in ring, three times. Repeat from * three times, making three wheels. (When making the first scallop—The first wheel, join the first in picot of the first row (5 st) and the third and first picot of each wheel, join together twice. The third wheel, repeat 1 picot and 3 tr, four times more (seven times in all). 1 s c in d c, * 3 tr, (1 picot and 3 tr) three times in the ring of the next wheel, 1 s c in d c. Repeat from * twice. Continue on in the third row and repeat from **. After the first scallop, the picots of the first wheel, join the first in picot of the twelfth row, join the second picot of each wheel, one in the first, third and fifth loop of 3 ch, join two, the first and third picots in the second and fourth loops of 3 ch, ch 5, turn. 1 sh in last picot of third wheel; * ch 2, 1 s c under the third st of 5 ch of the first scallop, ch 2, turn. 1 sh in sh, ch 5, turn. Repeat from * five times. 1 sh, ch 2, 1 s c in same loop the last s c is worked in, ch 2, turn.

Third row—3 tr and 1 picot, twice (in 1 ch of sh), and join the picots in the first and second picot of the last scallop crocheted. (The edge of the first scallop—The first picot is joined to the fourth picot of the third wheel, leaving the second picot vacant, unless the edges are wanted to be joined together. If so, omit making the first scallop, joining the last scallop to the shells and loops of the first scallop when crocheted.) * 3 tr, (1 picot and 3 tr) three times, all in loop of 5 ch. Repeat from * six

in first of 4 tr, ch 3, * 1 d c in next picot, ch 3, 1 tr in the picots (where two are joined together), ch 3. Repeat from * twice. 1 d c in next picot, ch 3, 1 sh in the next picot, ch 5, turn.

Fifth row—1 sh, ch 5, miss 3 ch and 1 d c st, 1 tr in next st, ch 2, miss 2, 13 tr, ch 2, 1 tr on each of 4 tr, 2 ho. Repeat the third row from the last *.

Sixth row—1 sh, 2 ho, 4 tr, ch 2, miss 2, 13 tr, 3 ho, ch 5, 1 sh, ch 5, turn.

Seventh row—1 sh, ch 2, 1 s c in third st of 5 ch, ch 2, and 1 tr on tr five times (4 ho), 10 tr, 2 ho, 4 tr. Repeat the third row from the last *.

Eighth row—1 sh, ch 2, 4 tr, ch 2, 16 tr, 3 ho, ch 2, 1 sh, ch 5, turn.

Ninth row—1 sh, ch 2, miss 2 ch twice and 1 tr st, 1 tr in next tr, ch 2, 10 tr, ch 2, 7 tr, ch 2, 4 tr. Repeat the third row from the last *.

Tenth row—1 sh, ch 2, 4 tr, 2 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 7 tr, ch 1, 1 sh, ch 5, turn.

Eleventh row—1 sh, ch 1, 1 tr in fourth st of 7 tr, ch 2, turn. * 1 sh, ch 3, turn. 1 sh, ch 2, miss 2 st, 1 tr in next st, ch 2, turn. Repeat from * six times (the first time ch 5, turn, instead of 3), miss 2 st, 4 tr. Repeat the third row from the last *.

Twelfth row—1 sh, 2 ho, 4 tr, ch 2, 1 d c in 1 ch of shell, ch 5, turn. 1 s c in d c, ch 3, 1 tr in each of the 3 next st, 2 ho. Repeat the third row from the last *.

Repeat from the second row for the length required.

GRAPE-VINE INSERTION.

First make a chain of 15 stitches. 1 sh (3 tr, ch 1, 3 tr) in ninth stitch, ch 2, 1 tr in last st of foundation chain, ch 5, turn. * 1 sh in sh, ch 5, turn. 1 sh in sh, ch 2, 1 tr in third st of 5 ch, ch 5, turn. Repeat from * for the length required. Having the loops of 5 ch, opposite the straight edge, divisible by 6, not counting the first loop of the foundation chain (8 ch). Then at the end, when the length is finished, ch 8, 1 d c in 1 ch of sh.

For beginning of the center.—Make a ch of 76 stitches. After the first row, when called, 1 ho, two or 3 holes, ch 2, miss 2 st, 1 tr in next st, and crochet 1 sh in each sh, and after the shells, 2 ch, will count as 1 ho, also the same before the shells, joining 1 tr on tr every time.

First row—1 sh in ninth st of ch, ch 2, miss 5 st, 7 tr, (ch 2, miss 2, 4 tr) twice, ch 2, miss 2, 1 tr, ch 2, miss 2, 4 tr, 6 ho, ch 2, miss 5 st, 1 sh in next st, ch 2, 1 s c under the third st of 5 ch. The first loop of the first row of shells crocheted, ch 2, turn.

Second row—1 sh in sh, 2 ho, 13 tr, 1 ho, 4 tr, 9 ho, 1 sh in sh, ch 5, turn.

Third row—1 sh, 8 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 13 tr, 3 ho, * 1 sh, ch 2, 1 s c under the third st of 5 ch. The next loop of the first row of shells crocheted, ch 2 st, turn.

Fourth row—1 sh, 4 ho, 10 tr, 2 ho, 4 tr, 7 ho, 1 sh, ch 5, turn.

Fifth row—1 sh, 7 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 16 tr, 3 ho. Repeat the third row from the *.

Sixth row—1 sh, 2 ho, 10 tr, 1 ho, 7 tr, 1 ho, 4 tr, 7 ho, 1 sh, ch 5, turn.

Seventh row—1 sh, 7 ho, 4 tr, 2 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 7 tr, 1 ho. Repeat the third row from the *.

Eighth row—1 sh, 9 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 13 tr, 2 ho, 1 sh, ch 5, turn.

Ninth row—1 sh, 3 ho, 13 tr, 1 ho, 4 tr, 8 ho. Repeat the third row from the *.

Tenth row—1 sh, 7 ho, 4 tr, 2 ho, 10 tr, 4 ho, 1 sh, ch 5, turn.

Eleventh row—1 sh, 3 ho, 16 tr, 1 ho, 4 tr, 7 ho. Repeat the third row from the *.

Twelfth row—1 sh, 7 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 7 tr, 1 ho, 10 tr, 2 ho, 1 sh, ch 5, turn.

Thirteenth row—1 sh, 1 ho, 7 tr, 1 ho, 4 tr, 1 ho, 4 tr, 2 ho, 4 tr, 7 ho. Repeat the third row from the *.

Repeat from the second row for the length required. Then at the end, after 1 s c under loop of the foundation chain (8 ch), ch 5, 1 d c in 1 ch of sh. (To make the edge straight and even with the shell), repeat the same as the next row, only omitting the shells, and count 1 ho less at the beginning and end of the row, ch 5, 1 d c in 1 ch of shell, ** ch 19 st, turn. 1 sh in ninth st of ch, * ch 2, 1 s c under the third st of 5 ch,

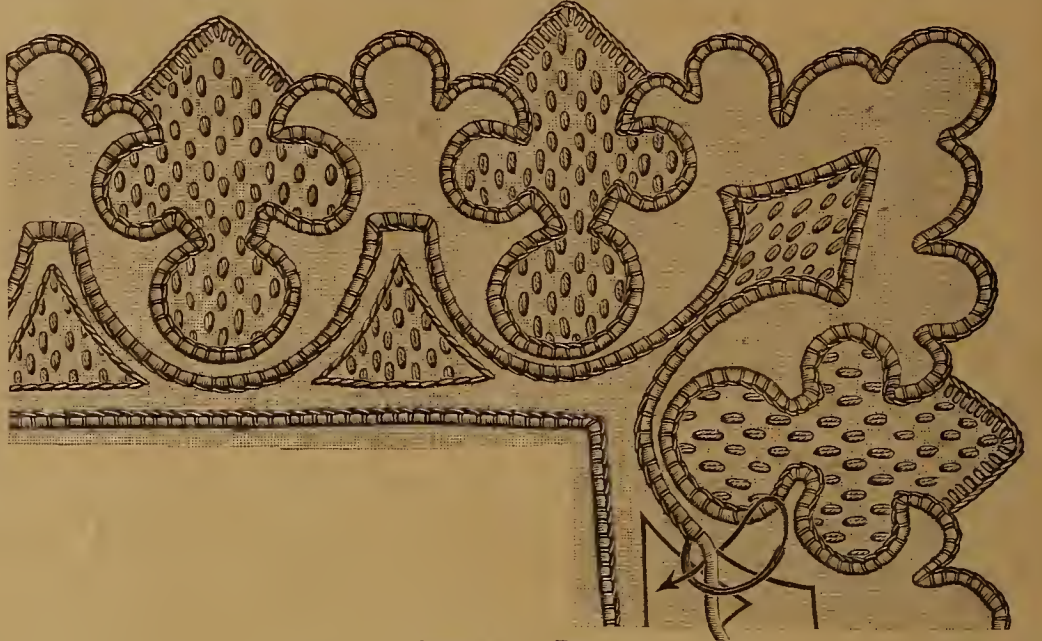
the first loop of the insertion, ch 2, turn. 1 sh in sh, ch 2, 1 tr in third st of ch, ch 5, turn; to make a straight edge, 1 sh in sh. Repeat from the last * for the length required. And at the end of the last row of shells, ch 5, 1 s c in 1 ch of shell, ch 5, 1 tr in third st of 5 ch. The insertion is all finished.

ELLA MCCOWEN.

UPON THE INCIVILITY OF MAKING LONG CALLS.

"My husband," said the minister's wife, "is breaking down, not from doing his

and I had a piece of work we were wild to finish before Martha went away, and we had just fairly started when Mrs. Von Bloom and her sister appeared. I told them frankly that we were very busy, and they assured us they did not mean to stay long. Of course they did not mean to, but Frailty, thy name is woman.' They stayed and talked and talked, until it seemed as if, like Tennyson's brook, they would go on forever. Such lovely, charming, cultivated women they are, too. How we would have admired them if they had gone at the



CORONATION BRAID.

work, which is a delight to him, but from the weariness of constantly receiving long calls. When a man or woman comes to him to speak of their soul's welfare, earnestly seeking after truth and light, that does not tire him—it is a joy and an inspiration—but oh, dear! the callers who spend hours of precious time in petty gossip, malicious scandals and inane nothings—the froth and tide wash of Babylon—they leave him completely exhausted and unfitted to think of any duty to God or man. What can we do?"

A young widow confided to me that she felt not the least among her afflictions, the long calls of condolence from well-meaning friends, who wanted to know all the particulars of her husband's death, and by their endless and cruel questionings opened her wounds afresh every day. One evening, while enduring this tortuous inquisition, she very nearly fainted away, and for a long while afterward she would see no one at all.

"Some friends," she said, "just leave their cards or a handful of flowers. I love them and appreciate their delicacy of feeling."

It is almost incredible how selfish women can be in this matter of calling. Seeking to kill time themselves, they will drop in and spend the best part of a morning or an afternoon without ever reflecting that you may have to lay aside the most pressing work to suit their pleasure and convenience.

"I should just like to wring their necks," said a literary woman as she ushered some friends of this sort out of her study. "I told them that I must finish this article, and they took it as a pleasing piece of news and stayed and stayed and stayed, until they have just as good as robbed me of ten dollars."

"My husband's business calls him up very early in the morning," said Mrs. Countryfield, giving me her experience, "and we are all tired enough at night to retire early, but we have one neighbor who never comes to call until about nine o'clock in the evening, and she stays until all hours of the night. Such a nice, soft-spoken kind of a woman she is, too, without a bit of life or animation about her to keep any one awake. It drives us nearly frantic sometimes. We call her 'the calamity,' and members of the family who can escape when they hear her voice at the door consider themselves lucky."

"I am driven from my home," said a delicate woman, "by these everlasting callers. I have tried having 'At Home' days, but they come other days just the same, and the more claims they have upon my courtesy, the more tired and exhausted they leave me. I go to the country, I go abroad, I go to sanatoriums, anywhere to get the peace and quiet my friends will not allow me to have at home."

"For pity's sake, don't make long calls if you want your friends to love and respect you," said bright, little Mrs. De-Fleury. "I had such an experience with the Von Blooms the other day. Martha

end of the first half hour and left us unruffled to return to our work; but they told us about their children and their grandchildren, and their neighbors, and their cats and their kittens, and the new books they had been reading, and their 'experiences.' At any other time, we would have been well entertained, for they are good talkers, both of them, but this especial afternoon I kept thinking of Martha's dress she needed to wear, and not a stitch taken in it, and I twisted my hands and looked at Martha, and Martha twisted her hands and looked at me, and we both looked at the clock, and the clock twisted its hands—well, the clock had nothing else to do—and the Von Blooms talked complacently on relating their entire family history back to the time of the Mayflower, and the afternoon waned and wasted away. We could have loved these people if they had told only one kitten story, or one experience, or gone back in their family history only one generation. We could have forgiven them if, when they had risen to take their departure, they had really gone, but they kept us standing on our feet fully half an hour, until we were ready to drop with fatigue. I believe they said good-by as many as six times, and then began over again. Finally, when they were outside the door, the stoutest Mrs. Von Bloom turned back her rosy, beaming face and said:

"We have enjoyed our call so much. It has been such a treat to meet with people who can talk."

"Talk! Why, we had not had the slightest opportunity to talk. We had been choked, suffocated, every feeling of courtesy outraged. When the door at last closed, Martha and I fell into each other's arms, with tears."

"How can a woman ever do anything, or be anything, when no one respects her time or considers that it has money value?"

FRANCES BENNETT CALLAWAY.

WORK OR PLAY?

Lezbeth was tired of it all. Tired of getting up with the robins; tired of the ceaseless round of duties calling her from kitchen to cellar, from milk-room to garden, from the dish-pan to the needle. Alas! even tired of the restless baby, whom she knew she loved with all of her being.

One morning when the gray dawn was breaking into day, Lezbeth was awakened by the twitter of birds just outside her window. As her mind awakened, the panorama of the day's duties spread before her with a sickening sense, and she questioned herself, "What is the use of it all? Can I bear it any longer? Will it be thus from day to day, year in and year out, always through life so?" Wearily she turned on her pillow and dreamed.

A machine, so strange in structure, was within touch of her hand. A sort of a keyboard it was, with little buttons labeled with words all over its surface. On examination, she found the words very familiar,



GRAPE-VINE LACE.

times. This completes the first scallop. 1 s c in first tr of the third wheel, * 3 tr, (1 picot and 3 tr) three times in the ring of the first wheel, 1 s c in d c. Repeat from the last * 3 times, ** joining the first and third picots of each wheel together twice. 1 s c in tr, ch 3, 1 tr in 3 next st, 2 ho, * ch 2, 1 sh in sh, ch 2, 1 s c under the third st of 5 ch (the next loop of insertion), ch 2, turn.

Fourth row—1 sh, 2 ho, ch 2, 4 tr, ch 2, 1 s c in first picot of wheel, ch 2, turn. 1 s c

one reading "breakfast," another "butter," another "chickens," another "patching;" in short, all of her domestic duties were covered with these strange yet familiar words. Instinctively she fingered the board and pressed the buttons, wondering the while what it all meant. Strange, strange! Why, here was one which bore her baby's name! With loving touch her finger lingered over the dear child's name, and in her sleep she murmured, "Bless him—bless him!"

Then in her dream Lezbeth arose, donned her blue calico dress and smoothed her hair, then went to the well and bathed her face in the clear, cold water; but it brought no refreshing comfort to her depressed soul. With lagging steps she went into her kitchen, muttering, "Another day!" A strange sight met her here. The fire was crackling, the kettle singing, and savory odors greeted her; and presto, a little bell tingled in businesslike tones, "Breakfast, breakfast! Walk out to breakfast!"

"How very fine!" thought Mrs. Lezbeth, seating herself at the table in obedience to a command which rang out from behind the coffee-urn. After breakfast she began her customary round of picking up the dishes, when, as if by magic, plates piled together, teacups twisted into each other, while spoon sought spoon, and every knife needs have a fork to comfort it. The dish-pan in great glee bid them flounder and flurry and splash in her deep sides, while near by snowy tea-towels polished them like silver. The whole house was in commotion. Dust-pans rattled and brooms waved in the air, while the dust-rag floated over all. The milk-skimmer played a lively tune over the milk-pans, and the churn-dasher flopped up and down in a creamy mass with unwavering thud; loaves of bread tumbled out of the oven, while on the shelves sat rows of sedate-looking pies.

"What magic is this?" quoth Dame Lezbeth, as she ran bewildered from place to place, only to find everything moving along as if by some unseen power. "Ah, me! What a realization confronts me—nothing to do! What ecstasy, what joy! At last I can read, and study, and dream."

Down she sank on a sofa, picked up a magazine and was soon lost in its pages. But habit was strong. She was not accustomed to inactivity; she became restless, and half reading, half thinking of her work, she soon exclaimed, "Well, I must go and let my chickens out; they need exercise." Accordingly, she donned her gingham sunbonnet and wended her way to the poultry-yard. No need of her here. The touch on those magic keys had reached all places of her domain.

On entering the house, a merry laugh rang out. "Baby is awake. How nice to have plenty of time to care for him." Eagerly she ran to him, but cried out in amazement to see him dressed and without need of her.

"What!" she cried almost fiercely, as her baby resisted all her efforts to engage him. "What! even this?"

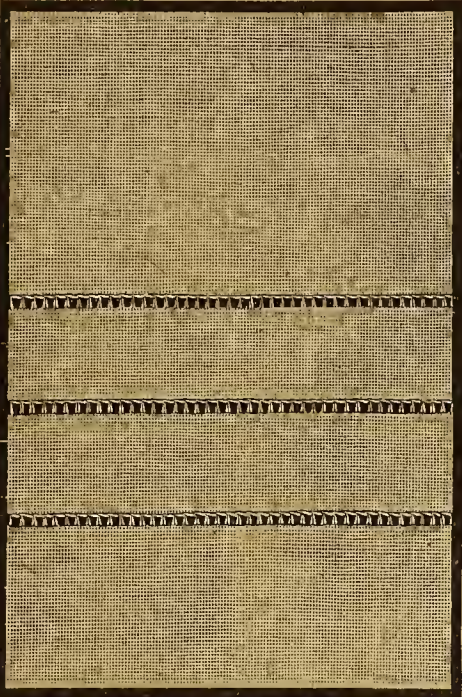
A pain tugged at her heart. She wandered aimlessly about. The attraction of her book had paled. She could at least sew; that little dress could be finished, those needed stitches should be taken in Henry's coat.

Ah, Lezbeth, your work is done! There is absolutely nothing waiting for your hands to perform; yet not a day of the "new dispensation" had passed away, and

A PRETTY TRIMMING FOR BABY'S GOWN.

Some bright little woman has devised the prettiest and the neatest trimming for baby's gown that you ever saw. And this is the way you make it:

Suppose baby's dress is swiss; for swiss makes such lovely dresses. You will want the hem at least an inch and a half, won't you? Well, then, cut a strip of swiss three inches wide; cut another two inches wide, and after lengthening the stitch and tight-



A PRETTY TRIMMING FOR BABY'S GOWN.

ening the tension, seam the two together. After that, pull apart until the threads show long, then turn the hem up and catch it along as you do in hemstitching. It looks precisely like drawn-work, is not half the trouble, and makes a lovely trimming. You can repeat the effect as often as you care to, by as many strips as you wish; though three, I think, is quite enough to look pretty.

MARGARET M. MOORE.

THE PROFITS OF A SMALL NURSERY.

In a former article I mentioned the sale of pansy and verbena plants at about twenty-five cents a dozen, as one means of increasing one's income. Since that article was written, I received a letter from a lady who has added not a little to her income by the sale of plants, seeds and bulbs, and I give her experience as stated.

She lives near a western town of twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants. Her first venture was to buy from a well-known and reliable florist ten dollars' worth of bulbs at wholesale prices. These she sorted, deciding what to keep and what to sell. Then she started to town to sell what she had to dispose of, taking orders for other bulbs and plants at the same time. She soon sold enough to repay her for the ten dollars originally invested, and to purchase the necessary pots for the bulbs for herself, as well as clearing the price of these—one hundred fine bulbs for pot culture, besides a large number of hyacinths, tulips, crocus and lilies-of-the-valley for outdoor culture. In the late winter, when her potted bulbs were ready to bloom, she readily sold all of them at an average price of twenty cents each. When selling these plants, orders were taken for flower and vegetable seed, thus "killing two birds with one stone."

Now, let us anticipate a little, and add to what she already has done many more things that she can as well do. Among her friends she would take large orders for flower and vegetable seeds, as well as of farm grains, potatoes, etc.; also small fruits. Until one tries it, they do not know how easy it is to get a person to buy a thing when once their attention is called to it, if it is really a good thing in its way.

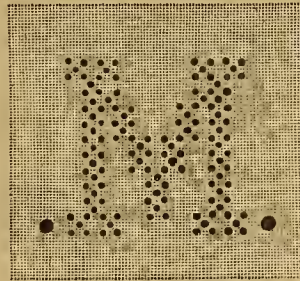
The woman we now have in mind also planted seeds of pansy, verbena, primrose, sweet alyssum, candytuft, petunias, stock, cosmos, asters and chrysanthemums in shallow boxes, transplanting if necessary, and sold many hundred plants at from twenty-five cents a dozen to twenty-five cents each, according to the age of the plants. Later, she took orders for roses, selling hundreds of plants at a good profit.

Just before commencement, Memorial day and at other times when cut flowers were likely to be wanted, she sold large

numbers of bouquets at from ten cents to twenty-five cents each. These she considered clear profit. It soon came to be well understood that orders for cut flowers or bouquets left at the stationer's store—where all entertainment tickets were sold—also at a certain grocer's, would be received by her and promptly filled. She also kept a few well-budded plants, or those just beginning to bloom, at these two places for sale, and as she was a regular customer, they did not charge her any commission.

Great bunches of sweet-peas, nasturtiums and some other cut flowers were left, during their season, at the stationer's, where they were retailed in quantities to suit the purchaser, the stationer charging one per cent commission. In the fall, the neighboring pastures and roadsides were made to yield to her income, for from them she gleaned brilliant masses of goldenrod, which sold at three sprays for five cents.

She thought of the old-fashioned everlasting flowers that used to grow in her grandmother's garden, and from a seed catalogue selected several varieties of these; among them white, lemon and deep yellow, but mostly scarlet and crimson, as these keep their colors better than any others. All summer long she was careful



INITIAL LETTER.

to save all the pretty, plumey grasses she found, as well as long, graceful sprays. These were hung in the cellar, head downward, to dry. The everlastings were cut and hung up in a closet to dry before the blossoms had completely unfolded, as they kept both form and color better if not allowed to ripen on the plant. Early in December a number of small bouquets of the everlasting flowers, grasses and sprays of evergreen were put on sale at ten cents each. A few tasteful holiday designs—among them, "Merry Christmas," "Happy New-Year," "Peace and Good Will," etc.—brought a good price; also bunches of the flowers, to be combined with evergreen and worked into designs, added a little to her income.

Thus we see that while the profit on no one thing was great, the many little things taken together made a neat sum for the year's earnings, and while it all took time and care, there was no really hard work connected with it.

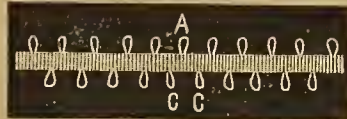
CLARA SENSIBLAUGH EVERTS.

FEATHER-EDGE BRAID LACE.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Sl st, slip stitch; ch, chain; s c, single crochet; tr, treble.

At the beginning, crochet 1 sl st in a loop of the braid; ** ch 2, 1 tr in next, * ch 5, miss 1 loop, 1 s c, or sl st, in next loop. Repeat from * nine times, ch 1 (1 s c in next loop) four times, ch 1, * 1 s c in next, ch 2, 1 s c in third st of 5 ch, ch 2, miss 1 loop. Repeat from the last * nine times, 1 tr in next loop, ch 3. Take back in the first tr made, 1 sl st, and 1 s c in each st of the 3 ch, ch 2.

The braid is in shape of this outline:



Be very careful to not let the braid get twisted. Beginning at C and count off (without the thread), putting the crochet-hook in the eighteenth loop, drawing the eighteenth loop on the opposite side from C through the loop on the hook, through the seventeenth loop first, on one side and then on the other. And be careful to not miss any of the loops from C. Then slip the hook through the loop of A, drawing it through the last loop of C. Now with the thread, 1 s c in the loop of A. Repeat from ** for the length required.

ELLA McCOWEN.

PROTECTION AGAINST INSECTS.

Many people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid sponged on the skin and hair, and in some cases the clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. The safest plan is to keep a saturated solution of the acid. The solution cannot contain more than six or seven per cent, and it may be added to water until the latter smells strongly. This may readily and with perfect safety be applied with a sponge.

A MIRACLE OF TO-DAY.

A STORY THAT EQUALS THE MIRACLES OF OLD—
A LITTLE GIRL SUFFERS TERRIBLE AGONY
FOR YEARS—PHYSICIANS SAID SHE
WOULD DIE—CURED AT LAST—HER
MOTHER SAYS IT IS A MIRACLE.

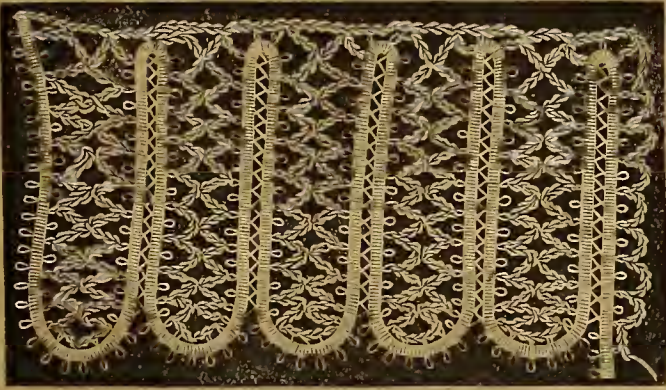
(From the Taunton, Mass., Gazette.)

The following story needs no comment whatever. It is the town talk in Wrentham, Mass., and the child's mother tells it as follows. Mrs. Fuller said: "My daughter is now eight years old. When she was four years old she had rheumatic fever, and at once she was stricken helpless; she went from bad to worse, until we all despaired of ever seeing her about again. I employed at various times physicians of Foxboro, Franklin and Attleboro, but all to no practical benefit. I gave her all sorts of medicines, and this spring I buried over two bushels of empty bottles which she had emptied from time to time. One doctor who attended her said that she had liver complaint and dropsy, and that she was going to die. I had given up all hope myself, when last March I happened to get hold of an Albany, N. Y., paper, and there I read of the wonderful cure of a man up that way by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the patient having been afflicted as my daughter was. At that time her legs were drawn up behind her, and her arms were almost helpless. Her head was drawn down on her shoulder, and she was a pitiful sight, I tell you.

"I sent and got two boxes of Pink Pills, and when she had used them up I thought I could see just a bit of improvement. Then I got two more, and she began to lift herself in bed, and to help herself in other ways. She kept on taking the pills, and now she is able to go over to the neighbors, and is bright and smart. She was a living skeleton; there was nothing to her but bones, and they were all out of shape. When she was first taken sick she was out of her head, and for three years, if you will believe me, it was an utter impossibility for me to catch more than five minutes' sleep at a time, so much care was she, and such constant attention did she require, and I was the only one she would let wait upon her. But I am glad I did so, and now I am getting my reward." And the fond, patient, faithful little woman glanced with pride and pleasure to the spot where the little girl was playing with her sister in the shade, just outside the window. "I have spent more than \$500 on her, and although I never begrudged it, yet I did want to see my child improve faster than she did. To-day she eats more at one meal than I do in two. When I commenced to give her the Pink Pills she was afflicted with a skin disease which was very annoying. Now that has all gone, and I think the pills are responsible for that. Before I started on the Pink Pills I wrote to a specialist in Buffalo, and described her symptoms; he said she had blood poisoning, due to bad milk, and wanted me to bring her there for treatment, although he said that he didn't believe she would ever get over it. She had been given up by four doctors, who were certain that they could not cure her. Why, she couldn't open her mouth, and I actually had to force the food into it. Her mouth was all sores, and oh, dear, what a looking child she was, and such a care! Nobody but myself knows what a trial we both have been through, for she was too young to realize it. If my statement will do anybody any good I shall be glad to have it published, and if those who read it will only come to me, if they are skeptical, I can convince them in very little time that I know what I am talking about. People around here say it was a miracle, and I believe it was."

The neighbors bore witness to the condition of the child previous to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and were enthusiastic in their praises of the splendid work which had been accomplished by them in this case.

Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ontario.



FEATHER-EDGE BRAID LACE.

Lezbeth, who had thought so bitterly of fate for filling her hands so full of duties, now longed for work.

The baby by his mother's side stirred uneasily. He awoke and laid his chubby hand on her face, stroked it and cooed. Lezbeth opened her eyes and clasped her baby to her breast, and for very joy she cried aloud, "Thank God for work!"

MARY D. SIBLEY.

Our Household.

HOME TOPICS.

FARM-HOUSE HYGIENE.—The farm home, with such an abundance of sunshine, pure air and water as naturally belong to it, ought to be the abode of health; at least there would seem to be no excuse for such diseases as diphtheria, typhoid fever, etc., which are caused by the presence of filth germs, but the facts in the case are that the ratio of these diseases is greater in the country than in the city. This must be the

The best arrangement that I know of for disposing of kitchen slops is to have a galvanized or painted sheet-iron tank, with a close cover, and every night let it be wheeled to the garden and emptied.

This would take but a few minutes of time, and the fertilizing value of the water would pay for the trouble, to say nothing of the sanitary value of this method. If this tank is set in a frame with a wheel like a wheelbarrow, the emptying will be more convenient. It is wonderful what an amount of fertilizing material can be secured in this way, and the growth of veg-

away. Coronation braid, a material in use many years ago, is being revived for tracing a pattern on linen. It launders well, and is more speedy than needlework upon the linen.

The late summer sales will offer many bargains, that if one could grasp will be of advantage in the coming year. L. L. C.

TABLE NOTES.

The housekeeper's ingenuity in providing dainty Lenten dishes that will not pall on the appetite from repetition is greatly taxed. Fried eggs, boiled eggs and omelets

come to be worse than a thirty-days' regimen of quail. The following recipes are first-class, and ring a welcome change on the old monotony:

EGGS AND ASPARAGUS.—Put a good spoonful of butter in a frying-pan, and when melted, break into it six eggs; add a pinch of salt, pepper and a dash of grated nutmeg. Mix well while cooking, and add a teacupful of soft-boiled asparagus

tops. The cooking should be done quickly, taking about three minutes. When done, turn into a hot dish; squeeze a little lemon-juice over it, and send to the table piping hot. Scrambled eggs may be made with mushrooms, artichokes, chipped beef or boiled salsify.

EGGS AU GRATIN.—Put in a bowl a teaspoonful of bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of butter, three chopped anchovies, a little chopped parsley, a shallot and thyme, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper and a dusting of nutmeg and the yolk of three eggs. Mix well; butter a baking-pan and cook on top of the stove for about three minutes, then break over it six eggs and set the pan in the stove and bake for five minutes, or until the eggs set. Sprinkle the egg, before it goes in the stove, with salt. It must be served hot.

FILLETS OF EGGS.—Mix six raw eggs with a pinch of salt and a spoonful of brandy. Pour in a buttered baking-dish and cook in the oven for four minutes. Let them cool, cut into slices, dip into pancake batter and fry in hot butter. Serve garnished with parsley.

EGGS AND TOMATOES.—Season and cook a pint of canned or raw tomatoes. Add to it a chopped pepper, and fry brown a couple of chopped shallots, which add, with the butter in which fried, to the tomato sauce. Prepare and place six poached eggs on buttered toast, pour the sauce over them and serve.

In poaching eggs, add a teaspoonful of vinegar to the water; it will prevent the whites from spreading.

CHEESE OMELET.—Beat six eggs in a bowl, using a spoon; add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, Parmesan preferred, also a pinch of pepper, and then cook as an ordinary omelet. Turn out on a hot dish, sprinkle a little grated cheese on top, and set in the oven for five minutes. This is nice served with a sauce made of mushroom liquor and soup stock, to which a gill of Madeira wine has been added.

EGGS AND CREAM.—Put half a pint of rich cream on to boil, then drop in it as many eggs as you wish to poach. Season with salt and pepper. Cook two minutes, and then set the pan in the oven for two minutes more, or until the eggs are quite set. If preferred, the cream can be thickened slightly with a teaspoonful of flour and flavored with a bit of butter before the eggs are put in it.

EGGS AND ANCHOVIES.—This is a nice luncheon dish. Take hard-boiled eggs, cut in half, remove the yellow, which crush in a bowl with salt, lemon-juice and anchovies, allowing one to each egg. Then stuff the whites with this mixture, and serve with or without a little mayonnaise sauce.

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A lady who suffered for years with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhea and other irregularities, finally found a safe and simple home treatment that completely cured her without the aid of medical attendance. She will send it free with full instructions how to use it to any suffering woman who will send her name and address to Mrs. D. L. Orme, South Bend, Ind.

A GRAND WORK.

Am very much pleased with all the patterns I have received. Think you are doing a grand thing for your old subscribers.
Mrs. ALBERTA ROBBINS, St. Joseph, Mo.
See new patterns on page 13.



LATE SUMMER STYLES IN HATS.

result of ignorance, or criminal carelessness, in neglect of sanitary measures.

It is no uncommon thing to see the dish-water, soap-suds from washing, and various other house slops, thrown on the ground but a few feet from the kitchen door, often standing in slimy pools, while the ground all about is saturated with the waste matter that has been thrown there for years. It is plainly evident to the nostrils that the air is being poisoned, and if the well is as near to the kitchen door as it ought to be, nothing can hinder its supply from being contaminated. An underground drain from the kitchen sink, unless it connects with a thoroughly constructed system of house drainage, put in by competent plumbers, is liable to be even more dangerous.

etables to which it is applied will be surprising to one who has never before tried it.

Farm-house water-closets are another fertile source of disease, as they are often constructed with a vault which holds the accumulation of years. Instead of a vault, galvanized iron buckets should be used and a good supply of road-dust or finely-sifted coal ashes kept on hand for use in them every day, and the buckets emptied into the compost heap or buried in the garden once a week. The waste from the sleeping-rooms should not be emptied in the closets, but taken at once to the compost heap, or poured around trees and vines at a distance from the house, and a little dry earth thrown over the top. Every "nook and cranny," both indoors

and out, should be watched, that no filth can accumulate to poison the air.

Soiled clothing, old shoes, musty closets and even dirty dish-cloths are disease breeders. Let nothing escape your scrutiny. Do not say that all this is "too much trouble," or that you "haven't time."

Nothing is too much trouble that will keep the air pure and sweet around the home and lessen the danger of the approach of disease. Leave something else undone, if need be, but anything that pertains to the health of the family must be of paramount importance. MAIDA McL.

NOVELTIES.

The late summer styles always appear in time to give one a new idea for a late season dress. The one illustrated is particularly beautiful for the end of the season. The skirt is black silk. The blouse can be of silk or wool, with velvet or silk sleeves. It is peculiarly adapted for young married ladies.

The array of hats given will give a new idea for retrimming for the fall.

In the use of various articles on linen, we have before spoken of cord used with a buttonhole-stitch. The pattern given is a very neat one. A good quality piece lace comes to baste under the pattern, which appears when it is cut



LATE SUMMER STYLES IN DRESSES.

Remember

the name:

The De Long

PATENT HOOK AND EYE. Also notice on face and back of every card the words:

See that

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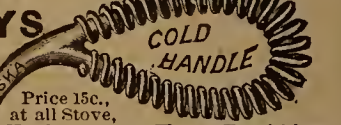


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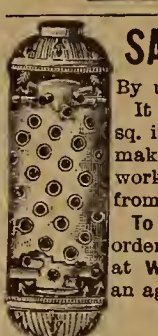
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SUMMER STYLES FOR LADIES—LATEST NEW YORK FASHION NOTES.

LADIES' BASQUE.

This stylish basque is simple in construction and extremely attractive in appearance, the fanciful lapels and bertha giving fashionable breadth to the figure. The full puffs trimmed with lengthwise stripes of the gimp, droop gracefully over fitted sleeves that are faced with the cloth, and trimmed at the wrists with double bands of this handsome trimming. Gimp could be added to outline the lower edge of the basque if preferred.

The mode admits of many styles of decoration, and combinations of different materials can be stylishly effected. The simulated yoke could be of some bright color covered with lace, insertion to match being used in place of the gimp. Cashmere with moire, plain and brocaded silk, flowered and plain crepon, challis, India silk and many other charming materials, making rich combinations by the mode.

LADIES' PRINCESS GOWN.

This design is particularly becoming to ladies of generous proportions, especially when made of striped material, with front, sleeves and bertha of the darkest color. The long, unbroken lines take away from the breadth by apparently adding to the height. The mode is suitable for almost any kind of material, and can be made to do duty as a walking-dress, tea-gown or wrapper, as well as on ceremonious occasions. All depends on the materials used and the style of trimming, the design being just as available for silk of the finest grade as for cotton fabrics.

A handsome dinner gown made from this design was of brocaded taffeta in green and tan shades. The front was of green satin covered with lace, the points of the lace meeting in the center. The lower portions of the sleeves were decorated to match, and the bertha frill of green satin was covered with a frill of lace. A choux of green satin ribbon was worn at the side, a ruffle of lace over green satin finishing the bottom of the skirt.

LADIES' BASQUE.

This cool-looking basque is in the latest London style, being the favorite of the season with our English sisters. Made of white linen duck, double-breasted and close-fitting, it is worn without a vest, the chemisette, collar and cuffs of white or colored linen alone being necessary. This makes it the coolest garment imaginable, and very desirable for midsummer.

A stock bow of black satin is worn at the neck. A double row of small, round pearl buttons close the fronts. The shoulder seams are fashionably long and the sleeves full and drooping. Stylish hip pieces fit smoothly, rippling at the lower edges, as is the latest mode. This style is also suitable for tweed, chevot, hopsack or any of the summer wool suitings, galatea, twill, canvas, grass linen, pique and all styles of summer outing fabrics.

A popular fancy is to face the collar, lapels and cuffs with a darker color, either in linen or velvet. White pique was thus made with facings of olive-green velvet, and worn with a white sailor hat with olive velvet band.

LADIES' COAT BASQUE.

Various combinations will be suggested by this mode, which is dressy enough to be worn on the most ceremonious occasions. The revers and cuffs can be made of cloth the same as the jacket, and worn with any style of vest preferred, omitting the vest here given, and simply finishing the edges with machine-stitching in tailor style.

Hopsacking, serge, velours, plain and mixed chevots, cashmere, vigogene, etc., are combined with silk moire, bengaline, armure, satin, taffeta and silk grenadine to make stylish basques by the mode.

LADIES' CORSAGE WITH FRENCH FIGARO.

The Figaro of olive moire has full sleeve-caps of point de Paris lace, the French rolling collar being edged with iridescent sequins. The fullness of the waist is becomingly disposed over fitted linings, the full, drooping sleeves fitting the arm to the elbow. Both waist and jacket can be worn independently of the other, being given complete in this pattern, to be made separately if so desired. The mode is available for all styles of wash silks—taffeta, India and surah—batiste, dotted and plain Swiss, mull, lawn, grass linen, sateen, chambray or other seasonable cotton fabrics.

The Figaro can be made entirely of lace if preferred, or of satin, velvet or moire and other rich materials, the trimming to be in accordance with individual taste. A wrinkled belt is worn at the waist, which can be omitted in favor of the newer silk or velvet bands with silver buckles or clasps.

LADIES' VISITE CAPE.

Although a warm-looking garment for midsummer, it is greatly in demand at seaside and mountain resorts, as well as for general wear on cool days anywhere. Linings of bright changeable taffeta give distinctive mode. This is not imperative when the cape is made of ladies'-cloth or broadcloth, and trimmed as here shown, but very necessary when the cape is made from moire, corded silk, bengaline or velvet. Lace, insertion, gimp, ribbon, braid, satin folds, pipings and other fancy trimmings are all fashionable for decoration by the mode.

40 CENT PATTERNS FOR 10 CENTS.

Any THREE Patterns and the Farm and Fireside for the remainder of this year to NEW TRIAL subscribers, 35 cents.

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand for our paper among strangers, and to make it more valuable than ever to our old friends, we decided to offer them to the lady readers of the Farm and Fireside for the remarkably low price of only 10 Cents Each.

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Tens of thousands of orders have been received from ladies all over the United States, yet we have not had a single complaint—instead, many letters of praise. "I paid 40 cents for a wrapper pattern last spring, exactly like the one I got of you for 10 cents," writes one lady. Another writes, "I find them perfect, and am able to do my own dressmaking by using them." Another, "I cut the dress by your pattern without making a single change

and got a perfect fit." Another, "the patterns are so complete and instructions so clear that they give perfect satisfaction." Another, "I don't see how you do it. You deserve the thanks and patronage of every lady reader of your paper." Another, "It does make your paper even more valuable than ever to your old friends. I saved enough to pay my next year's subscription, on the two patterns ordered from you."

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every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received. For convenience in ordering we have inserted a coupon below, which can be cut out and filled in as indicated, and returned to us with a silver dime, or 10 cents in new, clean postage-stamps, for each pattern wanted.

You can order any of the patterns which have been offered in the back numbers of the Farm and Fireside. Order by the number.

Do not fail to give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls and children. Order patterns by their number.

We guarantee every pattern to be perfect and exactly as represented. To get BUST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms. Postage paid by us.

Price of each pattern, 10 cents.

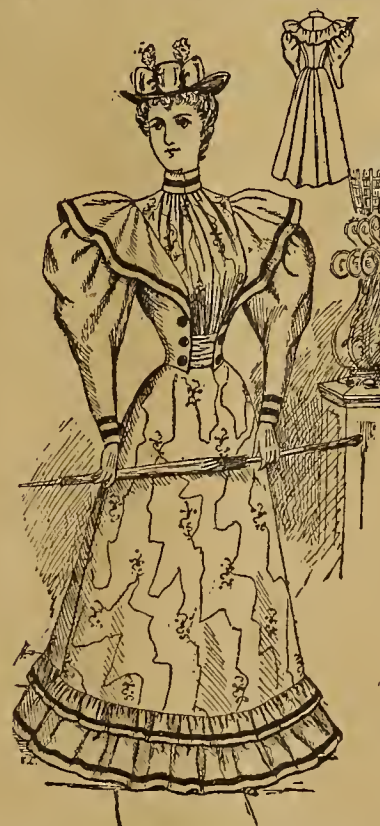


No. 6156.—LADIES' DRESSING SACK. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

No. 6157.—LADIES' YOKE PETTICOAT. 10 cents. Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.



No. 6159.—LADIES' PRINCESS GOWN. 11 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. This pattern is so large and heavy that it requires 1 cent extra to cover the additional postage. Send 11 cents for this pattern.



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Our Sunday Afternoon.

ANTICIPATION.

Oh, the glorious, happy time,
When in rapture all sublime,
Christ our Savior will appear,
With our friends we hold most dear,
Glad reunion to restore,
All united evermore.

Praise his name! let all rejoice
Who have made the Lord their choice;
Him who died upon the tree,
Making full salvation free;
Calling everyone to come,
And to share his glorious home.

Oh, dear Savior, may we be
Ever faithful unto thee;
Looking to thee for relief,
In our every time of grief,
Knowing that thy promise sure,
Is to all who shall endure.

Now uphold us by thy power,
In our every trying hour,
Waiting for our Lord to come
To conduct his children home.
Oh may we all ready be
Our dear blessed Lord to see.

THE HASTY WORD.

TO THINK before you speak is so wise an axiom that one would hardly think it needful to emphasize it by repetition. And yet in how many cases the hasty temper flashes out in the hasty word, and the latter does its work with the precision and the pain of the swift stiletto! Singularly enough, the hasty word oftentimes wounds those who love one another dearly, and the very closeness of their intimacy affords them opportunity for the sudden thrust. We know the weak points in the armor of our kinsman and our friends; we are aware of his caprices, and ordinarily are tender and compassionate even of his vanities and his small fancies and whims; but there dawns a day when it is written in the book of fate that we shall be as cruel as we are loving. We are cold, or tired, or hungry. We are anxious over unpaid bills, or our expected letters have not arrived, or one of the children is ailing, and we dread the outcome of the malady. Our politeness fails us, fortitude is vanquished, philosophy is an abeyance, and we say that which we repent in sackcloth and ashes. But though the hasty word may be forgiven, it is not at once forgotten. It has flawed the crystal of our friendship; the place may be cemented, but there is a shadowy scar on the gleaming surface. Oh, if the word of haste had but been left unspoken; if the strong hand of patience had but held back the sword as it was about to strike!

THREE KINDS.

It has been noted that there are three stages of growth commonly discernable in the Christian consciousness concerning prayer; namely, prayer as a refuge in emergencies, prayer as a habit at appointed times, and prayer as a state of continuous living. This last stage—indicated in Scripture by such phrases as "Pray without ceasing," "Praying always with all prayer and supplication"—is realized by comparatively few. But it is our only safety, as well as our highest delight and deepest peace. Since we are in continual peril from the manifold temptations on every side, we should be in continual prayer. Only this can correct the restlessness so readily fostered by the present age. Only this can bring power, for it gives us unbroken contact with him who alone is mighty. The things which are done in a spirit of prayer are very sure to prosper. Both mental and moral health are inseparably linked with it. Let us pray more! Let us pray always!—*Zion's Herald.*

HINDU HABITS.

The Hindu meal is a simple affair. Every high-caste Hindu is a vegetarian. Your vegetarians here include so many animal substances that our people stand aghast when they are mentioned. Your vegetarians eat eggs, oftentimes fish, perhaps grease and lard, perhaps soups and broths of doubtful composition. In India the touch of egg and lard and fish would be almost as contaminating as beef itself. Vegetarianism simply means butter, milk, sugar, flour, rice, pulse and herbs. Everyone has not the means to buy all this, so the food that is generally eaten is some unleavened white bread and stewed pulse, or some rice with curried vegetables. In Bengal (I do not know nuder what precedents), the people generally eat fish, but

in the upper provinces, or in Bombay and Madras, where Hinduism is more strict, fish is quite as forbidden as meat. During the day the Hindu generally takes an hour's siesta. He gets up at four o'clock in the morning and goes to bed from nine to ten o'clock. He works all the time that he is awake, works on week-days and on Sundays, week in and week out. He has no Sabbath. And as a rest from his incessant labor, he enjoys an hour's rest during the hottest part of the day.—*Mazoomdar's Lecture.*

MAKE A BUSINESS OF IT.

"What church do you attend?" was asked of a bright, attractive young fellow doing business in one of our large cities.

"Oh, I just run around," he answered, gaily. "I don't understand the difference between the churches; in fact, there is a great deal in the Bible itself which I don't understand, and until I do, of course, I can't join any church."

"How many hours a day do you spend studying this matter?" asked his questioner.

"Hours?" he repeated in surprise.

"Well, then, minutes?"

The young man was dumb.

"Ah," said his companion, with a patient sadness, "not one! If you thought a knowledge of geology necessary to your success in life, or astronomy, or shorthand, you would not think of spending less than an hour a day in its study, perhaps two, perhaps three; and you would not expect to know or understand it without that exertion. But the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ, of salvation—the highest and deepest of knowledge—you sit around and wait for, as if it would come like a flash of lightning!"

Does any reader see a likeness to himself in this young man of business?

CERTAINTY OF THE RESURRECTION.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the great miracle which puts the divine seal of approbation to the whole work of Christ. It is the immovable foundation of the Christian church and the pledge of the future resurrection of believers. "I live, ye shall live also." Nothing but a miracle can account for the sudden elevation of the disciples from the midnight gloom of despondency, into which the crucifixion had cast them, to the midday height of joy and triumph with which they boldly declared the resurrection at the risk of their lives. Only this miracle can explain the conversion of Paul, and the establishment of the Christian church. Without it, the church would be a stream without a fountain, a temple without a base, an effect without a cause; without it, the gospel would be an idle dream, and Christ himself a cruel deceiver. I. Cor. XV: 17. But the fact is the most certain in history. It is distinctly asserted by our four evangelists, whose testimony nowhere shows greater independence of each other, and in the Acts of the Apostles; it is preached directly or assumed in all the epistles; it has been so believed for eighteen centuries and commemorated on every Lord's day.—*Schaff.*

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Governor Flower has not yet heard the last of the popular disgust with his conduct in vetoing the bill prohibiting the flying of foreign flags from public buildings. Throughout the length and breadth of the country, press and public denounce his conduct as an outrageous exhibition of arrant demagoguery. Even newspapers devoted to the interests of foreign residents in the United States, and printed in the vernacular of other nationalities than our own, express amazement that an American official of Flower's rank should thus venture to snap his fingers at the obvious sentiment of his constituents in the matter. The more one ponders Flower's bold truckling to what is at least a dubious element of the community, the less inexcusable seems his offense. It bears such a convincing resemblance to constructive treason, and treason of any kind is the unpardonable sin.—*Illustrated American.*

GOD'S WILL MY PLEASURE.

A good colored man down South in the days that followed the war had saved by hard work and careful economy enough to build him a little cabin, and into it he had received a poor paralytic having no other claim upon him than that of humanity. During his absence the cabin caught fire, and as the neighbors had all they could do to get out the paralytic, the house and con-

teuts were totally consumed. When the owner returned and surveyed the scene, he thought upon it briefly, and then exclaimed, "Since it is His will, it ought to be my pleasure, and it shall be."

Nobly said! What could be better? This little candle may well throw its beams afar. This man's spirit we would all do well to imitate. He was taught of the spirit, and was wise above earthly sages. A church in Boston, hearing of the incident, readily raised for him the hundred dollars needed to replace his cabin. And so his faith was rewarded, even in temporalities, over and above the rich spiritual feast which it must have brought him.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE MOTHER A HISTORIAN.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother and render her deeply circumspect, prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the memory of a child no lapse of time can efface. How careful, then, should every mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful and how serious to write the eternal truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf!—*Phrenological Journal.*



A HEALTHY MAN

In the accompanying illustration is seen the picture of a healthy man.—Every facial feature indicates a sound physical condition. Dissipation holds no place here. With sparkling eyes, ruddy complexion and rotund cheeks, this man betrays no evidence of ever being wheedled and charmed by unholy pleasures. Many a "wild oat" has he sown, however, but his present healthy condition was restored through the aid of a remarkable and most effective prescription which I send absolutely free of charge. There is no humbug or advertising catch about this. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you may do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me, as this remedy restored me to the condition shown in illustration after everything else had failed. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose stamp if convenient. Address

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Queries.

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Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Sage-growing.—D. C. A., Illinois, asks a number of questions about sage.

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Pick in dry weather. If I did not want seed, I would cut close, or remove all seed stalks anyway. Plants will live if set in the fall. I would like to have some of our readers who grow sage for market tell us something about the industry—how they handle the plant, when they pick, how they dry, where they sell the product and how much it pays, etc. Let us hear from you, please.—In answer to another query, let me say that I usually reply to letters asking for private advice, but I cannot agree to do that.

Briers and Stumps in Pasture—Grass after Wheat.—M. R. W., Cambria, Va., writes: "I want to know the best and quickest way to get rid of briers and stumps in grass land.—Is it profitable to sow grass seed with wheat after a crop of corn, and what fertilizer is best for getting a good stand of grass?"

REPLY:—To get rid of the stumps, use a good stump-puller or blow them out with dynamite. Mow off the briers and pasture the land closely with sheep. They will take care of the young sprouts.—Timothy and bluegrass can be sown with the wheat, and clover the following spring. Drill in with the wheat two hundred pounds of good superphosphate, if you do not have enough good, well-composted stable manure for a top-dressing.

Mushrooms Outdoors.—W. H. E., Michigan, writes: "Can you tell me how to grow mushrooms, and where I can get seed? The soil around this part of the country is almost all red sand."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I suppose you want to raise mushrooms in open ground, but it is now too late "to sow the seed." Spawn (the dormant mushroom-plant) can be bought from any dealer in seeds and garden supplies. In June or July take a supply along, and a spade, and go into a rich old pasture lot or on a rich lawn; cut down with the spade and raise up a corner of the sod; drop a piece of spawn about as big as a hen's egg into the opening, and let the sod fall back upon it. Do this in different spots, and if the weather is favorable, you may expect mushrooms to spring up in October. But the method of making a manure bed in a cellar or other cool, dark room where a uniform temperature of about 55 degrees can be maintained, gives surer results, of course with some trouble.

Rhubarb Queries—Maple-blight.—A. C. C., Massachusetts, writes: "Does the large or wine rhubarb diminish in size from year to year when not properly cared for? If so, can it be returned to its original condition to produce large stalks, and if so, how? What is considered the best early variety of the wine-plant, and what is the best time to set out and reset rhubarb?—Can you give the cause and remedy for the leaves on a maple shade tree, which has been set out four years, and which, previous to this season, has looked thrifty, rusting, decaying and dropping off in large numbers?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—See reply to Mrs. E. B., of Illinois, on the same question. Take up your plants, divide, and reset in rich, well-prepared soil at least four feet apart each way, and give high feeding and high cultivation. Rhubarb wants rich, loose, warm soil to do its best. The best early variety that our seedsmen catalogue, I suppose is Linnaeus or Myatt's.—Your maple-tree is undoubtedly affected with a bad case of the maple leaf-spot disease. Since the tree is yet small, you may try next spring the preventive virtues of spraying with the Bordeaux mixture.

Growing Pie-plant for Market.—Mrs. E. B., Illinois, writes: "Please tell me something about pie-plant. Will it hurt the plants to pull the stalks rather close, especially in dry weather? We want to set another patch. Would it be best to take the whole plant up, divide and set in new ground, or would it do just as well to take part away and leave the other stand where it is? We cover the patch three or four inches deep with old compost every winter. Would more do harm, or not?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Pulling off one set of stalks after another must necessarily be a great drain on the plants' vitality. This accounts for the tendency of plantations to run down in a very few years. You have to keep up the strength of the plant by heavy feeding. In fact, it would be difficult to overdo in this respect with old compost. Nitrate of soda may also be given at good rates in spring; say 500 pounds to the acre. And even with heavy feeding, the plantation should be taken up and another patch started anew, from time to time. In the position you are in, I think I would just cut out, with a spade, almost one half of each plant, leaving the rest and starting a new patch with the roots taken up, of course planting them in rich and well-prepared land. Use plenty of manure and fertilizers, year after year. Another year when you have a new plantation in full bearing, you can take up the old one and reset the plants, after proper division, into a new place also.

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VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Shoulder-boil.—F. T. B., Oman, Tex. If the shoulder-boil does not hurt your mule, relieve it from pressure and leave it alone. Its removal requires a surgical operation, to be performed by a competent surgeon.

A Kicking Cow.—J. B. P., Attleboro Falls, Mass., writes: "Please tell me the best remedy to apply to a kicking cow."

ANSWER:—If your cow kicks while being milked, hobble her and then treat her gently, and thus convince her of two things—first, that kicking is useless; and second, that nobody wants to hurt her.

Shoulder-joint Lameness.—L. G., Danforth, Ill., writes: "I have a mare with the shoulder-joint lameness. What will effect a cure?"

ANSWER:—I do not know what you call shoulder-joint lameness, therefore cannot answer your question. It will not be necessary, either, because one who is able to make such a definite diagnosis ought to have no difficulty in devising a suitable treatment.

Cartarrhal Pneumonia.—J. L. H., Lowell, writes: "I have a mule which a veterinarian said has catarrh of the lungs. Can you tell me what to do for it?"

ANSWER:—The veterinarian who made the diagnosis will also know how to treat the case. I at best would have to take his word for the correctness of the diagnosis; and not being informed of the conditions, surroundings, etc., would rather leave the treatment to one who is.

A Diseased Cow.—N. A. A., Elston, Ohio, writes: "I have a cow that has wolf in the tail, and as she has no horns, I think it is in her head. She is stiff all over, and can hardly get up. She has run down in flesh. She had garget in her udder some time ago."

ANSWER:—"Wolf in the tail" is an imaginary disease; or if you prefer, simply a term intended to hide ignorance. Your cow undoubtedly suffers from some cachectic disease, but the nature of the same does not appear from your description.

Sore Neck in a Colt.—X. Y. Z., Michigan. It seems you made two serious mistakes. First, you used a collar that did not fit; and secondly, when you found that the neck (probably withers) of your colt was bruised, you, instead of relieving the sore part, concentrated the pressure upon it by your "patent" pad, and thus made it worse. As it is now, it may be that a surgical operation has to be performed. I therefore advise you to consult a competent veterinarian. At best the treatment will be a tedious one, and unless conducted by a good veterinarian, will be a failure.

A Barren Mare—Heaves.—P. D., P. E. I., Canada. I cannot advise you in regard to your barren mare, because there is more than one anomaly, or abnormal condition productive of barrenness.—Your other mare, it seems, is affected with heaves, which may be defined as a chronic, feverless and incurable difficulty of breathing. If you feed considerable grain, no tame hay—especially no hay that is dusty or musty—see to it that the animal does not receive any bulky food, is never constipated, and has always fresh air to breathe, you can mitigate the conditions, but not cure her.

Probably a Case of Osteomalacia.—P. D. E., Winter Haven, Fla. What you describe looks like a case of osteomalacia, and if the water for drinking is destitute of lime salts, and the vegetation in consequence also is deficient, especially in phosphate of lime, it is very likely possible that such cases occur in your district. The remedy consists in making up for the defect by feeding comparatively large quantities of food which contains these lime salts in abundance; for instance, wheat bran and leguminous plants, or even admixtures of bone-meal to the food. Lime thrown into the water for drinking supplies lime, but not the phosphates needed, and therefore is rejected and can do no good.

Calves Dying.—D. W. G., Pillar Point, N. Y., writes: "What is the matter with my calves? I have lost three, aged about six weeks. They were fed on sweet milk from a Cooley creamer, but always warmed. They suddenly commenced to turn around, and kept doing so until they fell down, all the while frothing at the mouth, and seemed to be in great agony. They died inside of twenty minutes, and immediately became very stiff. I do not know of anything they could get that is poisonous."

ANSWER:—What you describe looks most decidedly like the effect of an acute poison; probably of a metallic poison. Still, the data you give are not sufficient to make a definite diagnosis. A careful investigation, including

a chemical analysis of the contents of the stomachs of a dead calf, will probably reveal the true cause of death.

Chronic Inflammation of the Uterus.—A. M. S., Riceville, Tenn. If your mare has been badly torn in the vagina and rectum, there is probably no remedy. The nasty discharges you speak of may come from the vagina alone, but also from both vagina and the uterus. A careful examination has to reveal their source. If they come from the uterus, a chronic inflammation of that organ will be found at the bottom of it. In that case it will be advisable to first make a thorough irrigation with warm water, so as to remove the accumulated purulent exudates, and then to make once or twice a day an injection with some mild antiseptic; for instance, with a one-per-cent solution of either carbolio acid or creoline (Pearson) in warm water, and to continue this treatment until the discharges cease. Attempts to breed the mare are not advisable, and may even be dangerous to both male and female.

Probably Indigestion.—M. P. B., Smithland, Ind., writes: "I have a cow that has what they call wolf in the tail. I would like to know the proper name of the disease and the cause of it. First, she commenced to fail in her milk—as much as a quart at a milking; then her appetite failed and she did not drink as usual. I examined her and found a soft place in her tail a few inches from the end of the bone; it seems as if the bone was entirely gone. I split her tail and put in pepper and salt, according to the way I had seen others do, and she seems all right and has gained her milk again. She is almost fat enough for beef."

ANSWER:—Your cow probably suffered from indigestion, and recovered in spite of having her tail split open. "Wolf in the tail" is only an imaginary disease. See reply to N. A. A. in present issue.

Something Like Pox.—E. M. Y. G., Otto, Neb., writes: "I have a cow that has something like pox. After the small pimples, with a little sticky, watery matter in them, break, they form a dry scab and itch considerably. They were on the back of her bag and teats, but now are on her body and neck only. Two other cows had it a little, but are now well. What is it? Is it contagious?"

ANSWER:—What you call "something like pox" is probably a cutaneous eruption, primarily caused by dirt and filth adhering to the skin; or in other words, something similar to so-called scratches in horses. Apply to the worst places, twice a day, a mixture of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and olive-oil, three parts, and then see to it that the cow is kept clean; that is, kept out of mud and dirt, and whenever necessary, is cleaned with a dry brush or a dry rag.

Probably Foot-rot.—J. A. R., Dornsife, Pa. What you describe is probably foot-rot, or mange caused by Symbiotus equi, Gerlach, Dermatophagus, Fuestenburg, or Chorioptes, Meguin. A creoline solution will effect a cure, provided it is thoroughly applied and used in sufficient strength—say a two or three per cent solution; but a solution of one dram to a gallon of water can have no effect. Internal medicines are useless. The mistake you made in your treatment may be a twofold one. First, the applications may have been limited to just those places where the morbid condition of the skin was conspicuous, which is by no means sufficient; and secondly, it seems, a thorough cleaning and disinfection of the premises, stable utensils, harness, etc., was omitted, which of course would invariably cause a reinfection. The treatment, and the cleaning and disinfection, too, must be repeated once in five days until a cure is effected.

Trouble with a Cow.—W. J. H., Chadwell, Oregon, writes: "My cow was taken with lameness in her left knee, which swelled to twice its natural size. I applied two bottles of liniment, with no effect. The swelling went into her shoulder and foot; also into her other knee. She was giving a good quantity of milk, but has gone dry. She is a skeleton of her former self, and when she lies down she cannot get up without assistance. I am sure that she has not been hurt. She does not eat much, and drinks very little, but has the scours; she has the hiccoughs nearly all the time. Although I have not the least hopes that she will ever recover, I would like to know what is the matter with her."

ANSWER:—I am not sufficiently familiar with the conditions under which cows are kept in your part of Oregon. From your description, it appears to be possible that your cow suffers from tuberculosis in the joints. If this is the case, tuberculosis probably will also be found in other parts—lungs, peritoneum, pleura or lymphatic glands—at a post-mortem examination when your cow dies.

Calves Dying—A Vicious Sow.—C. W., Skandia, Mich., writes: "I would like to know why all our spring calves have died, apparently from a cramp in the neck. In our community of more than fifty families, not a calf reached the age of two weeks for the last four months.—I would also like to know why some sows will not tolerate their young. I had a sow that had ten pigs, and it was all I could do to get the pigs out of the pen before she killed them."

ANSWER:—Not knowing the conditions under which the calves are kept in your part of Michigan, it is utterly impossible to determine the cause of their dying.—If sows are vicious toward their new-born pigs, dietetic mistakes and too much confinement, or want of exercise, are considered as the principal causes. As far as the diet is concerned, usually some essential constituents in the food given are lacking, and a craving of nature for these constituents, it seems, produces the irresistible desire to kill and devour the young pigs. At any rate, such a viciousness toward their own offspring is exceedingly rare in sows which are at liberty, can root as much as they please, and thus provide themselves with animal food.

Blackleg.—S. B., Kewanee, Neb., writes: "Cattle in the herds about here are dying with the blackleg. They seem well at night, usually, and are found dead in the morning. Yearling calves are affected the worst. Some are bleeding the cattle and others giving them sulphur and saltpeter—five pounds of saltpeter to fifteen pounds of sulphur in an equal quantity of salt. What is your opinion of such remedies? What is the best course to save the cattle?"

ANSWER:—If the disease, so-called blackleg, or symptomatic anthrax, has once developed, there is no remedy. Immunity, it is true, can be produced by an intravenous inoculation, but it requires a bacteriologist to apply it. If Billings is yet in Nebraska, he would be the man. The most practical method of prevention consists in changing the pasture; that is, from an infected to a non-infected one. The predisposition also can be decreased by reducing the thriftiness and the growth of the young animals, either by a reduction in the quantity or quality of food, or by a mild physic, because experience teaches that the best and most thrifty young animals are the very ones that succumb.

Degenerated Hoofs.—G. H. B., Hopewell, N. Y., writes: "Will you be kind enough to inform me how to roughen the hoofs on my horse? They are very thin and shelly, and seem to rot where the nails are driven through. The hind feet are the worst. I keep him up on the floor, and moisten them in the morning, but my blacksmith says, 'Keep them dry.' Is he right?"

ANSWER:—Your blacksmith is a sensible man, who undoubtedly understands his business. The best you can do is to follow his advice; that is, keep the hoofs dry and clean, and if you are so situated that your horse must be kept shod, have the shoes reset at least once a month. As to thrush, let your blacksmith cut away all horn that is rotten or decayed, and then, while the hoof is held up so that the toe is a little lower than the heel, pour pure carbolio acid—a 95-per-cent solution—on the diseased parts and into the clefts of the frog; but take care that none of it comes in contact with the skin. If you then follow the advice of your blacksmith, and also keep the floor of the stable dry and clean, a cure will be effected. May be that a second application will be needed. The moisture needed by the hoof must come from within and not from without. Too much water, mud, manure, frequent "stopping" and excessive poulticing will ruin any hoof. Xenophon, more than twenty-two centuries ago, was aware of this fact.

Garget.—J. D. G., Faribault, Minn., writes: "I bought a cow last January, which had cut one of her teats with a barbed wire last summer. Now it is well healed, and only the scar shows. In April, before calving, that quarter became hard and swollen. I commenced milking it often and bathing it with hot water, but without success. The milk was watery and lumpy. I then went to a veterinarian and got something to put on it; after awhile it disappeared. She gave good milk out of that teat, but only about half as much as out of the others, for about six weeks after having calved. Then the milk became clotted and dark colored; sometimes it is bad in the evening and good in the morning. She has a good timothy pasture and well-water. I went to the doctor again, and he said he could do nothing for her, and that she might lose the use of that quarter. It is swollen some now. Do you think it was caused from the cut, which is only on the teat? She is an extra good cow, and I would like to cure her if I can."

ANSWER:—The old scar undoubtedly constitutes an obstruction and makes the milking more difficult. The remedy in your case, as far as there is any, consists in overcoming the obstruction by thorough, vigorous and frequent milking. A restoration is possible only if the clotted milk is removed, and there is no other way of doing it except by frequent and thorough milking. All other treatment is of no avail, and injurious.

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See new patterns on page 13.

Our Miscellany.

Only a lock of auburn hair
Caught on the front of his vest;
He thoughtlessly touched the button,
His wife—she did the rest.

Man wants but little here below
He is not hard to please;
But woman—bless her little heart—
Wants everything she sees.

Don't purchase friendship. It will forsake you in adversity.

WHEN I start business I will put out the following placard: "I do not ask my customers to pay other people's debts."

MANKIND will be a greater success when they discover that they should appeal to their own judgment instead of their neighbors'.

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A MAN who was too poor to take a newspaper, sent a dollar to a Yankee for a recipe to stop a horse from slobbering. He got the recipe, and he'll never forget it. It read: "To keep your horse from slobbering, teach him to spit."—*Western Advertiser*.

MANY women will regret to know that their beauty depends on keeping the mouth shut. The proper closing of the mouth seems to enable one to retain the true facial lines of beauty to a great age. The secret is that the lower jaw should close inside the upper.

"I've been looking for my husband for the last two hours," said an agitated woman to a calm one.

"Don't be excited, madam," replied the other; "I've been looking for a husband for the past twenty-five years."—*Harper's Bazar*.

INEXPENSIVE PLEASURES.

The comparatively cheap pleasures seem to be the best in life, generally, says *Harper's Weekly*. There is so very little that the very rich can buy for themselves that need stir envy in people who are just comfortably off. Warmth is such a delightful thing in winter, but you and I can get as much as we want of it, and a millionaire can have no more. And there are so many cheap, ordinary things to eat that are just as good, or better than the expensive things. An epicure who lives in the western part of this state was saying the other day that, having a particular dinner in view, he sent to a judicious man in New York for the best fish that the market offered. They sent him a fresh cod, and he admitted that no fish could be better, and moralized (those are his remarks above) on the comparative cheapness of the fleshly gratifications that were really best, such as potatoes and chickens and fresh air, and tea and water (warm and cold) and soap and sleep. When one considers how good a big, five-cent sandwich tastes when he is really hungry, and how little difference there is between good wine and good water when it has once passed one's gullet, and how much of that difference is in favor of the water, it really lends a dangerous charm to economy and simple living, and makes one wonder that thrift is not more catching and that the delights of avarice should be so generally monopolized by the aged.

One of the cases where a cheap article is often at least as good as a dear one is in the matter of sons-in-law. How often it happens that the plain, cheap son-in-law who exacts no bonus, and even in some cases contributes to his wife's support, turns out in the end to be really more valuable and satisfactory than the bankrupt loafer prince who costs a million or two at the start, and all that he can lay his hands on afterward!

"WELL ENOUGH."

The old injunction, "Let well enough alone," brings comfort to lazy people and to those who do not care to originate ideas. This saying is a foe to development, and an insurmountable obstacle to progress. It is like a stone wall beyond which a man, while he stands upon the ground, cannot see. There may be apples of gold in the orchard beyond; there may be diamonds in the sand over there; there may be music in the valley, and sunshine, such as he knows nothing of, on the mountain peaks; there may be limitless opportunity to do good beyond the wall.

But the shriveled berries are good enough fruit for him, and the dull lead "will do" in the place of diamonds; his own husky voice is melody, and he himself is "the poor" to whom charity is first to be administered.

If the man who is willing to "let well enough alone" were to move his lazy bones and climb the wall, he would find beyond it those things which are so much better than the surroundings, and opportunities to which he had been accustomed would not appear "well enough" because not the best.

When the limit of accomplishment has been reached, a man may say "let well enough alone." Then "well enough" means his best. Having done all he can, one may rest in his assurance that God will take care of the result.—*Young Men's Era*.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

The proverb, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser," has been discounted in one Maine village by the effects of a general accusation published in the local paper. A tradesman had missed articles from his stock from time to time, and at length the clerk saw a woman take things she did not buy and pay for. This furnished the desired opportunity. An advertisement in the paper over the merchant's signature said he had positive proof that "some of the best ladies" of the town had taken articles from his store, and if matters were not fixed up there would be a rumpus. This was only last week, and so far four women have been in to "settle up," with possibly more to follow. One woman came from an adjoining town to admit that she took up an article one day with the thought of stealing it, but repented and put it back again. In these cases the guilty conscience alone was not enough to do the business; the accuser was needed as well.

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

By the Bertillon system of identification, the length and width of the head are taken; also the length and width of the left middle and little finger, the length of the left foot, of the left fore-arm, of the right ear, the height of the figure, the measurement of the outstretched arms and of the trunk when seated. It is said that no instance of these measurements coinciding in two persons has ever been known.

COST OF FOOD IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

According to some recent statistics on the cost of living, an Englishman spends, on an average, \$18 a year for food; a Frenchman, \$17; a German, \$12; a Spaniard, \$33; an Italian, \$24; and a Russian, \$23. Of meat, the Englishman eats 109 pounds a year; the Frenchman, 87; the German, 64; the Italian, 26; and the Russian, 51. Of bread, the Englishman consumes 380 pounds; the Frenchman, 540; the German, 560; the Spaniard, 480; the Italian, 400; and the Russian, 635.

OH TO BE A PRINTER!

George was a printer, and Ethel—well, she was only a girl. "Yes," said he, "a wonderful thing, this power of the press," and Ethel giggled and blushed so invitingly that George could do naught else but prove his assertion.—*Boston Courier*.

THE COMPONENT PARTS OF A MAN.

Statistic-loving souls will be interested in one of the exhibits of the National Museum, Washington, showing the ingredients which go to make up the average man, weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds. A large glass jar holds the ninety-six pounds of water which his body contains, while in other receptacles are three pounds of "white of egg," a little less than ten pounds of pure glue, thirty-four and one half pounds of fat, eight and one fourth pounds of phosphate of lime, one pound carbonate of lime, three ounces of sugar and starch, seven ounces fluorid of calcium, six ounces phosphate of magnesia and a little ordinary table-salt. The same man is found to contain ninety-seven pounds of oxygen, fifteen pounds of hydrogen and three pounds and thirteen ounces of nitrogen; and the carbon in such an individual is represented by a foot cube of coal. A row of bottles contain the other ingredients going to make up the man; these being four ounces of chlorin, three and one half ounces fluorin, eight ounces phosphorus, three and one half ounces brimstone, two and one half ounces each of sodium and potassium, one tenth of an ounce of iron, two ounces magnesium and three pounds and three ounces of calcium.

ENOUGH FOR ALL MARITAL WANTS.

Miss Lofty—"But why, Count Frederigo, should you desire to marry me? Think—you can hardly speak English so that I can understand you."

Count Frederigo di Francipanini—"Oh, my love, vat Englis' do I neet to casha da check for you?"—*Chicago Record*.

THE PEOPLE'S ATLAS.

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LITTLE LESSONS IN DRAWING.

STILL LIFE AND LANDSCAPES.

By still life we mean a group of inanimate objects. This is a natural result of studying single objects such as we suggested in our last talk, and it is a necessary prelude to more important compositions. If you now add the use of the brush to your artistic exercises, you will find this branch of study very charming. A shell, say a large conch, is one of the prettiest things to draw and paint. Invest in a box of water-color paints (you will be surprised to see what a nice one you can get for a dollar), buy some inexpensive, white paper suitable for the practice and boldly go to work. Suppose you take the shell for your first experiment. Set it on a table covered with manila paper or a light table-cloth. Let the light strike it from one side. Notice the shadow which the shell casts on the table. Make a simple, but correct outline of your picture with a lead-pencil, and then use your common sense in coloring it. The simplest combinations of colors, the union of certain primaries to produce new hues, are certainly known to you. Yellow and blue make green; red and blue, purple; red and yellow, orange. These are the only colors, but they admit of infinite variety, from the most delicate tints to the intensest shades. In oil paints the degree of delicacy depends on the quantity of white in the mixture. In water-color the paint is more diluted when a faint color is wished. Have a piece of waste paper whereon to give experimental strokes before you apply them seriously to your shell. There will be gray shadings, and the shadow which the shell casts on the cloth will be gray. You can make this color by mixing your three primary colors, but likely there will be a cake of black in your box, and a little of it, with a touch of yellow, will make a gray that will suit very well.

The "Apples in a Basket" is a capital arrangement. It is simple, but at the same time contains enough to make the study interesting. The dark corner to the left and the gloom under the basket's cover give those low notes which are necessary in any picture, and in this strike into effective contrast the bright, high tones of the apples in the foreground. When you are arranging a group of objects to paint or draw, have those of a light color in the front—that is, nearest to you—and let the dark-hued things recede into the background. They must necessarily do this in art, to obtain the relief desired, and if reality assists art, so much the better and easier. But this may be considered the mechanical arrangement. There is also what may be called the poetical arrangement. The latter means the story it tells. Our basket with the apples is not of the highest class of still life. Its mechanical arrangement is good, but it has no poetry.

As an example of the better class, let me describe a water-color which I saw last autumn at an art school. Two magazines, well fingered, and undoubtedly entertaining, from the amount of usage they betrayed, lay on a table. One was closed, but the other lay on top wide opened. The top of the leaf had been "turned down." Across the open page lay a rose, and at the right side was a pretty confectioner's box with some of the bright-hued candies tipped out. Now, did not that tell a story of



APPLES IN A BASKET.

luxurious comfort? A good book to read, a rose to smell, a sweetmeat to nibble! Well, the man who said that his idea of heaven was to lie on a sofa and read new novels, would certainly think that this little picture suggested paradise!

I myself painted a still life of which I thought well. It was a box of pink and white roses; the lid was pushed aside, one of the roses lay on the table, and with them was a hastily torn-open envelop with the letter beside it. Certainly that might suggest a sweet reminiscence to almost any woman.

If you form the habit of sketching, your

book will begin to fill with landscapes before you reason on the subject or have many theories. With this class of subjects particularly you must learn to omit a great deal. Remember that the human eye can see clearly only a very small space at one time, only so much as can be covered with the tip of your index finger when you hold your hand at arm's length. Therefore, you must have a central object, one prominent feature (which may be a group of things) on which to centralize interest. This you will try to represent with as high a degree of finish as you are capable of. The rest may be neglected. When an extensive view is before you, your embarrassment will be to know what limits to select. A mechanical contrivance to assist beginners in this is to have a sheet of pasteboard with a square opening cut in the middle. Hold this at a distance from the eye and draw the little picture which you see through the opening.

Do not allow your taste to settle upon conventional types. A mountain, some trees, a sheet of water, that is the everlasting combination which is turned out by the wholesale picture dealer. Go to nature. There only will you find truth and originality.

Boats, afloat or drawn up on the beach, make a charming picture, of which we give you a specimen.

For general interest I know no better class of subjects than trees. In summer, or when winter makes them bare, you may become skilful in drawing an oak so that it is unmistakably an oak; a beech with its peculiarities; an apple-tree; an elm.

Although this is the age of photography, the rapid hand sketch will never lose its value, and I would not exchange twenty moderately good sketches for a whole bushel of views from a Kodak.

AN ART TEACHER.

SUMMER WORK FOR HOME DECORATION.

Tatting and crochet are well deserving of their honors as "pick-up" summer work, and yet in one respect at least, simple embroidery on wash fabrics is preferable, for in doing the latter one can work and chat without fear of spoiling their work by a few stitches, more or less.

We who are grounded in the old order of things are sure to think of such fabrics as white goods, and of the scope of work as confined to bed and table linen and personal clothing; but one peep at the present season's display of linens and cottons, in a multitude of weaves and soft colorings, will effectually dispel such old-fashioned ideas.

Among the more desirable are Gobelins, cloth, plantation-cloth, denim, duck, agra linen, art linen, monie linen, plain satin damask, butcher's linen, sateen, jean, etc. The contempt which familiarity with blue denim caused many of us to feel, is no argument against the newer tones, and no fabric is at once so artistic, inexpensive and durable. There are two grades, one thirty-six inches wide and forty-five cents a yard, the other six inches narrower and thirty-five cents a yard. There is deep blue with blue and red effect on one side, pale olive, or rather, olive and white, heliotrope, yellow and old pink, but none are more artistic than the old-fashioned, soft blue.

Embroidery stitches are many and varied, but simple outline and long-and-short stitch are oftenest employed. Just now, however, much favor is shown Russian embroidery (cross-stitch). It is easily executed, and charmingly old-fashioned and "homey" looking, especially when used as a border for linen towels, bureau-scarfs and the like. Among the season's novelties are towels with monie-cloth centers and bands of plain canvas woven across the ends, which are designed expressly for this purpose. This embroidery is also very effective done on wool or silken fabrics for screens, chair-seats, ottomans and the like, with a combination of English crewels and silk. On linen and cotton goods only reliable makes of washable crewels, flosses, silks and flax threads should be used. Bargaren art thread is not only inexpensive and durable, but has a beautiful lustrous finish, which makes it very effective.

The latest embroidery designs seldom show bow-knot effects. Leaf, blossom and other fanciful shaped doilies are less in favor than simple square or round ones.

A plain, buttonhole-stitched edge is the neatest finish for doilies that are to be edged with tatting, hand-made or other lace.

Batteburg and other kinds of lace braid and rings, baby ribbon and coronation cord may be effectively used in embroidering portieres, table and cushion covers, scarfs and bed and table linen. Coronation cord is a washable linen cord wound thickly at regular intervals, giving a raised appearance of the work. It is conched on with linen thread, and patterns showing continuous lines (such as are used for braiding) are most desirable. It is very effective on denim, and piazza cushion covers, soiled clothes-bag, portieres and the like are easily and quickly ornamented in this way.

An exquisite bedspread is being made of cream linen for a room decorated in ivory-white and old pink. A four-inch-wide hemstitched hem finishes the edges, and inside of this is a drawn-work border one and one half inches wide. Trailing gracefully over the entire center are wonderfully natural morning-glory vines embroidered in long-and-short stitch with old pink buds and blossoms and olive-green foliage. When completed, a frill of four-inch-wide crochet linen lace will be added.

Less dainty, but a cover that is sure to delight the heart of the tasteful young brother with a decided admiration for strong colors, will be of heavy, brown linen with an irregular design of poppies wrought over the surface in long-and-short stitch with shades of scarlet, and soft, brown stems and foliage. A plain hem and fluted frill of brown sateen will finish the edges.

Curtains of lighter weight, natural-tinted linen, will be suspended from a canopy at the head of the bed, and will be ornamented with a wide border of poppies along the inner edge, and straggling over the center, in quaint letters, the quotation:

"I bring," said the poppy, yawning,
"The gift man longs to possess;
That he racks the world in seeking—
I bring him forgetfulness."

The French tell us no room is complete without a dash of red, and one could believe it who saw the charming effect of long sash curtains of cream-white India silk embroidered in a design of scarlet passion-flower, in a gold and ivory-white parlor.

A beautiful pair of portieres are of denim in olive-green, which has a soft, silvery-gray effect on the side which shows the

brella hung a large globe-shaped Chinese lantern, and from the tips of the ribs small lanterns of similar shape were suspended—the latter for use when it was desirable to illuminate.

Cuscus fans are made of a native grass found in central India, and though they do not add such a pleasing touch of color as Japanese and other decorated fans, their strong, brown fibers, arranged in a half disk, are often a more artistic ornament. Then, too, they emit a pleasing perfume, especially if a pair are used as splashes, or where they can be sprinkled with water occasionally.

Aluminium paint gives the effect of silver, and is said to never tarnish. Combined with pale old blue, soft pink or Nile-green enamel for picture or mirror frames, or furniture, it is not only newer, but far more dainty than gold paint.

REQUESTED INFORMATION.

Mrs. J. E. L.—The greater number of the fabrics mentioned in the article on summer cushions in the COMPANION issue for June 15th, can be found at any leading dealer in art goods, or upholstery and drapery fabrics, and



BOATS ON THE BEACH.

most white. The latter side was embroidered in a conventionalized design of pink and white chrysanthemums, the petals tinted faint pink with dyes, and outlined with silk in deeper tone.

A quaint and charming bag for a dusting-cloth was made of blue and white Japanese chintz and plain blue India silk. The front and back are made to correspond, of the chintz, and shaped somewhat like an inverted kite when closed with the drawing-string. They are each cut in one piece, have a deep heading, are edged with white cord and joined at the bottom. They are connected at the sides with wide gussets of silk folded into plaits and ironed. A cord is run in below the heading of both front and back, but the gussets are not drawn up at all; they stand out loosely at the top, although in folds.

K. B. J.

ARTISTIC FURNISHINGS.

The housewife who is intending to purchase new furniture, carpets, draperies and the like the coming fall, cannot do a more economical thing than to anticipate the time by a few weeks and take advantage of the present depression in trade and the midsummer clearance sales; at any rate she should not be deterred from doing so through fear of any decided changes in the styles of furnishing now in vogue, for none is foreshadowed; and even if there were, it is no reason why one should not secure the wonderful values that can now be had, for "a piece of furniture that is good in design, good in material, good in workmanship, designed for a purpose, and used for that purpose, is always beautiful." Apropos of the latter reasoning a few words of caution may not be amiss. Don't go bargain hunting and buy recklessly; study the needs of your rooms, and instead of taking advantage of the prevailing low prices to add to the quantity of your purchases, let it be evidenced in their quality. Good taste is too scarce and too precious to be sacrificed to quantity. One really good article of furniture is better worth buying than a dozen showy, machine-carved pieces, and one pair of portieres that are not only beautiful in themselves, but exactly fit in with the other decorations, are more satisfactory than a profusion of draperies, however beautiful, that are purchased without regard to the latter requisite.

K. B. J.

DECORATIVE NOTES.

Decidedly summery-looking and really pretty were the long window-curtains made of white mosquito-netting, and finished with a plaited four-inch frill of the same, which were recently seen in a simple country dining-room, and the cost for the two pairs of curtains was only fifty cents. Not as cheap or as airy, but prettier were the double curtains of fine weave cheese-cloth, yellow over cream, which seemed to bring the very sunlight itself into a dull, north-side sleeping-room. Cream cotton ball fringe finished the inner edges, and they were allowed to hang in straight folds from brass-trimmed, cream-enamelled poles.

Still daintier and more artistic are curtains made of point d'esprit net edged with fluted ruffles of the same.

A novel and pretty conceit for looping back these or other curtains which are finished with fluted ruffles, is that of a band of material holding a fluted ruffle of the same width as that on the curtains.

Not the least attractive feature of an ideal summer veranda was a large Chinese umbrella which was attached to the center of the ceiling. From the center of the um-

the Bombay and Calcutta cloths of the Kurshmidt Manufacturing Company, 190 South Fifth avenue, New York. The two fabrics last mentioned are thirty-four inches wide, and cost eighteen cents per yard. If you are remote from a large city, resort to catalogues and mail orders, or employ a professional shopper to make your purchases for you. A. A. Valentine & Company, 877 Broadway, New York, are leading importers of oriental fabrics, screens, bamboo and bead portieres, as well as Cairo stands, Turkish tabourets, bamboo furniture, china, etc. They are very obliging and entirely reliable, and will send illustrated catalogue on application. Send ten cents to Peter Bender, 111 East Ninth street, New York, and he will send you samples of any cotton, linen, woolen or silk fabric that is making curtains, cushions, table-covers and other articles of household decoration. There is no more reliable dealer in carpets, rugs, portieres and drapery fabrics than Shepard Knapp, Sixth avenue and Thirteenth street, New York. Inclose stamps for return postage, and state explicitly the color or color combinations you prefer, and price, and they will send you samples of either carpets or drapery goods. Send to H. C. F. Koeb & Company, West 125th street, New York, for illustrated catalogue of general dry-goods and many house furnishings. I have always found them reliable, prompt and obliging.

ESTHER M. D.—The Priscilla Publishing Company, Lynn, Mass., publish a book on cross-stitch embroidery (price, fifty cents) that contains beautiful patterns and much useful information. English crewels are said to wash without fading, but I have never tested this. I do know, however, that they will not lose their color by long and hard usage in a sunny sitting-room. It is impossible for me to send samples, or purchase materials for correspondents, however willing I might be to oblige them; if you will send ten cents to Peter Bender, 111 East Ninth street, New York, he will send you samples and prices of any fabric or material that is used in fancy work.

INDUSTRY.—I am not familiar with the patchwork quilt called "rising sun," and so cannot give "a pattern of it or say whether I think it is pretty enough to pay for the trouble and expense of making," but on general principles I do not hesitate to say no to the latter. Very likely "some other reader might furnish this and other fancy patchwork patterns," but at the risk of offending, I must be frank enough to say that I cannot allow them to do so, for to my thinking such work neither beautifies the home nor cultivates the good taste of the maker, and as those are the aims of this department, I cannot recommend it. If you are adept enough with the needle to hem bits of Turkey red, and other colored calico that has been cut out to represent the sun, moon or stars, neatly onto white muslin, you surely can embroider in simple outline or long-and-short stitch; and in this way, and at no greater expense, you can make a far more artistic bedspread than was ever made of patchwork. There never has, and perhaps never will be, a more fascinating method of teaching little girls to sew overhand and running stitch, than by making patchwork blocks of pieces of calico, gingham and the like; and if a housewife must be rigidly economical, it is wise to utilize the pieces left from making garments for patchwork, by cutting them in squares, triangular or other simple geometrical shapes, and stitching them together on the sewing-machine; but in point of beauty no patchwork quilt is equal to one with a plain cover made of pretty calico, percale, gingham, batiste, challis or cheese-cloth, and tying the cotton fast with knitting-cotton, worsted or baby ribbon, is in every way superior to quilting. If it is a great desideratum to have the quilt in sections, so as to be convenient for pick-up work, you can embroider eight or ten inch square blocks in different designs, and afterward join them together, and cover the joining seam with feather or other fancy stitching; or what is far prettier, embroider the cloth in strips and join them together with hand-made lace insertion, finishing the edges with lace to correspond.

Practical Housekeeping.

Conducted by
ELIZA R. PARKER,
Author of "Economical Housekeeping."

FIREPLACES.

A DEVOTED reader, who believes in the potency of the advice extended by this paper to those who ask for it, wishes to know how to transform the unsightliness of a bare, old-fashioned fireplace into something like harmony with its pretty summer surroundings.

Everyone knows the comfort of the winter stove. We rail at its ugliness, but we bless the comfort of it, and when in course of the annual cleaning and over-turning, it is well oiled to guard its black sides from rust, and carried out to spend the summer in the lumber-shed, we miss it a little, even if we revel in the extra space its absence gives us.

But sometimes its removal reveals an unlovely, gaping fireplace that had its merit once in usefulness, but in modern times is only valuable in summer as a ventilator. Certainly in rooms which are constructed without any especial arrangements for changing and renewing the air of a living-room, the fireplace should never be closed with a fireboard, or with any decorative fancy which prevents the air drawing through at least a part of its space.

Our correspondent, who fortunately lives in a climate where an open fire does the heating successfully, says: "In my quaint, old-fashioned, charming room in the house our family have lived in for three generations is a big, old fireplace about six feet long and three feet high. In winter, when piled high with glowing hickory logs, the fireplace is a perfect picture, the admiration of everyone who sees it. In summer, alas! the glory departs. I have tried filling the black gap with ferns, but to make them thrive they must be kept so constantly deluged with water that the dampness affects the whole room, and injures the matting and rugs."

Such, in effect, is our correspondent's statement. Then she goes on to suggest that a screen, if the right kind of one could be found, might solve the difficulty, and asks if there is still another scheme that would veil the aching void.

With the help of a house carpenter, a frame of pine wood can be made to stand under the mantel. The upper part of this is a shelf to be filled with books. This fills the space directly under the mantel. Upon each side of the structure, coming within the side posts of the chimney-piece, are upright niches, made of the pine and furnished with backs of the same to conceal the fireplace, which will be behind them. These divisions can have short shelves across them to support books or bric-a-brac. The open place of the fireplace will have been much narrowed by this frame, and the center space may be filled by a rope curtain set back in the recess, or by one of the bamboo curtains, which can be found in short enough lengths at Japanese stores. Or if a little outlay is allowable, the prettiest covering for the central space of the frame will be a door or panel of Moorish grille or openwork wood-carving. The frequently receiving of advertisements of this grille quite fully explain its trellis-like appearance to those who are not familiar with its reality. Very good varieties of it are advertised at seventy-five cents per square foot. The openings in the grille allow perfect ventilation, and the effect is pretty and decorative. The middle panel may be arranged as a door, and the space behind it used as a storage-place for dust pan and brush. The whole frame can be readily moved when the season for fires comes around again, and there is no need for its friendly concealment. It may, when not in its legitimate use, be turned to good account by giving it a position against the wall in dining-room or hall, where it will be far from being an unsightly piece of furniture. Of course, in making the article the pine wood must be stained or painted to look like the woodwork of the mantel.

There are many persons who enjoy the ever-present possibility of a fire at pleasure, and prefer to see at all seasons the logs piled on the andirons. In the eastern states, cold, gray days come even in summer, and the sight of a bit of fire is cheering; at all events it is pleasant to know that it can be had at any moment.

Among the miserable shams of the day are base imitations of real logs, intended to fill summer fireplaces. It is hard enough to bear with the gas logs which, after all, have a certain dignity through their undeniable usefulness, but good taste revolts at the idea of pasteboard sticks, such as curbstone fakirs are selling to witless purchasers.

MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

BILL OF FARE FOR AUGUST.

BEATEN BISCUIT.—Sift one quart of flour, add a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of lard, with sweet milk to make a stiff dough; beat well for twenty minutes. Roll thin, cut into biscuit, and bake in a quick oven.

BROILED BREAKFAST BACON.—Cut breakfast-bacon into thin slices, trim off the rind, lay on a broiling-iron and set over live coals; turn, take up on a heated dish, dredge with pepper, pour over melted butter, and serve with fried apples.

OMELET.—Break six eggs into a bowl and give them vigorous beats with a fork. Put a teaspoonful of butter in an omelet-pan (or smooth frying-pan), shake it over the fire until melted, turn in the eggs. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll and turn out on a heated dish. Serve immediately.

FRIED APPLES.—Wash and wipe dry tart, ripe apples, slice and fry in butter,

AUGUST	
BILL OF FARE.	
BREAKFAST.	
Beaten Biscuit.	Broiled Bacon.
Brown Bread.	Omelet.
Coffee.	Fried Apples.
	Tea.
DINNER.	
Okra Soup.	
Stuffed Breast of Veal.	Brown Sauce.
Corn Pudding.	Lima Beans.
Baked Tomatoes.	Cucumber Salad.
Cheese.	Wafers.
Blackberry Roll.	
SUPPER.	
Blackberries, Sugar and Cream.	
Cold Bread.	Cold Veal.
Rusks.	Tomato Salad.
Silver Cake.	Iced Tea.

turn and brown on both sides. Sprinkle with sugar.

OKRA SOUP.—Slice one onion and put into a frying-pan with a slice of fat ham; let brown; cut up two quarts of okra and four tomatoes, put into a soup-kettle with a bunch of parsley, turn in the fried onion, add half a gallon of water, and set over the fire to simmer slowly for one hour; add a pod of red pepper and a teaspoonful of salt, let cook one hour longer, take up, strain and serve.

STUFFED BREAST OF VEAL.—Wipe a breast of veal with a damp cloth, make gashes between the ribs. Chop a slice of fat pork fine, mix it with a cupful of stale bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of minced, sweet herbs, a teaspoonful of salt and a salt-spoonful of pepper; fill the gashes with the mixture. Place the meat on a baking-pan, dredge with pepper and salt, pour over a teacupful of hot water, set in the oven and let roast fifteen minutes to every pound; baste every twenty minutes. When done, take up and serve with brown sauce.

BROWN SAUCE.—Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan; when brown, add a tablespoonful of flour, mix, and thin with a teacupful of stock, stir until it boils, add five drops of onion-juice, with salt and pepper.

CORN PUDDING.—Score a dozen ears of young corn down the center, press out the pulp, and leave the corn on the cob. Beat the yolks of four eggs, add to the corn, with a tablespoonful of butter, a pint of milk, salt and pepper, with the beaten whites of the eggs. Grease a pudding-dish lightly with butter, and pour in the

mixture. Set in the oven and let bake slowly for one hour.

LIMA BEANS.—Shell and throw into cold water. Drain, put into a saucepan with plenty of hot water, add a teaspoonful of salt, and set on the stove to boil until tender. Take up in a heated dish, pour over melted butter, dredge with pepper, and serve.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Select large, smooth, ripe tomatoes. Cut a slice off the end and take out the seeds. For six tomatoes, take half a teacupful of chopped, cold, boiled meat, two teaspoonfuls of stale bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, with salt and pepper; mix with the juice of the tomatoes, and fill the centers with the dressing. Sprinkle the tops with grated bread crumbs; put the tomatoes in a baking-pan and set on the stove for half an hour; baste with melted butter. When done, take up carefully, and serve hot.

CUCUMBER SALAD.—Pare and slice three young cucumbers very thin, cover with cold water and let stand one hour. Drain, and put them in a salad-bowl. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and a little minced onion. Pour strong vinegar over; set on ice half an hour before serving.

BLACKBERRY ROLL.—Roll rich puff paste out thin. Spread with ripe berries sprinkled with sugar. Roll up, put in a long, narrow pan, lay bits of butter over the roll, dredge with sugar and flour, pour a teacupful of boiling water in the bottom of the pan. Set in a very hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve with butter sauce.

RUSKS.—Take a pint of light bread dough, put into a bowl with two beaten eggs, half a teacupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter and a small cupful of sweet milk; mix well and set to rise. When light, add flour to make dough, work well. Make out in rusks, put into pans. When light, set in a hot oven to bake.

COLD SLICED VEAL.—Trim neat slices from the breast of veal, lay on a dish, drop a little French mustard and a fourth of a teaspoonful of currant jelly on each slice. Garnish with crisp lettuce leaves.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel half a dozen tomatoes and put on ice. Arrange fresh lettuce leaves on a salad-dish. Slice the tomatoes, lay on the lettuce, and pour over mayonnaise dressing. Serve immediately.

BLACKBERRIES.—Pick over fresh, ripe blackberries, put a layer in the bottom of a large bowl, sprinkle with powdered sugar, put over more blackberries and sugar until the bowl is full. Set on ice until very cold. Serve with rich, thick cream.

SILVER CAKE.—Beat three quarters of a pound of butter to a cream and add a pound of sugar, beat together until very light. Sift ten ounces of flour; beat the whites of sixteen eggs, and stir into the sugar and butter alternately with the flour, beat the whole until very light. Flavor with extract of almond, turn into a greased cake-mold, and bake in a moderate oven about one hour. When cold, ice.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

WHAT A CRATE OF PEACHES WILL DO.

For several years I have kept an account of my preserving, the quantities and prices of the fruits, the cost of the sugar, the number and size of the packages, and other helpful details to which I can refer when needful.

I find that in every instance I have used seven pounds of granulated sugar with a crate of peaches. The record of one year gives me eight quart jars of canned, four quarts of preserved, six quarts of marmalade and seven glasses of jelly, besides a few that we ate raw and some for a pudding.

The large peaches are by far the most economical, and they should be perfectly ripe, but very firm and solid. With the point of a silver fruit-knife take up a little piece of the skin at the stem end of the peach and pull it off like a glove, so that not one atom of the peach is wasted. Then cut the peach in halves and remove the stones. Eighteen halves will more than fill a quart jar if the peaches are large; but I generally pare nine peaches at a time, because some of the halves break. I use only the perfect, unbroken halves for canning; the largest and best of the broken pieces I set aside for preserving, the small bits for marmalade.

Nine large peaches will weigh four pounds, and the rule for canning is one quart of water and one pound of granulated sugar to four pounds of peaches, weighed before paring. Dissolve the sugar and water in a porcelain-lined kettle over the fire, stirring constantly until the sugar

is dissolved. Put in the peaches, bring them quickly to a boil, then stand them back where they cannot possibly boil and let them remain in the syrup until tender. Roll your jars quickly in boiling water and stand them on a folded, damp cloth. With a large spoon lift each half peach carefully from the syrup and place them in the jars; fill the jar quickly to overflowing with syrup, screw on the top and stand away to cool. Pour the syrup left over into a pitcher, and make fresh syrup for each four pounds of fruit.

After all the fruit is canned, strain the syrup left into a clean, porcelain-lined kettle and boil it down to jelly. It must boil very fast, and you will have to keep trying it by putting a teaspoonful into a saucer and standing in a cold place for a moment; scrape it with the spoon, and if partly solid, it is done. Roll the tumblers in boiling water and fill quickly. Stand aside for a day or two, and if not perfectly firm, put them in the sun for a few hours.

PRESERVED PEACHES.—Allow one pound of granulated sugar to each pound of peaches; put them in layers in a porcelain-lined kettle, cover them and let them stand all night. In the morning bring them quickly to a boil, then simmer gently until the peaches are clear and you can run a straw through them. When done, put them, one piece at a time, into jars, and when cold, pour over them the boiling syrup.

PEACH MARMALADE.—The small bits, specked and bruised (not decayed) peaches can be used for marmalade. Allow half a pound of sugar to each pound of peaches; bring them quickly to a boil, then simmer slowly two or three hours, stirring and mashing the peaches occasionally. Stand the kettle where the marmalade cannot burn. Put away in stone jars when done.

The day you do your peaches you could have for dessert a peach custard.

PEACH CUSTARD.—Pare, halve and sprinkle with sugar enough very ripe peaches to fill a two-quart pudding-dish. Beat four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, add one quart of sweet, rich milk. Pour over the peaches and bake half an hour in a quick oven.

Or you could have a peach pot-pie.

PEACH POT-PIE.—Pare some hard (not quite ripe) peaches, and put them in a kettle to stew, allowing half a pound of sugar to a dozen peaches. Make a crust with one pint of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt sifted together dry. Rub in a large teaspoonful of soft butter or lard and moisten with ice-water until just stiff enough to roll easily. Roll one inch thick, cut in two-inch squares, and place over the top of the peaches. Cover the kettle closely and let them cook, without lifting the cover, fifteen minutes. Place the pieces of crust around the edge of a large, hot platter and the peaches in the center with the syrup. Serve very hot. The crust can be split open and buttered at the table.

You might like for tea a peach layer cake.

PEACH LAYER CAKE.—Rub to a cream two large tablespoonfuls of butter and one cupful of sugar, stir in one egg, one cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; add half a grated nutmeg. Bake in two parts in shallow, square tins. When done, cover the top of one cake with very ripe peaches, pared and cut very fine. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, place the other cake on top, press lightly, cover with peaches and sprinkle thickly with sugar. To be eaten with cream.

One year my peaches were so small that it took twenty-four peaches to weigh four pounds. That year I had ten jars (quarts) canned, seven pounds of marmalade, no preserves and only three or four glasses of jelly. This proved conclusively that small peaches, even at a lower price, were more costly than large ones.

Another year the peaches were so very fine that we canned them all. The result was twenty quart jars, two two-quart jars and seven glasses of jelly. There was positively no waste at all. The cost of these peaches, two dollars; sugar, thirty-five cents.

E. H. BARRINGTON.

There is nothing more decoratively beautiful than the following trees of spring—the apple, cherry and dogwood. Splendid lines of trunk and stem, dark, sometimes even grotesque, against masses of bloom which melt into the tender sky, almost the same tone; so delicate, the shadow is not shade, but only richer depth of color.

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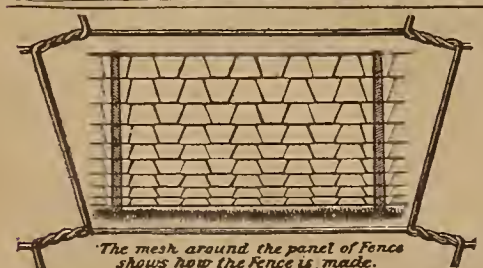
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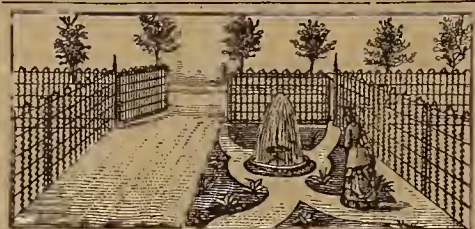
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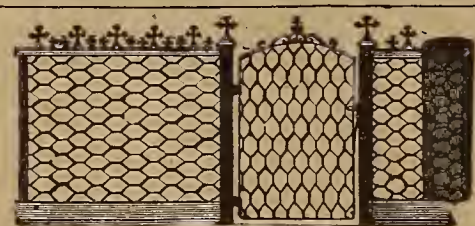
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This issue will be

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Topics of the Time.

WAR IN THE ORIENT.

Government misrule in Corea brought on a revolution which has resulted in a war between China and Japan. Speaking of the causes and probable result of this war, *Harpur's Weekly* says:

"Twenty years ago the question whether Corea should be an independent empire, governed after the obscure and confused oriental fashion, by authority resting on the mysterious sentiments of its people, would not have excited very much interest in this country, and nothing like anxiety even in Europe. To-day the reports from Corea are eagerly scanned in every foreign office from London to St. Petersburg, and the secretary of state at Washington is drawn into negotiations, the exact purpose and scope of which cannot be fully stated as yet, but which are clearly important. This remarkable change in the relations of a far-away eastern state to its neighbors is due to the fact that a serious conflict between Japan and China may set the spark to the explosive material stored in the armies of Europe, and plunge a half dozen nations into that general struggle which for a score of years they have been straining every nerve, first to defer and avoid, and second to meet if it should come.

"The exact nature or origin of the quarrel of Japan and China over Corea it is not easy to define. China possesses a vague right of suzerainty in Corea, which has been acknowledged by the payment of tribute, but China has never exercised any open control there. Both China and Japan have trade relations with Corea and subjects living within its borders, of whom the Japanese seem to be the more numerous, active and wealthy. Both governments claim, by treaty with each other and with Corea, the right to land troops to preserve order and protect the interests of their own people.

"It is now alleged by Japan that her subjects in Corea have been wronged, and are actually exposed to violence and maltreatment. It is also claimed by Japan that China was asked to join in sending troops to Corea to protect the treaty rights of the

Japanese traders and residents and of her own, and not only refused, but protested against independent action by Japan. It is further claimed that an insurgent leader of Corea, having taken refuge in Japan, was decoyed by Chinese agents to Chinese territory, and there betrayed to the Korean government and slain—an act which Japan counts not only a violation of good faith, but a wilful affront on the part of both the Chinese and Korean governments.

"In these claims there is nothing that could not be settled peaceably if all parties desired peace. Apparently, none of them desires peace. China is friendly to the actual Korean government, because it is largely under her influence. Japan is friendly to the opposition faction in Corea, because it desires at least the influence which China possesses in Corea, and probably much greater. The Korean government, in peril from discontent and insurrection, is not averse to foreign war in which it will have so powerful an ally as China. What will be the result of such a war? Probably nothing very decided. Two of the most powerful nations of Europe have a distinct interest in repressing any decisive conflict. They are Great Britain and Russia.

NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Some months ago, Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio, in a pastoral letter to the priests in his diocese, promulgated a decree that no one engaged either as principal or agent in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors should be admitted to membership in Catholic societies, and that Catholic saloon-keepers who sell on Sunday or otherwise violate, openly or disguisedly, the civil law, should be refused the sacraments. One of the societies made an appeal on this order to the papal delegate, Monsignor Satolli. Satolli sustained Bishop Watterson. His decision, in part, reads:

"The liquor traffic, and especially as conducted here in the United States, is the source of much evil; hence, the bishop was acting within his rights in seeking to restrain it. Therefore, the delegate apostolic sustains Bishop Watterson's action and approves of his circular letter and regulations concerning saloons and the expulsion of saloon-keepers from membership in Catholic societies."

This decision of Mgr. Satolli has made no small stir among the liquor dealers in New York and other large cities. They fear that the regulations in force in Bishop Watterson's diocese may now be adopted by other bishops, and that in due time they will all be placed under the ban. The *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, New York, the principal organ of the liquor dealers in this country, with the usual spirit of defiance that characterizes the liquor business, says:

"The decree in its terms is undoubtedly mandatory for the whole country. It admonishes the bishops of other dioceses to imitate the example of Bishop Watterson, who instructed the clergy to refuse absolution to saloon-keepers of their parishes who sell liquor on Sunday, and to suspend from its 'work and privileges' every Roman Catholic society that has a liquor dealer or saloon-keeper at its head or anywhere among its officers. We do not hesitate to say that the effect of the strict enforcement of this decree would be a severer blow to the liquor trade than anything the prohibition cranks and the cold-water fanatics have accomplished within the past forty years. Fully two

thirds, if not more, of the retail liquor dealers of the country are Roman Catholics. Some of these are liberal contributors to church funds. We fully appreciate the delicate position in which Archbishop Corrigan and other bishops of the Catholic church are placed by this decree of the papal delegate. Yet we are inclined to believe that it will be disregarded by a majority of the prelates of the church."

To find out what action is to be taken in the diocese of New York, the editor of this liquor organ gives this challenge:

"We voice the sentiments of a large majority of the liquor dealers of this city and Brooklyn in saying: We dare Archbishop Corrigan to enforce in letter and spirit the decree against the liquor traffic just issued by Mgr. Satolli, the papal delegate. Let the archbishop do it and watch the consequences."

To this the archbishop replied that he loyally accepted the principles laid down by Satolli, both in their spirit and to the letter, that no Catholic can refuse to accept them, and that he had yet to learn what fear was in the discharge of his duty.

The decision at present is mandatory only in the Columbus diocese, but it encourages bishops in other dioceses to make similar stringent liquor regulations. By their defiant attitude, liquor dealers are inviting its general application and encouraging a temperance movement of great force.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF INDUSTRIES.

In these days of social unrest, it is frequently urged that some form of nationalization of industries, such as municipal ownership of railways, gas-works, electric-light plants, etc., would be a panacea for all the ills that afflict the body politic. Peace, plenty and prosperity are prophesied as the inevitable outcome of municipal management of all industries of a public character. It is easy to imagine a civilization of such high degree that municipal ownership of all such industries would produce good results, but that municipal ownership of itself would produce a higher civilization is a proposition for which sufficient proof has not been furnished.

Experiments in municipal management have been made. Sometimes they have been successful; sometimes not. Because a municipality manages a waterworks system successfully, it does not follow that it can do so with a street-railway. The condition of affairs in cities where municipal management has been applied to a number of industries does not sustain the claim that it will abolish poverty or give full prosperity.

The following extract from "The Prevailing Jealousy of Wealth," in the August number of the *Engineering Magazine*, incidentally furnishes an example of municipal ownership:

"Except by inheritance, to which it would be silly to object, or by transactions which, in the evolution of jurisprudence, make candidates for the penitentiary, no man gets possession of more wealth than he creates, and no man can create wealth without contributing to the wealth or income of many other men whom his operations concern. The right, then, of a man to possess all the wealth that he can lawfully obtain cannot be successfully assailed by even the most coherent of the followers of the philosopher who taught that all 'property is robbery.' Find the community where there are the fewest beggars, and you will always find the

community where the race for fortune is most precipitate. Will there be anything anomalous in this discovery? The mysterious disappearance of the beggar can be easily understood. You have found the community where labor is most in demand, for the law which prohibits the acquisition of riches *except through the employment of labor* is here in full force; and hence, the man who would be forced into beggary elsewhere is here enabled to become an honest, industrious and thrifty citizen. Liverpool, in England, we are told, is swarming with beggars. Apologists for Liverpool will say that this is true only because Liverpool is a seaport town. But other seaport towns are not troubled with a plethora of beggars. The cause of the difference is right here: Liverpool is the one city in the world where disguised but practical socialism is rampant, and where the battle of life seems to have been abandoned; or if not abandoned, where the retreat from the field is most demoralized and disastrous. From Liverpool we hear of municipal docks, municipal warehouses, municipal railways, municipal tenement-houses, and heaven knows what of municipal humbuggery. The Liverpool capitalist seems to have gone to Manchester, and there is nothing left for a beggar to do but to beg."

RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.

Several governments in Europe have recently made stringent laws against anarchy. Others are now at work on legislation against anarchy, intended to be as effective as it is possible to make it. Some of these countries have been driving anarchists out of their territory.

For what haven embark these expatriated conspirators for the destruction of society by means of robbery, arson and assassination? They have a notion that America, the land of liberty, is a land of license, where they can freely carry out their conspiracies for the subversion of law and order. Impelled by the common motive of self-preservation, this country has been impelled to take measures against the incoming horde of alien anarchists. The lower house of Congress recently passed a bill providing for the inspection, by United States consuls at foreign ports, of all immigrants embarking for this country. For this bill the Senate substituted and passed one more comprehensive and stringent.

The Senate bill provides, first, that no alien anarchist shall be permitted to land at any port in the United States or be admitted to the country. Second, that aliens convicted before the board of special inquiry of being anarchists, shall be deported and sent back to the country from which they emigrated. Third, that in cases where, upon the trial and conviction of any unnaturalized person of any crime or misdemeanor, the presiding judge shall testify that from the evidence produced at the trial the court is satisfied that such alien is an anarchist or that he is not a man of good character, or that he is not attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States, or is not well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same, and that his remaining in this country will be a menace to the government, or to the peace and well-being of society in general, he shall, in addition to the other punishments adjudged, be sent back to the country from which he came. Fourth, for the appointment at foreign ports of departure of immigration inspectors, who shall have power to erase from the list of passengers, criminals, anarchists, paupers, insane and other undesirable immigrants.

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Springfield, Ohio.

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The "Starr" Apple, judging from the handsome specimen received from the introducer, is a variety worthy of special attention from apple growers. It is an early apple of large size and excellent quality. The tree is said to be a good grower and an abundant annual bearer.

Smut in Wheat. Reports from many localities indicate that "stinking smut" in wheat and oats is on the increase. There are no means of making an accurate estimate of the annual loss caused by it, but it is known to be enormous. For illustration, the Michigan experiment station estimated the loss to farmers of that state, in 1892, on smut of oats alone at over \$1,000,000. Not a bushel of wheat or oats carrying the spores of smut should be sown. The seed can and should be subjected to a simple treatment that will destroy the spores and prevent loss in the future.

In answer to a number of inquiries about smut in wheat, we republish, as timely and important, the following from a former number of FARM AND FIRESIDE:

Smut is caused by the growth within the wheat-plant of a parasitic plant, and the grains of smutty dust, which the microscope shows to be as uniform in size and shape as grains of wheat, are the seeds of this parasite. When the smutted wheat-grains are crushed, this dust is scattered through the sound wheat and carried to the soil by the seed-wheat, where it germinates and sends its microscopic mycelium threads into and up the plant as it grows, and appropriates the forming ear to its use.

Farmers have known for many years that smut may be prevented by soaking the seed-wheat in a solution of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol). The success of this process evidently depends upon killing the smut seeds (spores) on the seed-grain without injuring the grain. Recently, it has been demonstrated that the same object may be obtained by scalding the seed-wheat, this method having been published by Prof. Jensen, of Denmark.

Experiments made at the experiment stations of Kansas, Indiana and Ohio have shown that the hot-water treatment is quite as effective as bluestoning, and is at least no more liable to injure the vitality of the seed-wheat. A convenient way of scalding the wheat is to have two vessels, in one of which the water is kept at a temperature of about 125° Fahrenheit, and in the other at about 135°. The grain is put into a loose basket, which is not filled

quite full, and is covered to prevent the wheat floating out. The basket is dipped in the first vessel and turned and shaken for two or three minutes, so as to get all the grains wet and warm, and then it is lifted out and dipped into the warmer water, and allowed to stay ten or fifteen minutes, with frequent shaking to insure the water reaching every grain. When taken out, the basket should be immediately plunged into cold water, or the contents spread out and sprinkled with cold water.

The most troublesome part of the treatment of seed-wheat for smut consists in drying the grain so that it may be sown by the drill. By mixing it with land-plaster, it may be dried so as to be readily sown by hand, but it is difficult to sow plastered wheat evenly through a drill. It might possibly be dried in the sunshine without plaster, but considerable time and frequent stirring would be necessary. It is probably this difficulty, more than the trouble and expense of bluestoning, which has caused that process to be so little practiced; but with the present increase of smut, it seems that we must be willing to incur some trouble to prevent its ravages.

Feed Wheat to Farm Animals. In its daily market reports the Chicago Tribune, August 7th, said:

"Either corn is too high or wheat is too low is the proposition which is being laid down in all quarters, and the course of the market yesterday further convinced the people who feel that the cereals are at present on an abnormal relative basis. Actual sales were made of No. 3 white corn at a premium of 2½ cents over No. 3 red winter wheat, and of No. 2 white oats at prices which represent 20 cents per one hundred pounds more than the going price of No. 2 red winter wheat. * * * Saturday a Toledo house quoted the two cereals in open market as follows:

	Wheat.	Corn.
Liverpool	62½	62
New York	55½	55½
New England	60	60½
Toledo	51½	50½
Chicago	52½	51
St. Louis	48½	49
Illinois	45	45
Iowa	42	50
Nebraska	40	50

"A Kansas City firm reports having sold No. 3 hard winter wheat at 52½ cents at the Mississippi river with a corresponding grade of corn at 51 cents. If all grain is to get down to a feeding basis, the extra four pounds in a wheat bushel will cut no inconsiderable figure. Corn, oats and wheat are all now selling on the market at prices which represent about \$18 a ton. To sell on exactly this basis the respective quotations would stand 51.2 cents, 23.8 cents and 54 cents respectively. Wheat to-day is considerably cheaper per ton than the coarse grains. Just where the disparity between the corn and wheat prices lie is, of course, where the difference of opinion comes in. There are any amount of people who still insist that a good rain would break the back of the corn market, who think that the weather noted is not essentially different from a year ago, and who look for a good average crop in face of past reports. Those who assume that serious corn damage has been done and that the crop will be short all around can scarcely give a logical reason why wheat should be going at the lowest prices ever known. Any general use of wheat to make up for corn shortage will introduce an element which will upset all previous calculations as to demand and supply. Wheat feeding has passed out of the experimental stages in many sections. A corn famine and consequent consumption of lower grades of wheat might temporarily take the United States out of the list of wheat-exporting countries."

With wheat and corn at the same market price per ton, wheat is the cheaper food for farm animals. With proper care it can be fed to hogs, cattle and work horses. It will make good pork, beef or milk, and is excellent food for work animals.

Probably the best way to prepare it for food for animals is to have it passed through the "first break," or first pair of rolls used in roller flouring mills. In California barley is largely grown as a substitute for corn and used as food for horses, and it is prepared in that way. Wheat is better for the purpose than barley. It is only the high value of wheat as food for man that forbids its use as food for farm animals under ordinary circumstances.

But the circumstances now are extraordinary, and the present market prices of grains place wheat as much cheaper food than corn. Throughout the corn belt, corn is universally used on the farm as food for work horses, but wheat and oats are both better for them. Corn is a better fattening food. The substitution of wheat for corn on the farm will have the effect of restoring market prices to their proper balance.

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

EXAGGERATED CAPON ACCOUNTS.

The last issue of the *Philadelphia Press* contains this paragraph:

"It may not be difficult to learn the art of caponizing fowls, but the majority of farmers will not attempt it on the principle that 'it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.' They have been used to letting all the males run, and will keep on doing so. Still, if some one who thoroughly understood the business were at hand, they would willingly pay good prices for performing the operation. A capon, well fed, will weigh twelve pounds, worth twenty cents a pound, while the same bird, left entire and given the same feed, will weigh only eight pounds and bring not to exceed fifty cents. There is profit in caponizing for some one who will make a business of it, going through the country and caponizing such birds as offered to him at a specified price per head."

I am in favor of caponizing. I do caponize my later cockerels, and strongly advise all farmers to do the same. By so doing we abate a nuisance and turn birds of little value into something that is useful, interesting, valuable. But why boom a good practice by means of misstatements, misrepresentations and exaggerations? The gain in weight resulting from the operation is slight, so slight, indeed, that good authorities and careful, disinterested investigators declare there is none. "A capon well fed will weigh twelve pounds." Will it? It depends. I find that it takes fairly large breeds, such as Langshan or crosses between Langshan and Plymouth Rock, to make an early-hatched capon weigh more than eight pounds (dressed). I have had Brahmas hatched in May and caponized in July weigh ten pounds (dressed); but that is about the best I have been enabled to do with any bird by keeping them until spring (May), or until a year old. I found, too, that roosters of the same age weighed about as much. I am quite sure that a rooster weighing eight pounds would not have grown much heavier had he been caponized.

Yet this difference in price and quality cannot be disputed. I sold my capons for sixteen cents a pound net, and might have obtained more, possibly, although twenty cents net is perhaps an outside figure for the past season. If they had been allowed to grow up as cockerels, and been sold as old roosters, they would have brought about five cents a pound, and probably less than fifty cents apiece. Then, who wants old rooster to eat in the spring, anyway? The mere thought makes me have squeamish emotions in my stomach. No matter how you cook them, to me old roosters smell bad and taste bad. Now try a capon, and find out how delicious he is when nicely baked! In short, while opposed to booming the capon industry by means of exaggerated reports, I cannot be too emphatic in stating the advantages of the practice, and to advise all my friends to turn their undesirable late cockerels into the very useful and desirable capons. Only don't expect that you will get rich in a year or two by making capons on a wholesale scale. If you have good instructions (for instance, such as are given in my "Capon for Profit"), you will have no difficulty in learning the operations by a single trial; or if you prefer, come and see me perform it some of these days.

ANOTHER BOOK ON PLANT DISEASES.

A copy of "Fungi and Fungicides," a practical manual concerning the fungous diseases of cultivated plants and the means of preventing their ravages, has come to my table. Its author, Clarence M. Weed, is good authority on his chosen subject, which he has divided in five parts; namely, fungi affecting larger fruits, fungi affecting small fruits, fungi affecting shade trees, ornamental plants and flowers, fungi affecting vegetables, fungi affecting cereal and forage crops. The book has more than 220 pages, is well illustrated and substantially bound. Published by Orange Judd Co., New York; price, bound, \$1; paper, fifty cents. From its scope and division of subjects one may reasonably

suppose it to be a complete treatise. By accident, however, I noted one omission. At least I have not been able to find any information in it on lettuce diseases. Lettuce, mildew and rot give to every gardener who tries to raise lettuce under glass a good deal of trouble, and a page or two should be devoted to the treatment of these fungous diseases in any such work claiming to be fairly complete. Undoubtedly the omission is only an oversight, and will be remedied in a later edition. As I have stated in earlier issues, we now overcome the lettuce diseases by growing the crop in a lower temperature, and on subirrigated benches.

The following is a quotation from Prof. B. D. Halsted, found in Prof. Weed's book:

"The day is not far distant when fungicides, the means of applying them, will be as much a part of the equipment of a first-class farm—particularly one devoted to fruit or truck—as is the cultivator on market-wagon."

I think this day is here already. What could we do without our sprayers and spraying mixtures to-day? Might as well abandon the business.

SPRAYING COMPOUNDS.

For the purpose of killing insects and fungous diseases in one operation, nothing better has yet been discovered than the Bordeaux mixture and Paris green combination. I do not see any prospect that any other (better) mixture will soon take its place. It always requires some effort to strain the cream of lime properly, and I am not particularly fond of the lime addition for this reason. And yet, even when I wish to apply Paris green on potato-vines, to kill the potato-beetle broods, I prefer to put lime into the liquid, in order to neutralize what free acids there may be in the Paris green, and thus prevent injury as a result of the caustic properties of the arsenite. Where the sprayed liquid gathers in drops, it would otherwise be liable to scorch the foliage. Usually, however, when we add the lime anyway, I see no reason why we should not use the copper sulphate also, and make sure that we hit blight, etc., at the same time. At any rate, the blue copers addition does not cost much, causes no additional trouble in making the application, and will surely do no harm, even if it should not do much good. If the blight does not come, all the better; if it does come, we have made arrangements to take the sting out of its tail. And if we have to make a number of applications (as very likely, in order to keep the vines free from bugs), we might facilitate the preparation of the mixture by making it reasonably weak. Fifty, and perhaps more, gallons of water may be used to every six pounds of copper sulphate and the necessary quantity of lime to neutralize the acid. Be sure to use Paris green enough—say not less than one ounce to ten gallons of the liquid. I find that much of the Paris green we buy, especially put up in small cans, does not have the quick effect in ridding our vines of potato-bugs that we used to see. I may spray the vines pretty thoroughly one day, and the bugs will often keep on eating for a week afterward. I like to see them give up the ghost within not more than twenty-four hours after the application is made. The great use and demand for Paris green has probably tempted imitators and adulterators. At any rate the stuff now in the market runs of uneven strength. I am constantly making my mixtures stronger. With lime in the combination, we can do so with little risk.

Another omission (besides the one before noted) which I find in Prof. Weed's book, is his failure to mention the latest test by yellow prussiate of potassium, which relieves us of the necessity of weighing the lime when adding it to the copper sulphate solution. I find this a most convenient method; for it enables me to slack a quantity of lime, and keep it ready for use within a few days, mixing it with the compound as needed, in larger or smaller lots. First, we dissolve the required amount of the sulphate, by suspending it in a gunny-sack or basket near the top of the water in the barrel or keg. When this is all dissolved, the milk or cream of lime (always made from fresh lime) is added slowly, and the mixture kept stirred. From time to time I pour in from a little vial, a drop of a solution of yellow prussiate of potassium (ferrocyanide of potassium). As long as this shows a brown stain, more lime must be added. When the mixture is right, the drop of prussiate will not show the least discoloration of the liquid.

T. GREINER.

Our Farm.

MAINTAINING THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

THE great question in the agricultural world is, "How can we maintain or increase the fertility of the soil most cheaply and rapidly?" Even with low prices there is a little margin in farming if the soil is rich enough. Fertile fields require less tillage and give larger yields than others, and in the difference lies the profit now. There has been so much said in favor of commercial fertilizers that other methods are too much in the background, and when low-priced products fail to give a profit after paying the fertilizer bill, there is an idea that we are at the end of the string. I believe that there has been some false teaching in respect to fertilization of the soil, or at least some wrong inferences have been drawn. The idea has been this: If \$3 worth of fertilizers per acre increases the products of an acre to the extent of \$3.50 or \$4, it is good farming to trust to the fertilizer. This conclusion does not necessarily follow, as I hope to prove.

Most soils have large amounts of unavailable mineral matter in them—just such matter as is contained in the fertilizers on our markets, only not in available form. Each year a minute portion becomes available through chemical action. A field may not be productive, and yet contain all the elements of plant-food in sufficient supply for many centuries of crop-growing. An application of available minerals may increase the yield of crops to an extent that gives a seeming profit, and yet some other method of treating the soil be far more profitable in the end. The objection to the constant use of chemicals is that the soil is kept growing crops that are removed, and thus is robbed of its stock of humus. The result is that the dependence upon chemicals grows greater, and the point is reached that without a fertilizer no crop can be gotten.

Knowing that most soils have a great supply of unavailable mineral matter in them, it would often be wiser to pursue a method that would unlock a portion of it, and at the same time furnish the mechanical condition needed for the production of good crops. This is done by the use of green manures (so-called), by which is usually meant the direct return to the soil in green or dry state of the crop grown upon it. A field might be cropped at a slight present profit by repeated use of chemicals, but the depletion of the store of vegetable matter is ruinous in the end, and not only that, but the present yield might be increased over that given by the use of chemicals, and at less cost. This is nature's way of restoring fertility, and our business is to aid nature by making the conditions as favorable as possible.

The presence in the soil of a good amount of vegetable matter affects chemical action,

the available mineral manure. While clover gets the potash and phosphoric acid from the soil, yet the store of it is great, and if it aids in rendering it soluble, or draws it up from the low subsoil, it accomplishes all that is needed. The nitrogen it can take from the air. The strong advocates of the use of chemicals say that, nitrogen excepted, the clover and peas add nothing to the soil. What of it? Nothing is needed, usually. What we want is a good mechanical condition of the soil, and a slight portion of the minerals rendered available. These things are usually accomplished, effectively and cheaply, by the use of green manures.

"But clover will not grow without the use of fertilizers," says one. If used to grow a manurial crop on land that is exhausted, the fertilizers are a great aid. This is a wise use of the chemicals. But it would have been better yet if the soil had not been so robbed of its humus by repeated cropping that grass would not catch. There is some fertile land that is not friendly to clover. In such cases we can use rye, oats, peas and other crops for plowing under. These will furnish vegetable matter to the soil, and then comes decomposition of the mineral matter, ability of the soil to hold moisture, and increased productivity.

I am not combatting the use of chemicals. They have their place. But the average farmer should not become dependent upon their use. Sections that have done so in the past have become sterile. Like stable manure, their true function is usually to make a manurial crop grow. Let us fill our soils with vegetable mold. Let the air enter them. Let nature's laboratory have a chance to be used. In nine cases out of ten, I am confident that former fertility would be restored under such treatment. Few of us can get stable manure in sufficient quantity to keep the soil full of organic matter. The manurial crop is the next best thing. It should be the base in any method of maintaining the soil's fertility. If it will not grow without an application of chemicals, they should be freely used, but let the trust be placed in the manurial crop.

If an old soil can be given a heavy growth of clover, rye and peas, its tillage will become much more pleasant. The manurial crop kills out much of the weed growth, and this cheapens the cost of production of succeeding crops. It seems to me that in this era of low prices, those farmers will remain on the safest ground and succeed best who keep the soil full of organic matter, depending for fertility upon the cheap manurial crops rather than costly chemicals. After free use of the former, having the ground in the very best mechanical condition by reason of their use, we can also use the chemicals, if experiments show that the use pays under such conditions. We can use both aids in growing crops, but the essential one is an abundance of humus.

DAVID.

DAIRYING IN THE SOUTH.

May 22, 1894, I left my cold, stormy home in Ashtabula county, Ohio, to visit a 1,350-acre dairy farm in Rockingham county, North Carolina.

At the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, and upon the east side, is one of the best sections for dairy farming I ever saw in these United States. The mountain air is pure and healthful for both man and beast. The pasture grasses that grow now on the uplands are sweet and succulent food of the very best quality. The hillside springs of clear, cold water, that form little brooks of living water all over the large farm I went to see, as well as many others in the same vicinity, register from fifty-five to fifty-eight degrees. The wells that are sunk in solid rock twelve to sixteen feet in numerous places here furnish a large volume of pure, cold water, the sum of all perfection for the creamery business.

At Spray, in Rockingham county, North Carolina, the land is nearly 1,100 feet above sea-level. Being so well supplied naturally with all the necessary conditions for the profitable manufacture of butter and cheese, it is surprising that the people should wait for so many years for the kindly teaching of dairy writers in FARM AND FIRESIDE to even give the men a push to learn how to milk a cow, and much more, make golden granular butter and full cream cheese.

This they are doing to-day upon several dairy farms in this vicinity. They built silos the past two years, and fed corn ensilage when needed, and they have a good grade of dairy cows, and the men folks have at last learned the art of sitting down

upon a milking-stool at the proper side of an old cow, holding the milk-pail securely between the knees, and milking with both hands quickly and cleanly, at the rate of one cow every five minutes.

The one-hand-milking nonsense by a woman, in a little tin cup, and then pouring it into a pail, while her leige lord sits upon the fence close by, smoking his pipe of clay, has been dropped out of farm life and farm work. Of course, my readers must not think from this writing that the conditions for doing good dairy work are universal in the South, or that in every locality it is possible to manufacture the best quality of butter and cheese. You all know that here in the North we have many farms not well suited to the dairy work or business. Then why should you expect the entire South to be favored with perfect conditions?

It is not my wish to write up the South in false or misleading colors, or bring upon any immigrant disastrous results. Farmers should study well the best requirements of any branch of farming they may seek to follow, and then choose the location best adapted to the work. The mild and healthful climate of the mountain regions of the sunny South makes it a very desirable place for dairy farmers to live. The old cows do not shiver six months of the year, as they always have done upon my dairy farms up here in Ohio. And I never could make better butter here than I could in Tennessee upon the west side of the Cumberland mountains, or than is being made to-day upon the east side of the Blue Ridge mountains in North Carolina.

The city of Danville, Virginia, furnishes an excellent market for all farm products. It is a very rich, tobacco-industry city. The millionaires there can be counted by the scores, and the eighty-six immense factories now in full blast pay a large revenue in taxes into our government treasury, far ahead of the bogus butter income tax of the North—and both, so far as my taste or patronage goes, would become speedily less.

Our Yankee golden, granular butter, made as directed by our dairy teaching in this paper, sells here as rapidly as it is possible to make it for thirty cents per pound in summer-time and thirty-five to forty cents per pound in fall and winter time.

Good, full cream cheese is fifteen cents per pound at wholesale here, while all the stores sell it at twenty cents retail. The Wellington and northern Ohio white-oak, skim-cheese is not needed here because of its stand-up quality in the hot sun, but the average Danville citizen does enjoy a good, mild, soft, full cream cheese that he can swallow with comfort to his throat and perfect bliss to the stomach. They are willing to pay for it, too, and they have the cash in hand to do so.

Labor strikes and labor wars have not as yet ruined these people. Their cotton-mills, woolen-mills and tobacco-factories enjoy the full freedom of business so essential to both capital and labor. The workmen are busy and happy in their labor. The mills furnish the main supplies of northern trade to-day, and it did seem good to me to spend a few days in a country where God and liberty could abide in peace and quiet.

This dairy industry will be a bonanza in the South for a time to come, and the pioneers who migrate from the North possessed of the necessary skill and vim to push the work, will find a change of base not only desirable, but profitable, until overproduction reduces prices to a common level with the North. To the timely and sound advice of Dr. Galen Wilson, in the June number of FARM AND FIRESIDE, I can say a hearty amen.

The 20th of May sheep-shearing commenced in Rockingham county, North Carolina, and fat mutton sheep, as soon as shorn, brought readily in market three and one half cents per pound.

The stock laws of North Carolina are almost a copy of our Ohio laws, and probably no other state in the South has better or more similar laws to Ohio than this. I feel that Ohio is near perfection, and I use it always for my standard, and urge other states to emulate our virtues in the way of good government and politics. Thus far I have had the good fortune to be politically on top three fourths of the time since I first voted for John C. Fremont in 1856.

The immense mountain water-powers of the South now present a very inviting field for manufacturing. The main workshops of America will soon be there; labor

can accomplish far more and at a less cost. The difference in latitude makes the cotton-mills and woolen-mills of Spray able to do a full ten hours' daily work, all by daylight, in the short days of winter, because they then have one hour and twenty minutes longer daylight than in Cleveland, Ohio, and perhaps an hour more than the Springfield, Ohio, factories have, while in June they have one hour and twenty minutes longer night for sleep, and the operatives can certainly endure their factory work better under such conditions as exist in the mountain districts of the southern states.

Already is American protection for American industry gaining friends and advocates in the South. The ambitions and successes of southern work-shops can

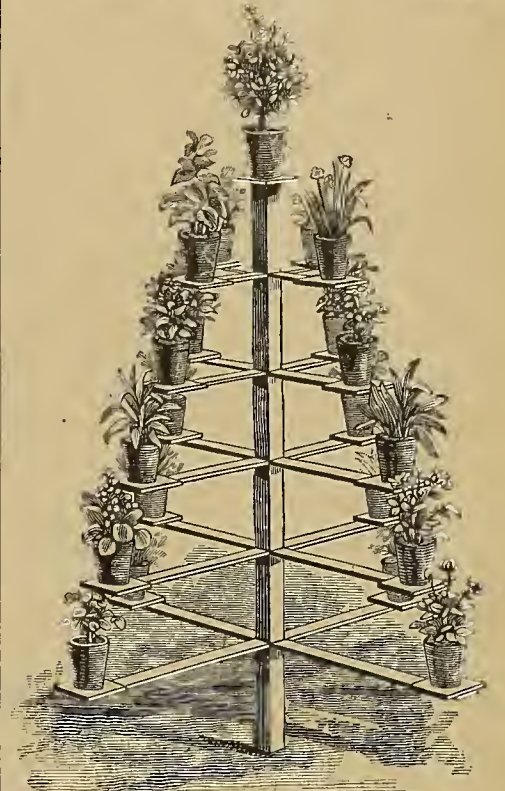


FIG. 1.—TREE FLOWER-POT STAND.

in the near future have but one end, logically. They must make us a more united people—one in thought and interests. To-day's false position of free trade to benefit Europe will speedily vanish in the future glory and upbuilding of the South. Their influential and brainy men of the South see it and feel it, and I was delighted in Danville, Virginia, to hear them so express themselves to me freely.

This is a large and glorious nation, and cannot nor will not long tolerate the selfish ends of parties or men. There are principles above the mere official salaries of partyism of such colossal magnitude which the voters in their might and majesty will soon say must and shall be law.

HENRY TALCOTT.

A TREE FLOWER-POT STAND.

I have devised what I think is a very pretty and novel flower-pot stand. It makes a pretty effect either on the lawn or in the dooryard. It can be constructed by the average farm boy of waste lumber, and all the tools needed are a hand-saw, jack-plane and hammer. It holds twenty-one six-inch flower-pots. Four limbs radiate one foot from the ground, and are two feet long from center of post. The limbs radiate four at a place at intervals of one foot. Each set of limbs gets shorter as they ascend, giving it the form of a pyramid. The center post is 4x4 inches, 8 feet long, set two feet in the ground. The limbs are made of slats 3/4x3 inches, and the rests for the flower-pots of 3/4x8-inch boards cut off square. A in Fig. 2 is the center post; B's are the rests for pots, and C shows the way the slats must be cut to halve together where they lap at the corner of the post.

Construct it of good material and paint it, and it will last for years.

Georgia.

R. W. J. STEWART.

Weak All Over

Is the condition of thousands in hot weather, especially if the blood is thin and impure and the system poorly nourished. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla,

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures
your blood will be purified and you will gain strength of mind, nerves and body. Be sure to get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box.

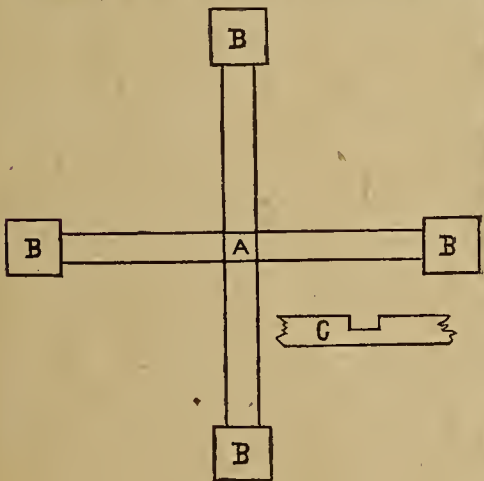


FIG. 2.

our scientists say, hastens the disintegration of the soil, and controls the store of moisture in it. The latter is highly important. Every practical farmer knows that old and worn fields tend to pack and harden, and that they cannot stand drought as they formerly did. They "run together," and the air cannot enter. The moisture escapes, and the chemical action is brought to a stop. The result is that the tender plants wilt and become stunted. The soil has been robbed of its original store of humus, and while chemicals may force some growth, they do not go to the root of the evil and effect permanent improvement.

Stable manure rarely fails to give good results, because it not only feeds the plants, as do chemicals, but affects the mechanical condition of the soil. So with manurial crops, such as clover, peas, rye, etc. They furnish the needed vegetable matter and

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

ONION MILDEW AND SMUT.—

Although my onion crops have only in rare instances been affected by fungous diseases, and then chiefly by "damping off" in the seed-bed, or by mildew in open ground, I naturally looked for the recommendation in Prof. Weed's new book ("Fungi and Fungicides," already mentioned in these columns) concerning all diseases liable to attack the crop. There are three of these diseases; namely, onion-mildew, onion-smut and onion-spot disease, besides damping off.

Mildew appears upon the tops of onions as a grayish, mold-like, velvety coating, followed by more or less wilting of the affected leaves. Low, damp ground favors its development. Onions on high, dry soil are less subject to its attacks. Under favorable conditions the fungus spreads quite rapidly, and I have had a patch of fine-looking onions struck down by this blight within a few days and long before they had the full size they might have reached otherwise. Mr. Weed recommends the destruction by fire of all refuse tops, in order to kill the winter spores, and strict rotation of crops. The use of fungicides does not seem to have been tried. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture, or solutions of liver of sulphur or corrosive sublimate, may possibly afford some relief, but this is by no means a settled thing. The few trials I have made thus far did not turn out to my full satisfaction. I find that the best thing I can do with seriously-affected onions is to pull them at once, cure and market at the earliest possible date. When we practice the "new onion culture," and set our plants in open ground as early in the season as we should, we run little risk, as we can bring the crop pretty much to full development before the advent of the mildew (or rust).

I have no personal acquaintance with the onion-smut which in some of our eastern onion districts is a destructive and greatly-feared visitor. This disease affects the first leaves of seedling onions, and from there spreads over the whole plant, often proving fatal in a short time. The stronger plants, especially if the ground is moist, are able to resist the smut sufficiently to make considerable growth, even to survive until harvesting. The characteristic sign by which the disease is easily recognized as "smut," is the black, sooty powder (the ripened fruit or spores of the fungus), which shows through the cracks in the affected parts.

I was especially interested in Mr. Weed's suggestions concerning ways and means of fighting the smut, as he strongly recommends the "new onion culture," as a method of prevention. Apparently the infection by smut takes place before the young plant appears above ground. This is also the case with corn and other grains subject to the attacks of smut. Prof. Weed, therefore, is led to suppose that if young onions were started in soil free from smut, and then transplanted to smutty soil, they would escape the disease, because the period of infection has been passed. Consequently, in the practice of transplanting onions, there is a simple and efficient remedy. I am thankful to Mr. Weed for going out of his way, evidently, to quote Prof. W. J. Green concerning the practical value of transplanting, as follows:

"The difference in cost of cultivation was considerable, the ratio being about one to two in favor of the bed of transplanted onions. At the first weeding both beds were weedy, but while the weeds were as large as the onions in the bed where the seed was sown, making weeding difficult and slow, the task was comparatively easy in the other bed. At the second weeding it was necessary to remove many of the small onions in the bed where the seed was sown, an operation which is equivalent to an extra weeding. The work of weeding was but one half on the bed of transplanted onions that it was on the other bed. Counting the extra trouble of growing in the greenhouse and transplanting, the work on the two beds was about the same for the whole season; that is, transplanting adds nothing to the cost of growing the crop, aside from the necessity of a greenhouse, hotbed or cold-frame, in any of which the plants can be started.

"The difference in the time of ripening was about one month in favor of the transplanted onions, making it possible to use them for bunching, and also to market the crop at an earlier date than could be done

with those grown in open ground. The yield of the transplanted onions was about double that of the others."

This season's experience has impressed the truth of all this more than ever upon my mind. I have one fifth of an acre in Prizetakers. The rows are one foot apart, and the plants from two to four inches apart in the rows. All told, there are at least 30,000 plants. To set them has required ten days' work, mostly boy labor at fifty cents a day, or an expense of about \$6 (rate, \$30 an acre). Cultivation, hoeing and weeding, up to early in July, when the plants were too large to permit further work among them, has taken another six days, causing further expense of \$4—in all \$10 for one fifth acre, or at the rate of \$50 per acre. Can anybody expect to cultivate, weed, hoe and thin onions grown in the old way for less than this amount? It used to cost us a great deal more. About yield and difference in yield, I will be able to say more later on. At this time I will only emphasize the fact that the new method, besides other advantages, relieves us of most of the danger from attacks of fungous diseases.

THE ONION-SPOT DISEASE.—This affects white onion varieties in the bins, if the atmosphere of the storage-room is warm and moist. It appears as black spots, often in the form of circles, on the outer scales, finally penetrating deeper and ending in rot. To prevent this trouble, the onions should be gathered when perfectly dry, and stored in dry bins, and in dry and cool store-rooms. Sprinkling bulbs and bins with powdered lime may prevent the spread of the disease.

SWEET POTATO FROM CUTTINGS.—On this subject I have received several letters from southern subscribers, which show the ease with which the sweet potato crop is grown in a favorable climate. Here we have to fuss with the plants, and coddle them in every way, and then we cannot succeed in raising a fair crop of good tubers, and surely not in making the crop pay. A subscriber in Louisiana writes:

"Here in Louisiana the industrious farmer plants one half or a whole bushel in a small ridge; the sprouts soon appear and 'grow like weeds,' and cover the ridge. In the meantime more and larger ridges fifteen to eighteen inches high are made. When the runners from the mother potatoes are two to four feet long, they are cut, and being doubled up, they are pushed with a blunt stick into the ridges about six inches apart. When the runners of these are again long enough—sometimes they are ten feet long—they are proceeded with like the first runners. That is all the cultivation sweet potatoes here receive. In a good season, pretty wet, they make a fine crop."

H. H.

C. C. L. Dill, of Alabama, has this to say: "I set out one or two thousand plants early, and depended on them for cuttings for the balance of my crop, which is several hundred bushels. I set the cuttings out the same as I do the plants and do not have any trouble about their living, which they will do quite as surely as plants, and they certainly make the best potatoes and the most of them. That is, cuttings set out in July will make more potatoes and of better size than plants set in the same month."

SECOND-CROP IRISH POTATOES.—I am afraid I shall make a complete failure of my attempt to raise "second-crop" seed potatoes. In June I ordered a barrel of new Early Rose "seasoned for seed" from a firm in North Carolina. I expected to get it so that the planting could be done by the middle of July. Now it is pretty well toward the end of the month, and the barrel has not yet arrived. Do not know even whether it has been shipped or not. Of course, it is too late to plant in open ground. What I shall attempt to do, however, is to raise a few hills of second-crop Early Ohio and Carman in the greenhouse. All I care about is to get some tubers for seed, no matter how small or immature.

Early in July, however, I did receive a small box of small new potatoes from C. C. L. Dill, of Alabama. He tells me that he always plants small whole tubers for second crop, and that he likes to plant as soon as he digs the first crop and gets the tubers. But I cannot understand how he makes potatoes freshly dug and planted at once, start into growth the same season. We can succeed in making new potatoes grow only after they have become "seasoned" by exposure to light and air. Mr. Dill describes his method of planting as follows:

"I planted my second crop of Irish potatoes June 15th. I plant in every other furrow, and drop small potatoes about one

foot apart, and cover from four to six inches deep with a plow. On this I put pine straw a foot deep. Have been doing this for twenty-five years, and have not had a single failure. The tubers are clean and free from scab, and the ground is full of them."

JOSEPH.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Peach-borers.—N. N., Whitehall, Mich. When the borers have once got into the trees, the only way to get them out is by the knife, or a flexible wire. Every peach-tree should be looked over for borers in the spring and autumn. Besides this, the trunks of the trees should be covered with wire mosquito-netting or other material to keep them out. The netting, however, should not come close against the trunk, or the moth will be able to lay eggs in it.

Mildew on Rose Leaves.—W. E. M., Foss, West Va. If you spray your roses once in two weeks with sulphide of potassium (liver of sulphur) at the rate of one half ounce to a gallon of water, I think the trouble will disappear. If your roses are much shut in, the disease may perhaps be nearly prevented by giving them a better circulation of air. But the trouble may come from the warm, moist weather. This same treatment will entirely prevent mildew of gooseberries. Liver of sulphur costs about twenty cents a pound. It dissolves most readily in hot water.

Fruit Dropping.—J. E., Yonkers, N. Y., writes: "I have an apple-tree that loses its fruit when half grown. It is in its second blossom now. Last year it blossomed three times, I also have a pear-tree that blossomed last year, and also this year, and bore no fruit."

REPLY:—In the case of the apple-tree, I should think it had been injured by some fungus which has injured or destroyed the leaves, causing a second or even third growth. The remedy may be to spray foliage with Bordeaux mixture and so keep it healthy. But the trouble may have had its cause in some peculiarity of the season. In the case of the pear-tree, the trouble might be due to some fungous growth attacking the blossom, to late frosts, or because there being no other kind of pear near, the flowers were not fertilized; or it might be some constitutional weakness in the variety, in which case the tree should be re-grafted with some standard kind.

Apples Dropping.—J. B. P., Lowell, Ark., writes: "I have some old apple-trees that bear an abundance of fruit every year, but shed most of it before it matures. Can you give me a remedy? Some say peel the bark from the trunk; others say, drive nails into the tree."

REPLY:—Such cases are difficult to manage. The trouble is often due to insects, or sudden climatic changes, or to weakness in the variety. Where any of these are evidently not the cause, it might be well to girdle the trees, taking out a strip of bark two inches wide around the trunk of the tree. This is not injury enough to kill the tree, and will sometimes have the desired effect. Often, however, it would be better to graft with some standard reliable variety; where apple-trees are isolated, or where there is only one variety in a neighborhood, the fruit may fail to set on account of proper pollen.

Leaf-hopper.—C. W., Albert Lea, Minn., writes: "I herewith mail you specimens of my European birch. Two of them show badly-diseased conditions, and one is only slightly affected. The trees affected will grow from now on, branch out at axil of almost every leaf near the terminal, and become as thick and bushy as a broom. Have had this trouble five years at least. Used to be able to grow smooth, fine nursery trees of this kind. The singular thing is that only occasional trees are affected."

REPLY:—The specimens received are injured by a little white leaf-hopper (tettigonia) of which there were several on the specimen sent me. If you look carefully, you will find them. When you jar the trees they fly a short distance. They suck the new wood, checking its growth, and consequently causing new growth to start from the axillary buds below. The same injury I have many times seen on the Norway maple caused by the same insect. A similar insect attacks the leaves of grape-vines, and have troubled me some last season and this in the vineyard.

Hardy Gooseberry—Propagating Gooseberries.—C. B., Canton, Ill. I do not know what the variety of gooseberry is to which you refer, but rather think it is the old Pale Red, which is known by several other names. I think, however, that the Houghton Seedling is the most reliable gooseberry. It, too, is pale red in color and very hardy and productive. I believe the latter is the hardiest of cultivated gooseberries. If it is pruned back about one half its new growth each year, the fruit will be much larger than if all the wood is left on.—The best way to propagate the gooseberry is by layering the branches at some time previous to the middle of the summer. If this is done, all the small twigs will be rooted by winter. In the spring these rooted branches should be broken apart, and be planted out close together in rows. The following year they should be large enough to transplant to permanent location. Gooseberries, or currants, either, for that matter, are not easily managed in the greenhouse. It is far better to root them outdoors.

To Prevent Land in Orchard From Washing.—H. C., French Lick, Ind., writes: "I have a young orchard on old land, partly hillside, inclined to wash. Now, what is the best plan to improve the soil and prevent it from washing? My soil is clay."

REPLY:—Should prefer to sow orchard to rye in August. Plow it under early in spring, and seed down to medium red clover and timothy, using an extra large amount of clover. Manure the sod the following autumn, or the land before seeding, cut two crops of hay and then break it up. Along on each side of the trees, if they are small, I should run the one-horse cultivator, and not allow the grass seed to catch at all. If the trees are of good bearing size and thrifty, the grass around them will do no harm. If the orchard is small, you might spade a circle around each tree; or what is a better plan, mulch each tree so heavily that the grass cannot grow near it. But whatever you do, be careful about permitting a very young orchard to become grown up to grass near the trees. Perhaps by ridging the land in certain directions, or by making occasional rows of corn stalks or old straw, you can prevent wash, but of course, old land washes badly where new land would not wash at all. Applying strawy manure to old land adds the humus it lacks, and so makes it bind together.

Pear Culture—Apple Curculio.—H. H. E., Allentown, N. J., writes: "(1) What is the best work on pear culture, and where can it be obtained? (2) In setting an orchard of 2,500 pear-trees in central Jersey, what varieties would you recommend? (3) Can anything be done to control the twig or fire blight of pears and apples?—How long do you recommend spraying for apple curculio, which are even now carrying on their depredations?"

REPLY:—(1) There is no complete work on pear growing. If I contemplated setting a large orchard of pears in New Jersey, I should visit some of the most successful growers and look their orchards over this summer. For reading matter on this subject, I think you had better get the recent western New York and the New Jersey horticultural reports and "Maynard's Practical Fruit Grower." The latter for sale by FARM AND FIRESIDE. (2) I would plant Bartlett, Anjou, Clairgeau, Duchess de Angouleme and Kieffer, and would mix the rows of each kind in planting. (3) There is really little that can be done after selecting the best resistant varieties and avoiding much nitrogenous manure in the soil. Should use largely of potash and the phosphates for manure. The blighted wood should be removed and burned as soon as seen.—Would spray so long as serious damage was being done by them, but I think three sprayings after the flowers fall, at intervals of ten days, will be sufficient for a general rule.

Fire-blight.—J. B. C., Isaca, Texas, writes: "I have an orchard of thrifty apple-trees just coming into bearing. This year the apple-blight has struck them. The little limbs or twigs are turning black and dying, the leaves looking as if burnt or killed by frost. Is there any simple way to save my trees? I have also two fine pear-trees, a Kieffer and a Le Conte, affected the same way."

REPLY:—There is no remedy for the "twig" or "fire blight" of apple and pear trees. The best treatment is to remove and burn the affected parts as soon as the disease is seen. I do not think that disease and insects are to take all the fruits of the farmers' labors. I think that we must select those varieties the least liable to the diseases, and must fight the insects with more persistency. The spray-pump has come to stay, and is going to be of much more general use than at present in fighting diseases and insects. There are a few varieties of the apple that are but little subject to fire-blight. It is pretty plainly proven that a soil that is rich in organic matter is very liable to produce a growth that is much more liable to blight than one that is especially rich in potash and phosphoric acid. I have cut back blighting Bartlett and other kinds of pears, and by manuring with potash salts and phosphates have renewed the trees so that they have produced good crops. The blight is very widespread this year, and doing serious injury in many places, especially in the Mississippi valley. It is always worse on low land, and especially where there is a poor circulation of air.

Marl as a Fertilizer for Trees.—J. A. M., Uniontown, Pa., writes: "I am growing English walnuts and chestnuts in North Carolina, and am at a loss to know what kind of a fertilizer to use and where to obtain it. A man in North Carolina is offering to furnish marl for \$4.50 per ton of 2,000 pounds. What virtue is there in this marl as a fertilizer? Would it suit my purpose, and how does it compare in price to other fertilizers you could name suitable for my purpose?"

REPLY:—I do not think it very often pays to use the cheap marls at any price, but it would very likely be a good plan for you to try this one, as the cost is so very little. Marls vary very much in value, according to their composition. They are generally composed of carbonate of lime and insoluble matter. Some marls contain a certain percentage of phosphoric acid and nitrogen, when they are very good, cheap fertilizers, but the trouble in buying them is that they are so cheap that it is not considered necessary to have an analysis accompany them, and consequently they are often valueless. I think you will find that an application of about 300 pounds of cotton-seed meal per acre will be as cheap and satisfactory a fertilizer as you will be apt to get for nuts. It might be well to apply 100 pounds kainite and 100 pounds acid phosphate per acre additional. These are all cheap fertilizers in your section. Apply these materials in spring or early summer. They may be bought of any large fertilizer company.

Fungous Diseases on Currant and Berry Bushes.—C. E. T., Wisconsin. The branch of White Grape currant received had the leaves on it much spotted, and the most of them nearly dead. The blackberry and raspberry canes received with bark broken in many cases on fruiting canes, and the new wood of a dark color. Also with other places where the bark was discolored, but not broken through. The currants are affected with one of the common fungi, probably (*Septoria ribes*), and also perhaps with mildew. You will find Bordeaux mixture a very sure preventive if applied early in the spring, and then again when the crop is gathered. The raspberries and blackberries are affected chiefly with anthracnose, but probably with some other fungi, also. I suggest that all the diseased wood be cut out and burned, and that in the autumn just before they are laid down, the canes are sprayed with a dilute solution of sulphate of copper, to be repeated when they are raised in the spring. Should also spray the new growth now with Bordeaux mixture, taking special pains to get it onto the canes. For this purpose use five pounds of lime, five pounds of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) and fifty gallons of water in making the Bordeaux mixture.

Cultivating and Mulching Raspberries.—A. S. P., Fairgrove, Mich., writes: "(1) Would you advise working in raspberries between blossoming-time and ripening? Our soil is sand. Would the ground hold moisture better to plow a furrow away from the bushes, and fill it with rotted sawdust and then cover with soil? Or would it be better to put the sawdust on top of the ground? (2) Would coal-tar, placed at the roots, keep away wire-worms and other insects? If so, would it be injurious to the bushes? (3) If the ends are laid down, does it injure the bushes for bearing the next year?"

REPLY:—(1) I like to have the rows of raspberries seven feet apart, mulch two feet on each side of the rows, and then cultivate the three-foot strip in the center so as to keep it loose. Generally put mulch on by middle of June, and by spring of the following year it is so rotted that it is worked readily into the soil, which is all cultivated until the mulch is put on again, after which the three-foot path only is cultivated. If I used rotted sawdust for mulch, I should keep it on top of the ground and never mix it with the soil, but depend on its being thick enough to keep down the weeds. (2) Coal-tar is very dangerous to use around the roots of trees or plants of any kind. I do not think that wire-worms will injure the roots under a mulch. (3) No; it is a natural and not an exhaustive process. I think canes that are tip-layered and left down all winter are much less liable to winter injury than if not layered, or if the layers are cut off in the fall.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM TEXAS.—We have had a "bad crop" time, on account of drought, and our prospects are indeed slim, though most of Texas revels in fine crop prospects at this time. Texas is the best country in the United States for a man who desires to be honestly successful in any of life's callings, and Grimes county, even with occasional local droughts, cannot be excelled in Texas as to land, water, health, society and climate. I do not invite any one to come to Texas to live, but to pay the Lone Star state a visit and decide for oneself as to a change of residence. Times are surely hard here now. M. H. Iola, Texas.

FROM OREGON.—Kent is situated midway between the John Day and Deschutes rivers, about six miles north from the Sherman county line. Sherman county is a great farming and stock-raising locality. The main crop is wheat, though oats, rye and barley give large yields. Rye grows from four to seven feet tall, and makes one to three tons of hay per acre, worth from \$8 to \$10 per ton. Rye is used mostly for hay. Wheat yields from ten to forty bushels per acre. The southern part of Sherman county is level, with a few canons leading off to the John Day or Deschutes rivers. There is much government land here subject to homestead entry, which is good farming land. F. L. B. Kent, Oregon.

FROM ARKANSAS.—Does small fruit growing pay? That the demand for all kinds of small fruit is growing is beyond dispute. Thirty years ago, such a thing was scarcely thought of except where the grower lived near cities. Now the express-cars are loaded with berries of all kinds, picked up from stations along the railroad. Occasionally the grower is only able to own five or possibly ten acres of land, but he makes a living on it because he is engaged in an industry that is rapidly growing. Small fruit growing is getting to be quite popular in this section (Benton county, Arkansas). People have found out that our land is admirably adapted to growing small fruit, as well as apples, pears, peaches, cherries, etc. I have an orchard, set out three years ago; of course, I do not expect apples from that orchard for three years more, but I grew my strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, dewberries, etc., on the same ground and reaped a reward from the start. One to two hundred crates of berries from one acre is not considered a large crop here. This year prices ranged from \$2 to \$5 per crate. We ship to Kansas City, Mo., Wichita,

Kau., Denver, Col., Omaha, Neb., and Dallas, Texas. People are also finding out that we have the finest water in the world, to say nothing of the climate, which cannot be excelled anywhere. Our county is filling up with people from the North and East. Land here is cheap, ranging from \$10 to \$50 per acre, improved. We have the best of laws. All kinds of industries are here, such as mills, ice-factories, woolen-mills, planing-mills, etc. Lowell, Ark. J. B. P.

FROM ALABAMA.—In northern Alabama it is never too hot or too cold to work out of doors. In winter there is but little weather cold enough for snow. In January, 1893, we had the biggest snow I ever saw, and it was only nine or ten inches deep. We hardly ever have more than three or four inches of snow during the whole winter. We certainly have a good climate. A farmer can raise nearly everything here that he wants to. Wheat was the best this year that we have had in a long time. Corn is fine, and cotton and other crops look well. Fine crops are reported from all directions; some say that we will have the best crops this year that have been made since the war. A large immigration from the North is expected this fall. A few northern people have already come and made some improvements. Land is cheap. S. C. Diamond, Ala.

LANDS FOR SALE

AT LOW PRICES AND ON EASY TERMS. The Illinois Central Railroad Company offers for sale on easy terms and at low prices, 150,000 acres of choice fruit, gardening, farm and grazing lands located in SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. They are also largely interested in, and call especial attention to the 600,000 acres of land in the famous YAZOO DELTA of Mississippi, lying along and owned by the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad Company, and which that Company offers at low prices and on long terms. Special inducements and facilities offered to go and examine these lands both in Southern Illinois and in the "Yazoo Delta," Miss. For further description, map and any information, address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, No. 1 Park Row, Chicago, Ill.; or, G. W. MCGINNIS, Ass't Land Commissioner, Memphis, Tenn.

NOTES ON PLUM CULTURE.

One of the first things the amateur in plum growing needs to learn is the varying habit of growth of different varieties. The tendency with many of the popular sorts of plums under good cultivators—and no other will pay with plums—is to grow to straggling, long-limbed trees, running up to an inordinate height. It is nothing unusual for a well-fed Lombard tree to send up leading shoots four feet in height in a summer.

The Reine Claude de Bavey is another straggling grower, while the Imperial Gage is inclined to make a thicker top, with interlacing branches; so the old-fashioned Damson. The Yellow Egg will send its rampant-growing shoots skyward, while the Geum makes a compromise, and is a more shapely grower. Moore's Arctic plum is a tree of quite regular growing propensities, and will bear some thinning of the inside branches, which interlace if left to grow.

The mistake is very often made by the novice of setting the trees just as received from the nursery, without any shortening or a thinning out of the branches. With the Lombard, Reine Claude, Yellow Egg and their ilk, the first thing to do is to trim off half the branches the nurseryman leaves on, or at most, leave but four or five, and then trim all laterals from these, cutting them back two thirds of the former year's growth. And if the roots are scaly and much mutilated, and in dry condition, it will be a positive advantage to prune back all the branches to three or four inches of the main stem. The trees will start sooner and recover from the shock of removal more readily, when they might succumb and die under less heroic treatment.

The second year, and every year subsequently, while the trees are getting established and ready to bear, cut back the leading shoots fully one half the previous year's growth, doing it before the leaves start in the spring. This neglected until the trees are three or four years old gives a lot of tall, unshapely trees, unhandy to reach, both to trim away the black-knots, which will surely infest them, and to gather the fruit. With proper care in pruning from the first year of setting, these uncouth, straggling-growing sorts of plum-trees can be made shapely and easy of access; and more production, because more fruit-bearing surface is created by the lateral growth induced by cutting.

Some things we have learned about the black-knot, and quite a number of things it is evident we do not yet know regarding it—we cannot prevent it. We know that with the circulation of the sap in early summer, the incipient knots begin to swell and burst the bark. Some pretend to say they know that the seeds or spores of mature

knots are carried by the wind, and lodging upon other trees take root, so to speak, and form the incipient knots which increase through the season. One thing I know, the growth of this fungus is from beneath the bark outward. How do these spores get under the bark? Does anybody know?

Another thing I know in regard to these knots, and this is knowledge of value, that practically, the growing season of a single year is the life of an individual knot, but it goes to seed, and these are scattered to the winds and by the winds for months afterward. Last year's knots cut away this spring show evident signs of decay internally, and if left upon the tree, vitiate the substance of the wood locally, and prove as harmful as in the former stage of its growth. Here, then, is the double advantage of cutting away these excrescences in their incipient stages of growth—the earlier the better.

Another thing I know, everyone who cuts sparingly will have the perplexity of going over his trees again to cut away knots that sprout from the former cutting, so cut deep—below discoloration of the wood—and an inch above and below the knot. Cover all these wounds with thick oil paint, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing the wounds heal entirely over without apparent detriment to the tree. If the knots are neglected through the summer, as soon as the leaves fall cut them away and paint the wounds. This course will keep the knots in check and enable the grower to harvest good crops of fruit, dependent upon how well he feeds his trees and the assiduity with which he handles the knife in pruning and cutting of knots.

The amateur is often at a loss to decide what varieties of plums to plant, there are so many sorts to select from in growers' catalogues. If he wants but a few trees, and these of several varieties, a dozen trees made up of the following varieties will be found satisfactory: Four Reine Claude, three Lombard, one Yellow Egg, two Imperial Gage and one Washington; the latter an early plum and of very good quality, and the tree a good grower.

Don't trust to arsenites to repel the curculio. The mallet and sheet is the safer way. Spray with Bordeaux mixture for the "plum-rot" at least three times during the season. L. F. ABBOTT. Maine.

FUMA BISULPHID OF CARBON.

The mild winters in the cotton-growing states afford so much protection to our insect foes that constant warfare and diligence are necessary for the protection of plants and seeds. The old way of partially protecting the seeds of corn and wheat from the "fly-weevil" of the South is now being largely superseded by the use of a somewhat offensive, inflammable liquid known as fuma bisulphid of carbon. No light or fire should be brought into contact with the fumes when it is being used, as an explosion will be the result. The credit for the introduction of this substance should be given to Prof. C. V. Riley, who has for many years been the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, but who is now connected with the Smithsonian Institute. He advised its use about fifteen years ago. It serves to show how little attention has been shown by the farmers and planters to the care of their harvested crops.

It has been estimated that over two millions of bushels of corn alone are annually destroyed by the grain-weevil in the state of Texas alone. The extensive use of the fuma bisulphid of carbon will be sure to prove a constant benefaction to southern planters, farmers and owners of flouring-mills. Its use will drive away rats and mice and other vermin. The amount required to destroy the grain-weevil in a bin of wheat ten by ten feet need not exceed one pound. Take four soup-plates, or shallow vessels, such as tin pans, and put

one fourth of a pound into each and place the dishes on the top of the wheat, and close the bin as tightly as possible for twenty-four hours. Then throw open the door or cover and air the grain well. The wholesale price in fifty-pound cans, at the manufactory at Cleveland, Ohio, is fifteen cents per pound. When not in use the cans should be kept tightly closed, or it will evaporate. For the protection of wheat that has stood in the field some time before being threshed, the fuma bisulphid of carbon should be used as soon as the wheat is stored in the bin or granary. W. M. K.

KILLING TREES WITH WATER.

At first thought it seems a little strange to state that water will kill a tree that is perishing from heat and drought, but such is a fact. We are in the habit of saying, "Every little helps." But a little consideration will show that a bucket of water around the collar of a tree does not reach the roots at all.

When the soil is very dry a bucket of water will not wet it more than an inch deep, which only makes a cold ring around the tree, as it evaporates. A neighbor of mine once was watering a fine, newly-planted hard maple. I told him that he was killing that tree. He looked at me as if I was not in earnest; but in a day or two the leaves turned yellow and the tree died.

Take away some of the soil, and water plentifully, so that the tips of the roots get it; then return the soil, so that there will be little evaporation. Don't water very often, but thoroughly when you do. Ohio. J. H. CREIGHTON.

TWIN BROTHERS.

There are thousands and thousands of merchants, mechanics, laboring men, farmers, stock raisers, physicians, lawyers and others located in cities, towns and points near the post-office who want to keep posted about all that is going on the world over. They are interested in the political campaigns throughout the country, the markets, the conditions of labor, the industries, society, daily happenings and all that goes to make the news of the day. They can get this news only through the columns of a great metropolitan newspaper, which costs 30 cents a week. Here is where economy and wisdom combine. The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette is one of the greatest newspapers in the world. From its daily issues is taken the cream of the news for the Cincinnati Gazette, which is now published twice a week. It is a paper worth \$14 a year daily, but is now sent twice a week at only one dollar a year. It is the poor man's great newspaper. It will reach you on the days of publication, and serves the purpose of a daily. Send for a sample copy free or remit a dollar by draft, express or postal order, to The Gazette Co., Cincinnati, O., and get it a whole year. It is worth twice the price.

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RAPID GROWTH DESIRABLE.

WE have known chicks to weigh two pounds when ten weeks old. It is an exception, however, to have chicks reach such weight, but the fact that it can be done is evidence that there is room for improvement in the matter of raising broilers for market. It is seldom that a brood of chicks, on the majority of farms, will exceed two pounds when three months old. The sooner the chicks reach a marketable age the sooner the care, feeding and labor ceases, and the greater the profit on the brood. It may also be mentioned that with early chicks the difference of a month's growth is to have them reach the market that much sooner, and, of course, not only is the extra weight gained, but the prices are higher earlier in the season. A month means, for early broilers, sometimes as much as from ten to twenty cents per pound more than is obtained later, which is more than enough to pay for the whole cost of the food.

The most careful experiments made show that it costs not over six cents to feed a chick until it weighs one pound, and it is seldom that any gain in weight, whether of adults or chicks at any age, exceeds six cents for each additional pound. The profit, however, is in the rapidity of the growth. A chick costs something more than the food it consumes, such as shelter, care, labor, the egg from which it is hatched and the loss of time by the hen in incubation. When time and labor are saved it is so much taken from the cost and added to the profit. Whether the chick weighs two pounds in ten weeks or three months the cost of food will be nearly the



HANDY CONTRIVANCE FOR WIRE FENCES.

same, as it will consume more food when growing rapidly.

Late chicks do not grow as rapidly as those hatched early. The reason is that after the warm season sets in they are subject to insect pests, and lice torment them night and day. If only two drops of lard could be applied once a week to the heads of late chicks until they are sent to market, there would be less loss and greater growth, as the large head-lice are seldom seen, and gradually destroy chicks before their presence is discovered. Young turkeys also droop and die from the same cause. When chicks make no growth, seeming to remain at about the same size, although well cared for, it will be found that the head-lice are at fault. It is then that patience should cease and the chicks sent to market as early as possible, in order to avoid loss of feed and labor. When a brood of chicks comes off, whether early or late in the season, it will pay to get them into market whenever they are old enough, and any extra labor bestowed will be more than gained by the short period of growth from hatching to marketing.

TUBERCULOSIS IN POULTRY.

The investigations that have been made with cattle have induced a closer examination of diseased flocks of poultry, and it is now an accepted fact that fowls are subject to what we will term, in well-understood language, as *consumption*. The term roup has heretofore covered all diseases of fowls which include consumption, diphtheria, scrofula, etc., but it must be stated that the true roup is really scrofula. It is no surprise that flocks are sick for months, gradually dying off, and all remedies at fault, as no remedy can be of service. It has long been an old maxim that the best remedy for roup is the *hatchet*, but such a recommendation is usually very unsatisfactory to readers, who prefer to make attempts at cures.

If a single fowl is attacked, there is a liability of all meeting the same misfortune, owing to the whole having the one water supply, and also by individuals picking up and swallowing substances that have been contaminated by the sick fowl, which, being at liberty, renders every square foot of ground more or less affected with the germs of the disease. Thorough disinfection,

therefore, is necessary, not only by tightly closing the poultry-house, after driving out the fowls, and burning sulphur therein freely, but also by the use of disinfectants over the yards. Take a pound each of sulphate of copper and copperas, and dissolve in six gallons of boiling water. Add a quart of lime and stir well. The lime not only assists, but shows on the ground, as it is white, making the mixture bluish-white. Use this twice a week for two weeks, then spade up the yard and repeat several times. Scatter air-slaked lime freely everywhere. In this manner all disease may be destroyed, but the fowls should be removed when beginning the disinfection and not returned until satisfied that the work is thorough.

Disease does not show by direct illness. When a hen or chick seems to have no appetite, but is otherwise apparently well, being what is known as "crow-headed," remove it at once to quarantine. Never allow disease to develop in the flock. When the flock is attacked, or a large portion, it is useless to attempt a cure. Kill the whole lot and bury them four feet under ground, covering the bodies with quicklime. After the ground has been thoroughly disinfected, procure other birds, but be sure that they are from stock that is healthy. As we have often stated before, disease is brought into a flock from other yards. Do not allow pigeons to alight in your yards. They carry disease in many ways, often on their feet. It should be a rule to remove a hen from the flock on the first appearance of being sick.

HANDY CONTRIVANCE FOR WIRE FENCES.

One of the most annoying difficulties is that of drawing out the little staples when wire is to be removed from fences around the poultry-yard. The design given is of a handy contrivance which can be made by any blacksmith from an old eight-inch file, heated, bent, and drawn to a point, as shown at A, having the upper part, for

about an inch from the point, somewhat rounded, as shown at B, leaving the lower edge flat, so as to present a broad surface to the wood. The tang is then inserted into a wooden handle. With this implement the staples can be drawn faster than they can be driven in, and without injury to the wire fencing. It is very useful in changing the position of the fence. Even when the staple is driven in tight, a blow on the handle with the hand is sufficient to get the point under it, and then by pressing down on the handle, up and out will come the staple. It is not patented, but is given as a design to any reader who may desire to use it.

WASTING REDUCES PROFIT.

Every fowl that receives food, and does not lay or give some return for that which it receives, reduces the profit from those that are productive, as well as utilizes room on the roost and in the poultry-house that should be allowed to the other fowls to render them more comfortable. When immature pullets are retained and fed for months beyond the time when they should have completed their growth, they become unprofitable and expensive. When a lot of cockerels are kept that should have been marketed long before they were able to crow, they simply consume food and decrease in value every day, as the larger they become the less they will bring in market. Economy demands that everything be made to contribute, and if there is no return from the food, only the birds that are profitable should be retained. Less food, less labor and less space will be required when system and business methods are practiced.

SEPARATE THE LAYERS.

If some of the hens are molting and require food different from the others, it is better to separate the molting hens from the others, or remove the laying hens. It will not answer to feed laying hens too heavily during warm weather, while molting hens should be fed as much as they will eat, twice a day. When some of the hens are very fat and do not lay, it will be of no advantage to retain them unless they are about to molt. All hens that do not begin to molt before August is over will not lay in the winter, and should be sold.

BUYING IN THE FALL.

The fall of the year is the time to buy pure breeds, whether of males only or of both sexes. Breeders do not keep over winter more than about enough to complete their breeding-pens, and will readily dispose of their surplus stock at a very fair price. It is better to buy fowls in the fall than to procure eggs of pure breeds in the spring. A pair of hens will lay perhaps 250 eggs, at least 100 of them being early in the season, thus producing a large number of chicks and avoiding the shipment of eggs by express and the liability of breakage. It will be still cheaper if buying pure breeds, to procure half a dozen—a male and five pullets—as they will cost less proportionately, and give an opportunity for hatching chicks quite early in the spring without being compelled to wait too long to secure a sitting of eggs. It will pay everyone interested in poultry to use pure breeds, and the fall is the best time to buy them.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS AND COLOR.

Plymouth Rocks are "supposed" to have yellow beaks and legs, and are considered as among the yellow-leg breeds, but it is a common occurrence to have the pullets grow up with dark beaks and dark stripe down the front of the shank; but the dark stripe gradually passes away as the pullet approaches maturity, and the shanks become lighter, though the bright, clear, yellow color never appears. This is no indication of impurity, for the best strains are subject to the same defect, and we mention the matter here in order to enlighten some of our readers who have written us on the subject.

SELLING LIVE POULTRY.

During the warm season there is a large loss of fowls that are sent to market in coops. The coops should be light and open, and the top covered with heavy muslin as a protection against the sun. Provide water-cups, not only at each corner, but also at the sides. Never ship so as to allow the birds to reach the market on Friday or Saturday, as it may compel them to remain in the coops until Monday.

STIMULATING FOOD.

Seasoning the food with pepper, or using tonics of any kind, are unnecessary for fowls that are in perfect health. When fed on highly-seasoned food, the hens become sluggish and inactive. When the hens are debilitated it is then well enough to allow tonics, but as a rule the best tonic is a variety of food and giving clean quarters at night.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Linseed-meal.—J. L. B., Manchester, Va., writes: "How should linseed-meal be fed to hens, and in what quantity?"

REPLY:—A gill of linseed-meal with a pint of corn-meal, for ten hens, three times a week, will answer.

Young Guinea.—M. R., Oxford, N. C., writes: "I have a brood of young guineas that are very wild. Can they be tamed and made to remain near the house?"

REPLY:—If they are caught and kept in a house with open lattice or wire front, for a week or two, and fed regularly, they will remain near the house at night.

Ducks.—A. J. F., Point Rock, Ohio, writes: "At what age do ducks produce eggs most suitable for hatching?"

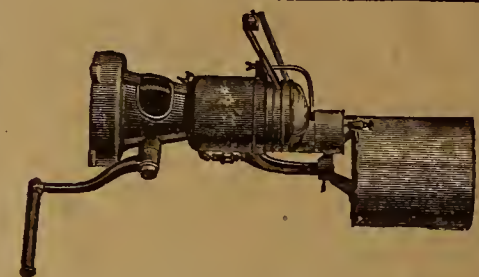
REPLY:—Ducks sometimes begin to lay when only six months old, but their eggs are seldom used for incubation until in spring, at which time the eggs will hatch well, though not less than eight months should be the age of the ducks to insure good hatches.

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I sat alone at the organ,
At the close of a troubled day,
When the sunset's crimson embers
On the western altar lay.
I was weary with vain endeavor,
My heart was ill at ease,
And I sought to soothe my sadness
With the voice of the sweet-toned keys.

My hands were weak and trembling,
My fingers all unskilled
To render the grand old anthem
With which my soul was filled.
Through the long day's cares and worries,
I had dreamed of that glorious strain,
And I longed to hear the organ
Repeat it to me again.

It fell from my nuntaught fingers
Discordant and incomplete,
I knew not how to express it,
Or to make the discord sweet;
So I toiled with patient labor
Till the last bright gleams were gone,
And the evening's purple shadows
Were gathering one by one.

Then a master stood beside me,
And touched the noisy keys,
And lo! the discord vanished
And melted in perfect peace.
I heard the great organ pealing
My tune that I could not play,
The strains of the glorious anthem
That had filled my soul all day.

Down through the dim cathedral
The tide of music swept,
And through the shadowy arches
The lingering echoes crept;
And I stood in the purple twilight
And heard my tune a gain,
Not my feeble, untalented rendering,
But the master's perfect strain.

So I think, perchance the Master,
At the close of life's weary day,
Will take from our trembling fingers
The tune that we can not play;
He will hear through the jarring discord
The strain, although half expressed;
He will blend it in perfect music,
And add to it all that's best.

—Selected.

Will-o'-the-wisps' Story

A TALE BY MARIE PETERSEN,
Authoress of "The Princess Ilse."

TRANSLATED BY MARY CHAPMAN.

IGNES FATUI.

HE tower clock in Nordingen speaks again, twelve hollow tones sound slowly through the night. As the last one died away a strange rustle and hum, a buzz and whisper, rose in the wood, although countless swarms of insects flew hither and thither, and the wind wrestled with the tops of the giant trees. But the wind had not awakened, the trees and bushes stood motionless, and of all the great host of insects which camped in the forest for the grand muster on St. John's eve, only a couple of belated glow-worms were visible, who to-night were not on duty.

In brilliant gala uniform they were returning from a ball which the bee-queen had given: in one of the gardens in the valley. Perhaps they drank too freely from the cups of the lilac blossoms, and now, bewildered by the fragrance, they wandered about in the darkness, seeking their green tent under the bushes on the bank.

A thousand new lives seemed to waken in the forest. A wondrously soft whispering and tingling rose like a confusing vapor from the moist earth; the voices of the wood uttered to delicate elfin ears, audible in every country through warm summer nights. The grasses and herbs poured out their hearts, one to another, and mourned over their hard day's work; from early morning they had carried rain-drops to refresh the roots of old trees and the thirsty little mosses, who are always on hand when oak-trees and beeches have any dainty. Carrying water is a weary day's work for gentle heath-pinks and fox-gloves and fragile eye-bright.

"And even late at night we must stand here, bowed down with heavy rain-drops," grumbled the wild thyme, "and not even the least little breeze takes pity on us, shaking off the water and relieving us of our burdens."

Three slender blades of grass stood by and shook their delicate heads reprovingly. One of them said:

"What do those stout little thyme-stalks mean by using such big words, and making an uproar as if they were treated with the greatest injustice, if all the winds do not fly to their assistance? Look at us, how much more we have to carry!"

And the blade of grass stood up, and trembling, held up in its weak hands a heavy rain-drop, clear as crystal. Its comrades cried meanwhile:

"See, see! ours are still larger!"

And as they all strove to lift their burdens high up, they trembled, and shook against each other; three large rain-drops rolled into one, and fell cold on the forehead of the sleeping boy.

Startled by them, Walter rose up; he rubbed his sleepy eyes, and sat up, leaning against the trunk of the maple. The night no longer seemed dark; with strangely stimulated senses he breathed in the mysterious life of the midnight woods. The humming and whispering around him had become a speech he could understand; the plants and insects were like old friends; he listened with delight to their confidential talk, and felt refreshed and invigorated like a thirsty pilgrim before whom the welcome draught sparkles in the cool fountain.

Walter's motions as he awoke and took another position disturbed the comfortable repose of a venerable frog, who was meditating between the broad leaves of a colt's-foot on the bank. In anguish and terror the harmless dreamer fled from the awful presence of a man's boot, unseen till then, and plunged head-first into the pond, so that the water splashed high up as it closed above him and sprinkled the white blossom all over as she lay on the pond.

The wandering glow-worms had just discovered the young water-lily, and flew around her admiringly; they now approached her obligingly, helped her to shake the bright drops from her white petals, and so began her acquaintance. A strange, half-suppressed cough sounded from the thicket.

"Why, good-morning, professor! It is a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you," cried a bat, which circled about the charred oak in an irregular flight; and while the water-lily and the glow-worms glanced curiously about, the huge spectacles of an ancient horn-owl gleamed from the thicket on the bank.

"Did you come to the wood for the muster?" continued the bat. "You have missed a great deal already, professor! The parade of the May-bugs is over; it was a very imposing spectacle. It is well known that the beetles have the best regimental music in the whole army."

"I take no interest in musters and field-maneuvers," snarled the owl scornfully. "I came into the mountains purely for archaeological investigations. There are said to be curious coins of Roman days buried here in the mountain gorges; I should like to find them. To tell the truth, I am on a prolonged scientific tour in the company and for the benefit of my niece, the young owl. The dear child is entitled to a rich inheritance, but her rights are contested because there is not sufficient proof of her direct descent from the owl of Minerva. Nevertheless, her descent is no mere family tradition, and we are going now to Italy and Greece to collect old coins and images as proof of it, and establish the fact incontrovertibly. Only look at the young lady yourself, my friend; see the proud curve of her beak, and the intellectual shape of her head. Oh, noble blood flows under the plumage of this bird!"

The young owl flew over the thicket with irreproachable grace, settled on the charred bough, and saluted the bat with a gracious nod.

"A real heiress, of a noble family!" whispered one glow-worm to the other.

"Yes, yes; an heiress, and of high descent, but may I be ingloriously strangled in the next spider's web if she is not a perfectly horrid blue-stocking. It runs in the blood, depend upon it; see how she carries her beak already."

And with a contemptuous shrug which made his brilliant epaulets shine far through the darkness, the glow-worm turned away and paid his court again to the gentle water-lily. He talked to her of the ball given that day by the bee-queen; he told her the names of all the beauties who were most admired there: the damask rose and the centifolia, the pale, melancholy tea-rose, the moss-rose, the gay Burgundy rose and the coquettish little rose of Dijon. It was delightful to him to chatter to the innocent, young flower, who was certainly no blue-stocking and had never had a glimpse of the outer world, of all the unknown glories of that world, to see her child-like surprise and answer her naive questions.

There can be no simpler bringing up than one under the watery mirror of a quiet, reedy pond, especially if the pond lies in the twofold solitude of a thick forest and a secluded mountain valley. The flowers which grow there from the cool soil are meek children of nature; they know nothing of the vain self-consciousness of garden flowers. And when the glow-worm said he could not understand why the lovely water-lily was not invited to the bee-queen's ball, and declared that he would see that the neglect was soon atoned for, she shook her head deprecatingly, and answered that a colorless flower like herself, with no fragrance, did not belong in a bloom-

ing rose-garden; she should die of fright if she were placed like them on dizzy heights between thorns, and if bees and rose-chafers hovered about her with flattering speeches and witty questions she could certainly make no answer.

The glow-worm answered that color and fragrance were of no consequence at court; who could tell if the color were natural! At court, the family was the only important thing; all roses are entitled to appear there, and she also belonged to the rose family. He told her how two pale French roses, Madame Hardi and Madame Plantier, had been fêted that day, and above all the lovely southerner, the Centifolia unica, who was even paler than herself.

The young owl on the oak-tree listened for a time to the conversation between the glow-worm and the water-lily, and thought it very silly and trifling. The young owl generally thought conversations uninteresting unless she led them, and therefore she took pity, and mixed in this. She laughed at the glow-worm for being in such haste to count the water-lily among the widespread rose family, since she had unmistakable family features which pointed to her relationship with the much-admired Indian princess who had come to Europe within a few years—the Victoria regia.

Victoria regia was a name new to the water-lily. She called to mind all her relatives, known and unknown, and counted on her leaves her eight aunts and twenty-seven cousins, but the Victoria regia was not among them. She questioned the little flowers on the bank, but even the blue forget-me-not, which has the best of memories, could not remember having ever seen a flower with such a pompous name. Though the vanity of the young water-lily was not yet far developed, she had all the more of that other feminine failing, curiosity, and she overcame her disgust at the wise schoolmistress' airs of the young owl, and begged her to tell more about the Victoria regia.

The young owl then told a very romantic story about the Victoria regia; how from love for a learned naturalist with whom she became acquainted when he was traveling, she had come to Europe; how the northern climate did not agree with her very well, and only the tenderest care made it possible for her to live in our country. She usually dwelt in carefully-built, glass palaces, and strengthened her constitution by lukewarm baths.

The young owl had not finished her story when all eyes turned to the Phantoms' Meadow. In many places bright little flames rose from the soft ground, skipped and fluttered over the moor, stood still and wavered as though dying down, flamed up brightly again, danced nearer, and suddenly vanished in the earth. Then springing up again in another place they floated in circles over the tips of the grasses, and came right upon the pond and toward the little cove.

"Oh, what is it? Who are they?" cried the terrified water-lily, wrapping her white petals about her.

"Hallo, ballet-dancers!" cried the glow-worm gaily; "excellent dancers in the dark and mist, but not of the ballet-corps of the forest operas. They have no grasshoppers or locusts!"

"They must be Hungarian ballet-dancers," said the other glow-worm. "They came into the country with the gipsies, and dance under the open sky in moonless night. I believe they are called 'will-o'-the-wisp.'"

And as a slender, bright flame glided slowly down to the edge of the water, the glow-worm drew his glittering sword, and pointing it toward the flame, he advanced, and cried in a loud voice:

"Stand, will-o'-the-wisp! Give speech and answer! Who are you?"

A low laugh was audible, and with a mocking hiss the flame sank into the ground.

"Oh, they are not living dancers!" whispered the timid water-lily; "they are spirits."

And as a little flame again rose up and stood on the edge of the moor, with one foot almost touching the water, the white flower cried in her terror:

"All good spirits praise the Lord!"

"For ever and ever, amen!" replied the flame, and stood there clear and steady, saying, "I will willingly answer you, and tell you who I am, if you ask me civilly."

"Tell what an Ignis fatuus is!" thought the listening boy under the maple-tree, as he crept nearer the bank. "Am I to learn here what no teacher knows?"

The young owl on the gaunt oak had received a first-class, modern education, and with a scornfully-raised beak she hopped a little lower, so as to hear better. Had she not passed her examination as teacher only two weeks before in the capital, and read a dissertation two hours long on electricity and hydrogen gas? Would a stupid will-o'-the-wisp pretend to know more than she? The glow-worms took their places for listening on the broad, green leaves which floated near the water-lily, and encouraged by their presence the water-lily took heart, and in a gentle, kindly voice asked the will-o'-the-wisp:

"Tell me, then, I pray, who are you and your companions?"

"We are spirits of the dead, the souls of extinguished lights. We served men a short time upon the earth, and were torn away by a violent death, before we had time to burn out and fade away with the ashes of our wicks. He whose life is lost by violence,

finds no rest in death, and the poor candles which men carelessly throw down or hastily blow out before their time has come, are banned, and their spirits must long wander restlessly about, dazzling and misleading by their deceitful, unearthly gleam. We are such souls of candles, I and my companions."

"You have served men?" said the water-lily. "Oh, tell me what that is like! I have never learned to serve, and have never seen men."

"You have never seen men?" said the young owl scornfully; "then you do not even know what men are?"

"Oh, yes; I know what men are! I know what the frogs have told me of the bones of a drowned man, which have laid a hundred years at the bottom of the pond—the stories the frogs tell are very sad. And once, a long, long time ago—I think a week—when I was a very little bud, and had not yet risen to the surface, a dark, heavy shadow glided over the pond. The water rippled about it, and the frogs said the shadow was a boat, and there were men in it. How I should have liked to see it! I stretched up as high as I could, but I was still too small. Once a smiling face with clear, bright eyes bent over the water, but the oar again struck the water and destroyed the lovely image at the moment of its appearance. The trembling water slid away, but before it could again mirror the image the boat had passed. Oh, tell me much of men! I would so gladly learn something new!"

"From me you will learn nothing," answered the light, "neither could I tell you much of a story, for my life was very short, and I can relate only what I have myself experienced, seen and heard. But that is not an instructive book story, all smoothly finished and provided with a moral; it is only a fragment of life, with no proper beginning or ending. You could not make anything of it."

"Oh, only begin, dear will-o'-the-wisp!" begged the water-lily, and the flame shook, burned up more brightly, and began:

"I was a Christmas candle! But did you ever hear of Christmas candles?"

"Did we ever hear of them?" cried the young owl scornfully. "One does not need to fly far; in the very next gorge the young fir-trees stand on every side, and at evening in the twilight they whisper of the future, of all the glories that fir-trees can attain. I was astonished yesterday to find how many young firs had no more ardent wish than to become Christmas trees, and be adorned with Christmas candles and strips of gay-colored paper. The young firs never reflect that their short happiness must be dearly purchased, and will be their death."

"But they die a beautiful death, those young firs, when they have been Christmas trees, and have borne Christmas candles," said the will-o'-the-wisp. "We Christmas candles are an ancient, pious brotherhood; our order was founded on the bright star which the Lord God kindled to lead the wise men of the East to the birthplace of the Savior. Thus we also shine out into the night, striving like that star to point men to the place of salvation. But what do you, nocturnal creatures of the wood—owls, bats, trees and plants—even you, glow-worms, in your bright uniforms, what do you know of the Eternal Light that shines in the darkness, and of the star that heralds it?"

"Oh, as to stars!" cried the little grasses on the bank, "they often fall down into the pond. On clear nights, when the curtain of clouds is drawn away, they lie sparkling on the water. But they are silent and mysterious—we cannot talk with them, and understand nothing of their language, which is shining."

On the slope stood a large, vigorous oak-tree whose roots had struck deep into the rock, and who lifted his glorious head even higher and spread out his branches wider than the old maple-tree under whose shadow the young traveler rested. A luxuriant ivy had climbed up his trunk, resting with confidence on the strong tree, and throwing her slender, green arms around his rough bark. With a gentle hand she now touched the grass at her feet and said softly:

"Have you ever wished to understand the stars, little grasses? An earnest desire helps greatly. Do not look merely before you on the ground, little grasses; rise up, and when you see something sparkling and shining below, which seems most glorious to you—like the stars in the water—then raise your eyes, look above to the bright light, of which the gleam here below was but the reflection. Desire to understand, and look above, little grasses, that makes the eyes clear and unfolds the gates of truth."

"Gates of truth!" growled professor owl. "The creature talks and preaches, but is a miserable philosopher."

But the will-o'-the-wisp cried, "God! keep you, dear ivy! Do not take ill what I said just now about creatures of the woods. I had not seen you."

"But your story, will-o'-the-wisp—what has become of your story?" sighed the water-lily. "And the will-o'-the-wisp shook out a few sparks and began his story again."

"As I said, I was a Christmas candle; my life began on the branch of a fir-tree, in the midst of a large hall."

"A fir-tree in a hall?" whispered the weeds, and shook their heads doubtfully.

"Certainly, in a hall, a green fir-tree! Outside it was cold winter, a frosty, starry night; the valley was covered with snow and ice.

"The delicate lady who had decked the tree so beautifully with ornamental candies, chains of raisins and almonds, and stars of bright-colored paper, would certainly not have gone out into the snowy forest."

"Was it dug up with all its roots?" asked a little daisy on the bank.

"It was cut off, torn away from the life-giving roots; but though the tree may have suffered much, here he showed no sign of pain. He rose on his proud throne as straight, as graceful as though he grew there, and had never stood in the cool forest earth, nor drunk the sweet morning air. His gaping death-wound was concealed by the mossy carpet of his throne. On the steps at his feet lay the vassals of his kingdom, honey-cakes and red and golden apples. We brethren, the Christmas candles, sat on his branches."

"That must have been a glorious sight if all the others shone as brightly as you do," said the glow-worm.

"Yes, later! but at first I was the only one that burned. From the outstretched branch I lighted the youthful wife as she went busily about, spreading out on the table such presents as people give each other at Christmas-time. On the low table under me were boys' clothes and playthings and picture-books. Here the young housewife found the most to do. I see her still, and I seem to hear her say, 'Here above all it must look cheerful and homelike.' So she spoke to the maid, who stood looking on admiringly. Why did her bright eyes grow dim as she half concealed a little coat of some black, woolen stuff under a pile of playthings and confectionery."

"I wanted to do some motherly work for my new child, but I could embroider his little coat with nothing but solemn, black silk," she said, sighing.

"Uneasy and excited, she moved about from table to table, often looking up at the clock and reading again the letter already so often perused."

"Tick-tack, tick-tack," droned the old time-piece on the wall, where it sat in self-satisfied contentment on a wide console, planting its short, golden feet firmly on the dark marble, and its round, full-moon face looked out composedly from under its old-fashioned head-gear with quaint spiral ornaments, and it swung the pendulum, hanging on its breast like an order, as calmly as though it was not of the slightest consequence what hour it would soon announce in its snarling voice."

"Those same timepieces are tiresome old nuisances," interjected the bat, which when flying around men's houses in the evening twilight had looked in at many windows and collected much information. "They are pedantic and supernaturally wise. It is incredible what a fuss is made over them. Everywhere the advice of those old aunt tick-tacks is asked, they are always at liberty to speak, and that is said to be the best regulated household where everything is governed by them."

"The young woman," said the will-o'-the-wisp, "must certainly have been one of those who are willing to be so governed; she had no authority over the obstinate old clock. Her glances of entreaty neither stopped it nor hastened its motions. I do not know precisely what she wanted the clock to do. I heard her talk some time with the maid, but what they said was not cheerful, not appropriate to the Christmas-tide. It was about severe fevers and death, about parents who died suddenly, and two orphan boys; about the master of the house, who had hastened to the death-bed of his early friend, and was to return this evening. Oh, then the sweet face of the young wife grew happy again! How happy he would be to reach his home after weeks of absence! How happy he would be! As she spoke of joy, of happiness, she smiled, and her eyes turned to the corner of the hall, where joy and happiness lay concealed. In a heavily-curtained wicker cradle lay a sweet little slumbering child."

"A human child?" asked the water-lily.

"Certainly, a human child."

"Oh, tell me! What did it look like?"

"Oh, it was very lovely; I saw it from my lofty height when the young mother went up to it to listen, parted the curtains, and bent over it. Its little head was turned toward me, as it lay on the white pillow, with the small mouth half opened; the cheeks were rosy with slumber; long, dark eyelashes shadowed them; pearly drops lay on the blonde hair, moistened with the dew of sleep, where it had escaped from the little cap. One small arm lay outside the coverlet; the other, thrown back with close-shut hand, encircled the head. It was a wonderfully lovely little puppet. The mother's hand moved toward the round face, but did not touch it. She only let the child's warm breath play through her fingers. She stroked the coverlet and the curtains as she closed them again, and a low 'God bless it!' fell from her lips."

"Did you not see its eyes?" said the water-lily. "The eyes are the most important thing."

"How wonderfully wise you are," said the young owl. And the little flame answered:

"The eyes were closed in sleep, and if the young mother had looked at her child but once, I could not have told you about them. But she often returned, and at last, when she wanted to show the maid how sweetly and profoundly the little one slept, and carefully, gently lifted the curtain, lo! two open, dark blue stars shone on her, the little limbs stretched out comfortably, and the mouth smiled. I heard a cry of delight from the

mother's lips. 'Isn't she sweet! Isn't she the loveliest creature?' she cried, and tears of joy stood in her eyes. Oh, what bliss for Christmas candles to be reflected in happy, human eyes! And if they are child's eyes, so innocent, so joyfully beaming, and yet so deep and earnest as those which the little child in the cradle had just unclosed!"

The ivy said: "There is a soul that dwells in human eyes and sheds light from them—a clearer, better radiance than candle-light. That is why you Christmas candles delight to gaze in them. Light attracts light. In children's eyes there shine the purest beams. It is most glorious when child-like eyes gaze from a face which white hairs crown, and child-like joy dwells in an old human heart."

The owl uttered a prolonged snarl, shook his head disdainfully, and impatiently scratched with his sharp claws on the stone which he had chosen for his seat.

The will-o'-the-wisp went on to tell how the crack of whips, the rolling of wheels and the loud baying of hounds resounded from the courtyard, while the lady rushed to the window and the maid to the door, crying, "It is the master, the master; the master has come!"

"The young wife," said the little flame, "snatched her baby from the little cradle, wrapped it carefully in a warm shawl, and flew to the door. But on the threshold she gave the child to the maid, and said quickly: 'No, no, you may take her; I must have both arms free to receive my new child in them.' She passed through the brightly-lighted ante-room, down the stairs, the door closed, and I—I was alone—alone in the great hall! With terror I saw how far down I had already burned. I was scarcely half as tall as my dark brothers around me. Must my life and my joy so soon end? thought I, and held my breath, and made my flame small, so as to save the wax. I put on a dark cap of ashes and charred wick, but it did not stay; it fell on the floor. It would have burned a hole in the carpet had not the maid returned and tread it out. An old servant came in and lighted the many candles in the chandeliers and candelabra. They all sat up straight and stiff, were dressed in white, and looked scornfully down on us."

"But soon came the turn of my brothers on the fir branches. In the great mirror I could see the tree gleam and shine as though it had put on a garment of gold and sunlight. And the servant and the maid spoke again of a boy. 'The poor boy,' they said; 'but how noble and elegant he is, and how good he looks.' Yes, he must be good; or would not the quiet woman who had had the care of him have preferred to go with the younger brother, who needed her more. But she could not part from this one, she said. And when everything was lighted and ready, the servants left the room. Steps sounded on the staircase and in the ante-room. In the next room they sang a beautiful Christmas hymn, and then the folding doors flew open."

"Ah, if one could only become a fir-tree!" cried a little stock of thyme.

"Be quiet, and don't interrupt!" rose from all sides, and the will-o'-the-wisp continued:

"I saw the family in the doorway, surrounded by all their retainers and domestics. I saw the master of the house in his traveling-dress; he held his little daughter in his arms; she shouted with delight, and waving her arms and legs, stretched out toward the Christmas tree. The young matron led by the hand a little boy dressed in mourning. She looked at him tenderly. The child held her hand in both his own. His head, with its thick, brown curls, rested against her arm, while his eyes looked up to her with joyful trust and hope."

"I flickered up, so that the wax rolled down my wick in hot drops. I wanted to see everything—everything at once—and I was already so short. Just above me hung a long net of gold paper which held a red apple. Oh, joy! a golden ladder for little dying flames. I mounted from mesh to mesh. The ladder burned away under my fiery tread—the apple fell to the floor, and as I sprang up, rejoicing, and a splendid cloud of smoke circled about my head, suddenly a hand seized me and tore me away. I was thrown on the floor and my flame was trampled out. I have nothing more to tell—my life was done."

"Oh, what a pity!" mourned the water-lily. "If only you had not tried to climb up, your story might have been a little longer."

"Every will-o'-the-wisp can tell you something," answered the little flame. "Ask the others for their stories." And so speaking, it sprang to the right, and sprang to the left. One of the glow-worms flew after it and asked earnestly:

"Did not the honey-cakes tell you about the bee-queen who gave a ball to-day, or about her most gracious grandmother, the bee-queen of most highly blessed memory? Honey-cakes generally have quite intimate relations with the noble family in the beehive."

But the little flame had vanished as completely as though the night air had swallowed it, and the little glow-worm was obliged to return unanswered.

"Speak to the other wandering lights," said the young owl. And as the water-lily longed to hear more, the glow-worms flew blither and thither, and invited the restless lights to come close to the bank, and tell the story of their lives.

[To be continued.]

A DEAD LETTER.

I found it in an old chest in the attic of the house that we had taken for the summer, a quaint old chest covered over with sheepskin, from which the hair was worn off in patches; its lock was rusty and broken, and when I raised the lid a faint odor of camphor and dried rose leaves assailed my nostrils.

It was full of old letters and papers, yellow with years and stained with long lying, queer old letters, without envelopes, large, rustling sheets written and crossed, and crossed again, with fine, cramped penmanship and sealed with large, red seals and broken wafers.

I glanced them over hastily, reading here and there a sentence clothed with the stately, courteous diction of long ago. Then I turned to the magazines and read here a little, and there a little, with the same pleasure I had felt in my early days, when I used to snatch the books and rush away to my perch in the cherry-tree, where no one could follow me, and feast my eyes on the fashion-plates and pore over the stories. I could not help laughing as I turned to them now. Although there were tears in my eyes, too, as I remembered how happy I was if I could inveigle my mother into giving me one of the plates for paper dolls. They looked so very funny in their inflated skirts and short jackets and their marvelous bonnets on the backs of their heads, the curls filled with artificial flowers and huge feathers nodding on top. How odd they looked now, and what a world of fashion and beauty they represented in those days!

I laid them down with a sigh and took up one of the letters. It was from a son to his mother, telling her of his efforts to do his duty in his college life, thanking her for her unflinching goodness to him and commending her to her Heavenly Father's care, as he bade her a respectful and dutiful farewell, which in itself was almost a benediction. I smiled as I thought of my own boy's careless, free-and-easy letters, full of love and slang, and demands for cash, and graphic descriptions of foot-ball triumphs.

Then there was one from a young mother, overflowing with the first joys of motherhood, of trembling hopes for the future of her boy, and prayers that she might be able to do her duty by him faithfully.

Then in an ancient, yellow newspaper, worn thin in the folds with many readings, I read an obituary notice of the Reverend Jeremiah Perkins. I could almost see the old Puritan as he lay in his coffin in the meeting-house on the common, his long, thin hands folded on his breast, his stern, clearly-cut features silent and cold in death; the rare white pulpit, with the sounding-board above, the mourners ranged recently in the front row of hard, uncushioned seats, in which one would never be tempted to loll; I fancied I could hear the long-drawn-out sermon journey on from firstly to seventhly, and then the hymn, "Why Should We Mourn Departed Friends?" sung religiously to the very last stanza. Then I could imagine the solemn procession of friends and neighbors to take a last look at the "remains"—the poor, defenseless body that would have hated nothing more than to be stared at in life—up one bare aisle, around the coffin, with now and then the sound of a stifled sob to break the stillness, then down the other aisle and out into the sunshine. And then the slow journey up the hill to the graveyard, where, among the tall grass and straggling wild rose-bushes, they laid him down for his last, long sleep, and then went back to their homes and left him alone. I laid the paper down carefully, as carefully as if I had been Jeremiah's own grandchild, and went on with my explorations.

I lifted out a heavy, little cedar box, and set it aside for a little, and underneath it I saw a letter. It was written on thin, blue paper, the writing tremulous and irregular, folded carelessly, and the wax seal splashed and uneven. As I lifted it the ghost of a dead rose fell from its folds, and fluttering down touched the side of the trunk and fell a heap of brown ashes at my feet.

I hesitated before opening this letter; it gave me a strange, uncanny feeling, and little shivers ran over me. I had felt no scruples about the others, but it seemed to me now that I was trespassing on forbidden ground; that I was about to steal the secrets of a dead life. I left my seat on the floor and went over to the window.

The drowsy sweetness of a July day, tempered by a soft south wind, brushed the attic cobwebs from my brain. The mowers were busy in the fields, and the perfume of the freshly-mown hay was refreshing after the dust and ashes of those by-gone days. Far down the dusty roads, bordered by drooping willows, I could see the little pond, calm with its midsummer quietness. A placid cow standing among the lily ponds, knee deep in its cool depths, while on its banks rows of purple fleur-de-lis nodded at their own reflection in the water. It was a quiet and peaceful view, with nothing in its savoring of trouble or death.

It was some time before I could tear myself from this picture of life and go back to my ashes of roses. The attic was gloomy and full of shadows. I hastily thrust the things back into the trunk, keeping only the one letter, thinking I would run down into the garden and the outer sunlight to read it, but a strange compelling power restrained me. It seemed so much more in keeping to sit down in the

shadow of the gable window, in the hot, woody odors which the sun drew from its old beams, with the dust and ashes of the past about me. I unfolded the rustling, yellow sheet and began to read:

I send you to-day, dear Richard, a rose from my garden. I shall never pluck another, for this is the last day of my earthly life. Do you remember the rose-tree which stood by the border of the south wall, in the long grass? Do you remember the faint, spicy sweetness of its red petals, and the half-opened one I placed in your buttonhole that day? Ah, well I know that you remember, for there are moments in one's life that are immortal! What a day it was! I like as well as I like anything in this black world to think of that day and hour. The clouds were so thick, and soft, and white, and lay motionless like down upon the blue sky's breast, the pool in the meadow was still and clear as glass. The day was so quiet that not even the willows trembled as they looked into its depths. Even the birds sang softly and the insects in the grass at our feet chirped quietly to each other. It did not seem to me that day that heaven itself could be sweeter, and now—ah, me—I even doubt if there be a heaven!

Well, do you remember how beautiful you were that day? I can close my eyes—so tired are they of cruel deeds and ways—and see you still. Your eyes so full of love and truth, your sunny hair, your tall, straight form and strong, white hands, I can see the sparkle of your signet ring as you reached above my head to pluck a branch of blossoms. How we laughed as you shook down a shower of rosy petals on my head and shoulders.

Alas, dear heart! it is many a weary day since I have laughed like that, for mirth and I have long been strangers to each other. I fain would look on your dear face once more, but that can never be in this life, perhaps, who knows? From some other world, freed from this weary, sin-stained body, I may look down upon you. I wonder—oh, I wonder!—if in your heart I should see some remnants of the old love which I so madly cast away. I used to think that life was one long holiday! I never dreamed, in my light-hearted folly, that such direful times would fall upon me. Do you remember, Dick, the day we parted? What a merry party we were when we went to search for arbutus blooms! I can smell their faint, woody perfume yet, and hear the rustle of the dead leaves as we pushed them aside to search for the dainty blossoms. It was like a day set to slow, soft music when we went into the woods—and then—we quarreled—and since then music and love, and all that makes life beautiful have gone for me, and soon, very soon, life itself will follow. For I have borne the burden of my days as long as it is possible. Many long nights have I lain listening to the rain upon the roof, or looking out at the stars in the dark skies, hearing the heavy breathing of the creature by my side, for whom I gave up all that life holds dear, and thinking on those days.

Ah, if you had been more patient and I less proud and wilful, I had not known these weary days. For a long time I hoped you would return to me, and then—I married him—

That was a sad, old song I used to sing before I knew what sadness meant:

"Alas! how easily things go wrong,

A sigh too deep or a kiss too long,

And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,

And life is never the same again."

I have a black bruise on my breast, Richard, and the marks of cruel fingers on my throat—my throat, which you used to think so white and pretty. I have dressed to conceal those marks for many a day, and now I have given up the struggle to hide his sins.

I had a little babe once, a tiny, blue-eyed girl. I used to fancy the look in her eyes was like yours, but I only kept her a little, and when they took her from me, and laid her down among the violets, there was nothing left for me in life. But now—I am glad that she is gone, for I am going, too.

I wonder if God will forgive me and let me have my child again; but if he will not, if I have sinned too deeply for pardon, there is this comfort:

"I have a mother, who long ago died,

I speak of her now with my tears all dried,

She will know my pretty one come to her side,

Oh, she will take care of my baby!

Hear, Christ, born of a woman,

Oh, hear, thine angels seem far off,

She is near,

Give thou my lamb to my mother dear,

And I'll weep no more for my baby."

And now good-by, my one, my only love. When all the house is still and dark, I am going down the poplar lane to the little pond, and lay me down to sleep among the water-lilies, and when I close my eyes and the cold waters come over me, my last thought—in life and death—will be of you, my Richard.

LILITH.

And then in faint, irregular tracings at the bottom of the page:

"May God have mercy on my soul."

I dropped the dreadful letter from my lap and covered my face with my hands. I could see the poor, unhappy little creature, in the quaint dress of long ago, going down to her death. It seemed as if this terrible thing had happened only yesterday, and that I might have prevented it. I could not bear to think of it.

A little cool wind came in through the garret window and made me shiver. A dark cloud covered the face of the sun. The crows cawed loudly in the tree-tops, and men in the fields began hastily to spread the hay; the scent of the dying clover filled the air; the barefooted boys came hurrying through the lane, driving home the cows. Everything foretold a sudden storm, and soon it came. The peals of thunder shook the house, the zig-zag flashes of lightning illumined the very corners of the old garret, and the white sheets of rain dashed against the windows. I heard the children calling, "Mama!" and I rose from my seat, and carefully placing the poor, dead letter in the box, I turned the key upon it and ran down stairs into a more cheerful and healthier atmosphere.

I asked my housekeeper the next day if she

had ever heard of Richard Marsden, as that was the superscription on the letter.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she said, "I have often heard of him through my mother; he lived in this house, ma'am."

"Did he ever marry?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, ma'am, he was a bachelor, and a very handsome man, as I've heard tell," answered the woman, "but a grave and stern one. He died very sudden and unexpected. He is buried up on the hill; I've often seen his grave when I've been up of a Sunday."

That afternoon when the sun was low, I put the little yellow letter in my pocket and went up the hill alone to the old graveyard. The grass was long and thick; straggling arms of untrained vines and bushes caught my skirts and impeded my progress, but by and by, after sitting down to rest on a broken head-stone, I found the grave for which I was looking. It was up in a lonely corner, marked by a plain, gray stone, on which was cut:

Hic Jacet

RICHARD MARSDEN.

Requiesc in pace.

Then kneeling down, I scraped away the moss from the base and found the date. It was as I thought. He died the very day that he received his letter.

Poor Lilith had destroyed two lives instead of one.

I moved the sods gently and buried the letter deep and safe from mortal eyes in the deep grass over his breast; then I covered it over with long stalks of July lilies, and with a tear for the sad romance of long ago, I went away and left him lying alone in the last rays of the setting sun.—*Eliza Chester Atwood, in Fashions.*

CHEESE AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

"The best article upon milk I can think of is cream. What more do you want?" answered one of the greatest wits and wags yet produced by this country, who was once asked by an editor to write a good article on milk. In the same fashion it may be said of cheese that the best article on it is mold—chemical corruption, that is. In truth, cheese owes its value to degeneration and the presence of bacterial life. In a word, it is the glorification of decay.

The history of cheese may be considered as condensing the whole pastoral poetry of the Aryan race. The gentle cow, sacred still among the Aryans of India, doubtless by reason of her gentleness in the family economy, fell especially to the charge of the women. Our very language proves this. Our word daughter comes from the Sanscrit "duhitar," meaning the milker, from "duo," to milk. Dug, for teat, is doubtless from the same.

Cheese-making has, therefore, been a feminine profession from the start, and on some English farms to this very day the money coming from the sale of this cheese is considered as the especial pin-money of the wife. England has long been famous for the quantity and quality of its cheese.

America, in a wholesale way, is destroying all the traditions of cheese. One steamer lately carried to England seven hundred and fifty thousand American cheeses. Perhaps, after a chemical treatment, many of them, like good citizens, will have returned home to delight unwitting natives by their fine foreign finish. Yet, though America makes cheese by the mountain-load every year, there are not, as in England, France and Italy, any localities famous for especial brands. The reason is not far to seek. Our cheese factories collect the milk of various areas, having different soils and peculiarities of pasturage, and mix them, striking thus an average, eatable indeed, but lacking character.

It has been proved beyond a peradventure that the quality depends on the pasturage. Cows, dairymaids and special methods of making have been taken from Cheshire to another part of England, and the result was a product very different from the famous old Cheshire cheeses. Cheddar, too, which comes from a vale in Somerset, where the famous Sydney Smith was born, has a flavor like his pungent wit and humor, for which there is no chemical counterfeit. It simply smacks of the soil and breathes of the pasture.

But the glory of England's cheese as to quantity has been eclipsed by America, and as to quality by France. France cannot keep pace with the demand for her cheese. Consequently, a large amount of the spurious French cheese is sold in this country. The cheese of tables d'hôte is almost always a fit subject of suspicion; good for the mind, perhaps, since a chemist whose digestion has been impaired by cheap tables d'hôte once analyzed a piece. He found it to contain chiefly what Opie, the famous painter, said he mixed his colors with—brains.

Take Brie, for instance. This comes from a small district near Paris, and is a cream cheese of unrivaled delicacy, but not easy to keep during warm weather. The largest firms in New York imported last year in one order six thousand of these cheeses, of which two thousand went from the dock out West to Chicago; San Francisco and St. Louis. If this amount were multiplied by three, it would not represent the year's consumption of alleged Brie in New York alone, to say nothing of other large cities. Camembert, however, a cheese very similar, though coarser in flavor, which is made in a large area in Normandy, has been steadily pushing into favor. It is just half as expensive, and restaurateurs can afford to give double portions of it. Hence

your infatuated table d'hôte diner, who always wants quantity rather than quality, prefers Camembert.

Pont l'Évêque also comes from Normandy. It is not, as some might suppose, a Camembert gone dry, but is intentionally made more solid and in taste milder, and is ten per cent more costly.

Port du Salut is another cheese of the same order, but superior in flavor to all except the true Brie. It costs about the same as Brie, and it may take rank over it, as that has done over Roquefort, and as Roquefort did over Swiss, which was the first foreign cheese that ever really had a hold on the affections of the American stomach.

The making of Port du Salut is a profound secret, the property of the monks of the abbey of Bric-a-brac, in France, and the pious gourmet might be forgiven for believing that over every cheese a benediction has been said. But in spite of its wholesomeness, it has not yet caught on in New York. Only one house imports it, which is a proof that it is still not cheese, but caviare to the multitude.

Roquefort, though its price yet is high, is a richer cheese, more fond of lingering on the breath than the others. It is made of goats' milk, and the chiaro-oscuro effects in it are caused, not by rusting it with insertions of wire, but by dropping into it some handfuls of peasant bread. So Roquefort is a dairy-maid concoction of bread and cheese.

Gorgonzola, another novel cheese in this country, not French, but Italian, is more expensive than Roquefort, though its base is the same; namely, the milk of that gay and festive animal which has made so many American humorists—the picturesque and venerable goat. This cheese comes from the Milanese district of Italy, retains its aristocratic richness unspoiled by the democratic climate of America, and is a fine cheese to swear by. Wherein it differs from the Limburger—a cheese to swear at.

Some cheeses, like Roquefort and Gorgonzola, require two or three years to ripen for the taste of experts. Some cheeses attain a great age. Parmesan, an Italian or Sicilian variety, has been kept one hundred and fifty years, and found still delicious and full of life and power. Neufchâtel is a French cheese, not a Swiss, as many fancy from the name.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A London scientist has succeeded in freezing a soap bubble!

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty-pound shells have been burst asunder as though made of pottery.

M. Wilds says that a temperature of 157 degrees below zero was registered at Werkojansk, eastern Siberia, in February, 1892. This is the lowest temperature ever registered on the face of the earth.

Tests recently made in Japan of the hauling powers of American and English locomotives in the Tokaido railway resulted decidedly in favor of American engines, and preference will be given to them in future.

It is said that window-panes of porous glass are being made in Paris. The minute holes in the glass are too fine to permit of a draft, and yet large enough to cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room.

A French physician has constructed an acting model of the human heart. It is of the same hue, size and consistency as the natural organ, with every detail, and a red fluid courses through it and through artificial arteries.

It costs about \$4,750 per shot to fire one of Krupp's 130-ton steel guns. The gun cost \$195,000, and it can only be fired, at the most, sixty times. The gun has a range of fifteen miles, and the projectiles weigh 2,600 pounds.

It is not at all strange that the almost universal use of electricity should raise the question of what this subtle power is. We see its effect on every side, but the wisest of men have a very imperfect understanding of what the mysterious force is which moves the loaded car, changes darkness into light, enables friend to talk to friend without reference to distance, and accomplishes thousands of marvelous things with the ease of a magician. Speculation has been active as to the probable origin of electrical force, but like gravitation, light, heat and chemical action, philosophers and physicists know almost nothing in regard to it.—*Baltimore Herald.*

DISCOVERY OF IMAGES.

In one of the oldest ruins of the state of Oaxaca, Mexico, a number of very rare and interesting images, found in metal, have been uncovered. The images represent people of oriental appearance and dress, as well as priests in their robes of sacrifice. They bear hieroglyphics of unknown characters, and are elaborately wrought, with fine art lines shown in every curve. The images found thus far are of gold, either wholly or in part, and are coated with some unknown enamel, which has preserved them from all harm in the many years they have been buried in the soil.

Bryant & Stratton's Business College, of Buffalo, N. Y., will celebrate its 40th anniversary this Fall by opening and dedicating the new building, now under way. This building will contain all the modern conveniences, and having been designed by those long acquainted with the work of a business college, it is, of course, just suited for its purpose, and will no doubt largely increase the patronage of this already popular school. It is fire-proof and equipped with steam heat, electric lights, sanitary plumbing and an electric passenger elevator. The school will be divided into eight distinct departments, each under the direction of a capable, experienced instructor, who is a specialist in his line.

COQUETRY.

A dainty maid on the velvet stairs

Smiled coyly down at me,

And threw me a rose from her perch up there,

With demurest coquetry.

I caught the rose in my finger-tips,

And pressed it close to my longing lips,

As a bee that from clover the honey sips;

And I swear

That my eyes must have told their ardent speech

To the maid perched up there beyond my reach,

On the stair!

Oh, that rosy mouth, and those golden curls,

And that saucy, elish smile!

Stern hearts than mine such a princess of girls

Might easily beguile.

So I thievishly sprang up the velvet stair,

Caught close in my arms this damsel fair,

And kissed her smack on the mouth, so there!

Shock you? Bah!

This precious wee witch, you shall straight be told,

Is my own little Millie, just four years old—

I'm her pa!

A FUNNY WAY OF RECKONING.

In a certain town in the Midlands, some years back, lived an old lady who kept, as a means of livelihood, a small confectionery shop. One day a cunning elf from a board-school close by entered the shop and inquired the price of custards.

"Twopence each," said the old lady.

"Then I'll take one," said the boy; but immediately eyeing some tarts on the counter, asked the price of those.

"The tarts are the same price as the custards," was the reply.

Then the boy, handing back the custard, took a tart instead, and at once started on eating it in the shop. After finishing, he was about to depart without paying, when the old lady said:

"My lad, you haven't paid for that tart."

"Well, I gave you the custard for it, didn't I?"

"But you haven't paid me for the custard, either."

"Because I haven't had it," said the boy.

Then the old lady, somewhat flustered, said:

"It's a funny way of reckonin'. There's somethin' wrong somewhere."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*



14 KARAT GOLD PLATE

CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A Guarantee for 5 years and chain and charm sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price, \$2.50, and it is yours. It is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time-keeper in the world for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold Watch. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again.

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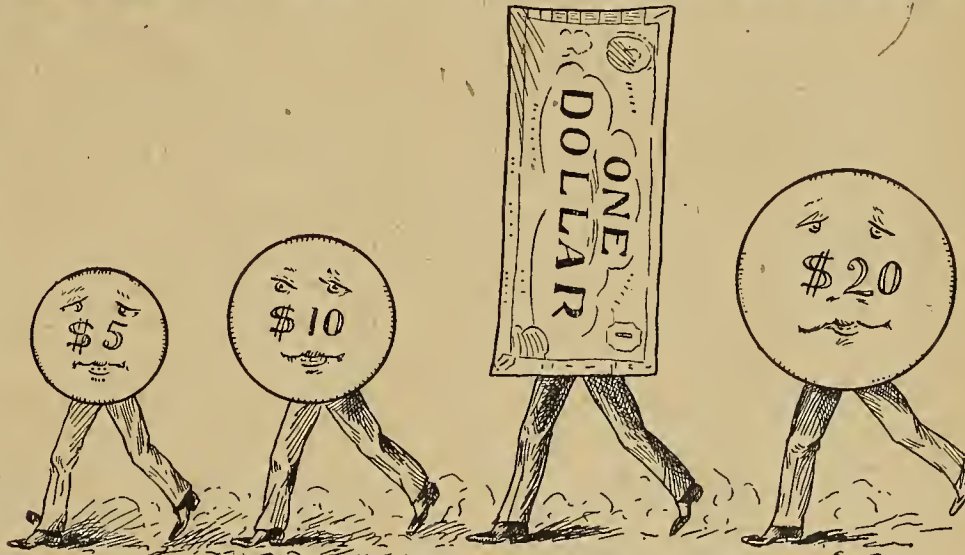
Students can enter at any time and select their studies. First Fall term begins Aug. 7th, 1894.

If everything is not as advertised, will pay traveling expenses. Send for catalogue.

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QUICK MONEY.

That is something which interests nearly everybody. Our artist's idea on the subject is shown above. If you will read this advertisement through, you will discover what we think about it.

Many persons succeed in accumulating a little money—twenty-five dollars, or a hundred, or five hundred, or a thousand. Everyone of them would like to invest that safely where there was a good prospect of seeing it double itself twice over within a short time.

Money makes money, if properly placed. We can tell you

HOW TO MAKE IT.

Not by buying government bonds. They are safe, but you can only expect about three per cent a year on them. It would take your hundred dollars more than twenty years to double itself at that rate.

Not in the savings bank. That is safe, too, usually. But four per cent is about all you will get there.

Not by loaning it to your neighbors. That may be safe, but you will hardly get more than six or eight per cent interest from them, and you may have to foreclose a mortgage to get back even your principal.

But if you can buy stock in a new enterprise, whose goods will sell in every city and town, because they will

SAVE MONEY

To every purchaser, whose profits will be counted not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands of dollars.

And if you can buy that stock at one quarter the par value, then you may fairly expect to see your money double itself twice over very rapidly.

We can offer you just such a chance, and if you will write to us we will tell you all about it.

THE STERLING CO.,

Room 35, No. 11 Wall St.,

NEW YORK CITY.

Our Household.

CHEER UP!

Me and Bill wuz old-time pards,
Traveled together the same old road;
Folks used to call us the Mull'gan Guards,
Coz we wuz nonpareils on the load.
Bill was a scarecrow and I was worse,
Rags and tatters from top to toe—
Kids used to yell: "Hey! where's the hearse?"
I looked so broke up and full of woe,
But Bill he'd say: "Never mind, old man;
Jes' grin and bear it long's you cau,
Don't lose your grip—keep a steady han!"
Cheer up! old man, cheer up!"

One day Bill, he up and died,
Nobody nigh him but God and me;
I jes' sat in the road and cried
'Til Bill's head layin' acrost my knee.
They hustled him off to a pauper grave,
And me to a poor-house cot they took.
They said 'twas orful to hear me rave,
Callin' fur Bill and cussin' my luck,
But spite of the fever's burnin' heat,
I hearu Bill's voice say low and sweet:
"Never mind, old man, keep on your feet—
Cheer up! old man, cheer up!"

Money's scarce and times is hard,
But I think 'twould help if folks 'ud say
Each to t'other what my old pard
Said to cheer me every day.
When a man's down, don't pass him by;
Tell him to keep a stiff upper lip,
Says he can't do it, tell him to try;
Find he will do it every trip.
Life is a road up a long, steep hill,
The higher we go, the steeper still.
Think of the words of my old pard Bill;
"Cheer up! old man, cheer up!"
—Frederick Courtney Barber.

HELPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

I AM one of the many busy housewives who have to manage every way to keep the work from piling up into insurmountable mountains.

I'll tell you what I have been doing: One of my tasks should have been done in the fall, but circumstances over which I had no control crowded it back; that was fixing the bedding.

If your comforts are knotted and have commenced to look shabby, and you would like to brighten them up, snip the knots with the shears or a sharp knife and remove the old covering. Lay the batting out in the sun all day to purify and lighten it; then take new calico, or what is better, cheap delaine (you can get a pretty fair grade for six and eight cents a yard), and cover the old batting; if the comforts haven't been washed too often, the batting can be used twice. And to save the many washings where there are small children, take a strip of calico the width of the comfort and bind it across the end just as you would skirt braid on the bottom of the dress; it will reach over both sides a quarter of a yard; when this strip gets soiled, rip it loose and wash it, and tack it on



BLOUSE.

again. This will mark it so you can easily tell which end of the comfort belongs at the head of the bed.

It is unpleasant to sleep with the covering changed—to cover the feet one night, the face the next.

This old covering taken off the comfort and washed makes excellent carpet-rags or filling for rugs.

The prettiest comfort I fixed this winter, was made out of pieces of delaine and wool pieces left from dresses. No difference how large the pieces or what the shape. I made it on a foundation like the crazy-quilts that were made a few years ago; it was quickly made, saved the scraps, and looks real comfortable.

After getting the bedding in good order, I tackled the old clothes-boxes and paper sacks, everything about the house that would make carpet-rags or rugs, or fit for sale rags.

It took me a week to overhaul it all, but I feel repaid for my weary labor by knowing that I have everything ship-shape.

I want to make some new rugs after the pretty style that I saw a few weeks ago; perhaps some of the sisters would like to make one.

You take an oval piece of brussels or ingrain carpet; try and get a flower or a pretty figure, no difference if it is old, so it is bright and whole. Make the oval two feet wide and two and a half feet long; tack it smoothly to the center of some firm foundation, say ducking or thick burlap. Have your foundation larger than your oval; then cut leaves, or half round, pointed pieces out of old coats, or pants—any stiff woolen goods; buttonhole-stitch them around with bright-colored yarn; or carpet chain will do, looks well and wears well.

When you get them buttonholed, lay the outside row first, then the next, overlapping enough to hide the stitches where the first row was sewed, and so on until you reach the oval. You will be surprised at the beauty of your rug, and it will be serviceable, too.

The other one was made like the first, only the edge is different. Take carpet-rags and braid a strand three-ply, like your mother used to braid your hair. Sew the braid around and around the outside of the oval until your rug is the desired size. These rugs are heavy and don't kick up as lighter ones will. Try them once.

Another thing I did last week that I have been putting off for years with, "I'll do that when I get time," or "Wait until a rainy day," so I just did it, and now I don't see how I got along without it, was to make pockets for the silver knives, forks and spoons. I took a strip of cotton-flannel a little more than a yard in width; doubled it so the woolly side would be in. Be sure when it is doubled it will be long enough for the article you wish to put in it. Now run eases down across your folded pieces the way the old flat sunbonnets were made, running the seams an inch or an inch and a half apart.

When the articles are in their cases, begin at one end and roll it up, and tie with a cord; when you want to use them they are so handy to get at; beside, the air is kept away from them, and they will not tarnish near so quickly. You can make your cases just as plain or fancy as you have a mind to. By binding them with some bright braid and tying the bundle with a bit of the same, they look natty.

And here is a recipe for cleaning silverware which I paid fifty cents for. Sisters, you can have it for nothing. It does its work well—best of anything I ever tried. Take one quart of water, two ounces of whiting, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of soda, one ounce of ammonia. This quantity will last for months, and only costs a trifle, and you know there isn't anything in it to poison you, or spoil your silverware.

FERN FOREST.

MRS. ROSEMARY'S BRIC-A-BRAC.

When Mrs. Rosemary heard that her cousin, Miss Vanderslice, was coming from Boston to make her a visit, she put her little house in apple-pie order. And it was no small task, either, for there were so many things to be gone over.

"Whata dear little home you have, Anne," commented Miss Vanderslice one morning, as she looked around the comfortable sitting-room. "Only it has such a—"

Here she checked herself abruptly. After a moment's reflection, adjusting her lorgnette, she resumed again:

"What is your idea, Anne, in having your rooms so full? They are not large, and it gives them a crowded appearance. The mantelpiece, for instance, has so many things on it that it gives one a tired feeling just to look at it. You know, dear,

that in a small house one should have bric-a-brac in proportion—just a little, and everything in harmony. Couldn't you sweep off all that trash and leave, say one picture and a vase? The effect would be heavenly peace and rest."

"Do you call it trash?" And Mrs. Rosemary's eyes grew large and shining. "Why, Sara, everything here has some association that makes it dear to me."

"That may be, Anne. But is that any reason why you should make your house a bazaar and your family uncomfortable, to say nothing of the work it must be to take care of all these objects? You cannot call them objects of art or virtue, either, because there is no art or virtue about them."

"What would you advise me to take out?" asked Mrs. Rosemary, containing herself in meekness.

"I would begin with that tree of white eoral hung with red and yellow butterflies, under the glass shade. It is very untruthful; butterflies don't hang on eoral trees. Besides, it is a great care to you; you are always nervous whenever the children go near it. And I assure you, Anne, nobody has glass shades nowadays."

"Oh," said Mrs. Rosemary, with a little heartbreak in her voice, "my father paid fifty dollars for it on one of his voyages, and he always thought so much of it. I couldn't give that up; I really couldn't."

Miss Vanderslice sighed.

"Well," she continued, "what about those indigo china vases, with the blue ears and pink, gilded roses?"

"I had those when I first went to housekeeping." And Mrs. Rosemary looked at them lovingly as she flicked a bit of dust from the blue ears.

"Surely, Anne, you could do without that hideous china dog, with the brown face and white eyes and rolling tail."

"That dog was one Tom's grandfather gave him when he was a baby, and the child thought so much of it. He used to carry it around by that curl in its tail all day long, and never went to bed without it at night. He played that it was a live dog, and a dead dog, and a bear, and a lion, and a whole circus. He never had anything he loved so much. I have given away nearly all of Tom's playthings, but I never had the heart to part with that dog."

"Well, I could part with it," remarked Miss Vanderslice candidly, "and with this bird, too."

And here Miss Vanderslice adjusted her glass to inspect what appeared to be a lavender and green china parrot standing beside an impossible nest at the foot of a scarlet tree.

"Did Tom have this to play with, too?"

"Oh, dear, no! That belonged to his great-grandmother, and has been in the family a hundred years or more. Don't you think, Sara, anything so old ought to be precious as an heirloom?"

"Possibly," mused Miss Vanderslice. "But I wouldn't have it on the mantelpiece with so many other things that are incongruous."

"What do you call incongruous?" questioned Mrs. Rosemary, flushing a little.

"Those Greek funeral vases filled with dried grass and stuff, and the porcelain boy in a boat, and this clutter of shells and stones."

"Why, father brought home those shells and stones from the other side of the world. They are wonderful, some of them. And the black vases my mother gave me when I was married. They are both gone now." And Mrs. Rosemary dried her eyes hurriedly.

Being a cultured Boston woman, Miss Vanderslice respected her cousin's emotion, and her voice was smooth and sweet as honey, when after a moment's pause she continued:

"That miserable green worsted tidy, Anne. Is it possible it can have any associations?"

"My room-mate at school made it. I know it is crooked, and the beads are put on one-sided. Alice never could do anything straight; but she was such a dear!"

"And those decalcomania pictures?"

"I painted them myself on real celluloid. The teacher said they were very good."

"I don't like to hurt your feelings, Anne, but I would put them away somewhere. And those chromos—I certainly would throw them out of the window."

"I know there is something wrong about them," said Mrs. Rosemary meditatively, "but they were a present from my husband. He would feel hurt."

"If you only knew, Anne, how much harm it does everyone who comes in this

room to have such untruthful, inharmonious, hideous things to look at, you would make a bonfire in the back yard and burn them up, and the dear and tender associations you would pack away in your own heart. One never can lose such sacred things."

"But what would you do with the room?"

"I would paper it in a quiet tone—a fawn or a sandalwood tint—and I would keep one scheme of color throughout, so that



BLOUSE.

the chairs and table-covers and carpet needn't be saying profane things to each other. The stoues and shells could all be labeled neatly and put in Tom's cabinet. I am sure he would be proud of them. And your grandmother's parrot wouldn't look bad if it stood on a bracket all by itself. When I go home I mean to send you some of those crystal vases and rose-bowls that look so cool and show the stems of the flowers through; and then, with a very little money you could buy photographs and lithographs—copies of real works of art—and frame them in simple, white enamel frames. You have no idea what a deal of missionary work a room can do that is pure and lovely and harmonious to look at. It awakens pure and good and lovely feelings in the heart of everyone who comes into it, and somehow, like a flower garden, makes one better for being in it."

FRANCES BENNETT CALLAWAY.

COOKING HINTS.

It is the little things that help, and it is the little things that we are so apt to neglect or forget, thereby causing not only extra work, but often a very great disappointment. This is especially so in the preparation of food, for "Oh, I can't be bothered beating the eggs!" or the use of a cold plate when a hot one should have been chosen, has spoiled many an otherwise perfectly-prepared article. Baking-powder and soda biscuits should be put into warm pans, and baked in a quick oven. Not so with the Maryland, beaten biscuit, which you can make successfully if the following recipe be closely followed:

BEATEN BISCUITS.—To one quart of sifted flour add one half cupful of lard and a pinch of salt; be careful to thoroughly mix the lard with the flour by rubbing between the hands, then moisten with sweet milk, just sufficient to make a smooth, very stiff dough. Place this upon a clean meat-board with a cloth under, so no splinters may creep into the dough in the beating, and with the broad end of a flat-iron washed clean; cut the dough through and through, lapping and cutting, and repeating this until when a small piece is pulled off it snaps and the dough blisters.

Break off pieces about the size of a large hickorynut, mold it in the hollow of the hand into a round ball, press it flat with the ball of the hand, stick it with a fork, and bake in a slow oven until a pretty, light brown.

These are excellent biscuits for lunch, picnics, etc., as they are good for days. Some think they improve with age.

M. E. SMITH.

A FEW HANDY THINGS.

Do all farmers' wives know how many useful things can be made out of scraps of cotton flannel? When cutting out under-clothing, there are always a great many large scraps left that are of no earthly use only for patches, and I prefer the best parts of worn-out garments for that, as new pieces shrink after washing, and when half-worn patches are used, the garment and patches both wear out together.

The pieces that are large I make into mittens of different sizes, and make several pairs, to slip inside of the leather mittens which the men wear about their work. They are no trouble to make, and if you want your men folks to rise up and call you blessed, just try the effect of a few pairs of mittens for them to have to change when the others are wet.

The smaller scraps make good finger-stalls, for they are always getting their fingers hurt, and are sure to want a finger-stall just when you are busy, so just cut out a lot and sew them up on the machine, and put them either in a drawer or a little box kept for the purpose, with strings tied in them, and when a stall is wanted they can help themselves. Little fingers often get cut, and "Dess won't stop leakin', nohow," so we make little stalls, too, for a rag never will stay on unless there is something to hold it in place.

One can make lamp-wicks, if necessary, by folding a piece three thicknesses and stitching each edge on the machine.

Stuff a paper coffee-sack full of the smallest scraps and put in a corner of a cupboard, handy for use when a scrap of rag is needed to clean up a spot of anything that may get on the floor or carpet, and can then be burned up.

I always keep a good-sized roll of old, soft muslin pieces, made of worn-out pillow-cases or bolster-slips, and then when a soft cloth is needed for cuts or sore fingers, they will always be handy, for you can never, to save your life, find that particular piece of old muslin when in a hurry, even if you have seen it not two minutes before. I remember seeing my dear stepmother preparing a large roll of pieces once, when I was a girl, and laughed at the idea of any one preparing for trouble that had not come. But I laughed too soon, for only a day or two afterward I was thrown from a buggy and had a wrist broken, and then I found out how handy it was to have a roll of old pieces all ready for use. Since then I look out for such things myself.

One of the handiest things to have in the house is a "rag duster." Get a stick for a handle (quite a good, stout one with

when it is a piece of furniture that cannot be moved. They are splendid for dusting zincs or stoves, and especially that round elbow that has a weakness for collecting more dust than anything. This is a homely subject, but dust is a very homely subject, and one with which we are forced to be very familiar. I would not do without the rag dusters for anything.

Isn't it the hardest thing in the world to keep track of the scissors, where there is a lot of children? They are in use so much by the small people, and of course are always dropped wherever they have had them last. I have learned how "to beat them and be happy 'yet,'" but it took an old German lady, the mother of thirteen children, to teach me. Just imagine chasing a pair or two of scissors around among a baker's dozen of small people! She bought a medium-sized pair, and fastened them to a piece of tape about a yard in length, by slipping it through each handle, then fastening the ends together, and then slipping the end under her apron-string at the side, dropped the scissors through the loop thus made, and had her scissors always handy. I have no doubt but what that was the one thing that kept her head "level." If you have any doubt of their handiness, just try it.

One of the handy things for baby Alma is a hammock that was considered worn out, and a new one, much larger than the old one, took its place on the porch. But in rainy or cold weather baby missed her hammock so much, I concluded to look the old one over, to see what could be done with it. It was made of twine closely woven, and taking a yard of stout muslin I sewed it under the worn places, and put a broad binding of muslin at each end; then took a long, stout strip of muslin and drew it through the bindings, and had the "cutest" hammock, which was hung across a corner of the sitting-room, from the parlor door-knob to the knob of the outside door that opened from the sitting-room onto the porch, where baby can swing to her heart's content, in cold weather or any other sort; and what is more, the other children know it will not be strong enough for them, and she possesses it in peace.

A. M. M.

BLOUSES.

The fancy silk waist has become so settled as a part of one's wardrobe, that every effort is made to make it a distinctive article of dress. Usually of silk, chiffon or crepe de chene, it can be worn with any skirt.

We give four styles, fitted for any material, to choose from. There is nothing more dressy or comfortable.

The large, balloon sleeves must be lined with crinoline to make them stay in shape.

Black velvet, lace or ribbon are the favorite trimmings employed.

A good fitted lining answers for any of them, as the outside is at the discretion of the dressmaker.

L. L. C.

UTILIZING ONE'S OWN SURROUNDINGS.

In cities and large towns there is a demand for fancy fillings for cushions, head-rests, etc. If one lives within reach of a town of six or seven thousand inhabitants or more, there would be money in saving and drying pine-needles, or from almost any variety of evergreen—even the American larch, or tamarack, needles may be used if gathered before they ripen and fall. Also, clover blossoms, rose leaves, or other odorous blossoms, spearmint and all such things. Soft grasses, or the inner husks of corn, or even corn silks, may be used by adding a quantity of sweet-scented geranium leaves, or some other fragrant leaves to give the desired perfume. Sweet-scented violets are of easy culture and profuse bloomers, and there is nothing finer for perfuming these cushion fillings.

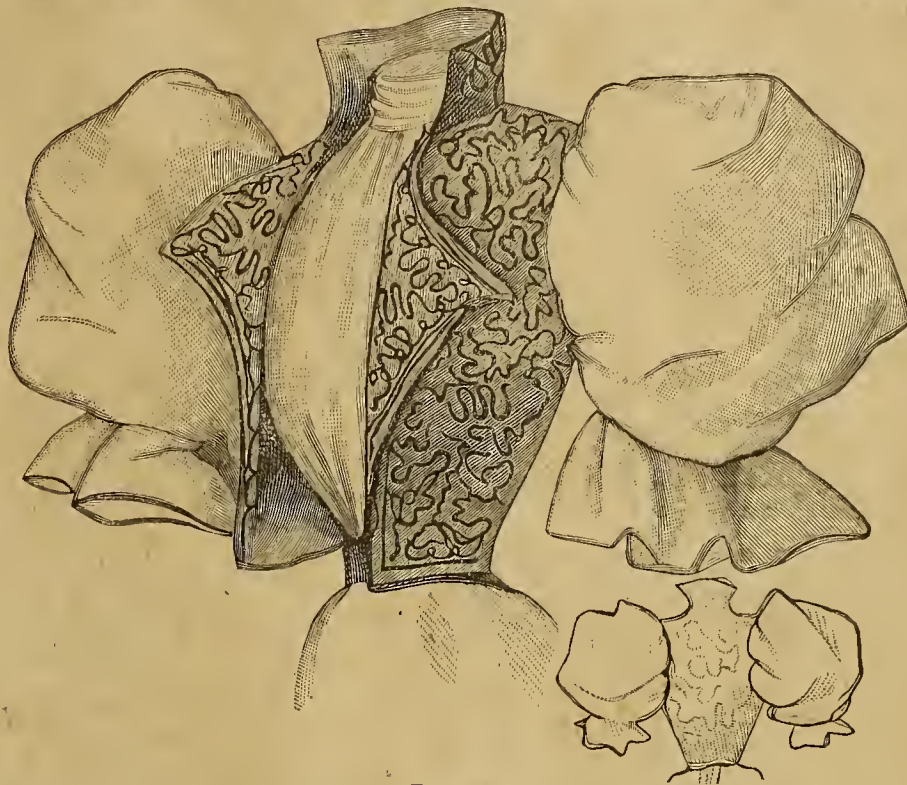
All these things should be carefully gathered, dried and put into square or oblong cheese-cloth bags sewn up like cushions, and sold at any store where fancy goods are kept. Small, fancy cheese-cloth bags, loosely filled with clover blossoms, will sell, to hang up in closets or lay in trunks and bureau drawers, on account of their sweet smell, and the prevailing belief that they are insect preventives.

Small, dainty satchets made from coarse lace or bobinet, and filled with rose leaves, violets or clover blossoms, will also command a sale, to be put in handkerchief or glove boxes, or among one's stationery.

During the summer one should carefully save all the pretty grasses, lichens, odd-shaped twigs, pretty pebbles, curious bugs,

bright butterflies—every and all pretty things which they find. In the early winter, if one has the least touch of the artistic in their soul, they can from these common things make beautiful bits representing glimpses of natural scenery that will be prettier than paintings, and command a better price.

Although they may be made without, it is better to fit them within a glass globe or deep frame, such as is used for hair or feather flowers. Suppose we have a globe eighteen inches high, and twelve or fourteen inches in diameter. On one side



BLOUSE.

is arranged a heap of pretty pebbles, with here and there a bit of gray moss, feathery grass or a quaint lichen protruding, and perhaps a bright bug or two crawling up the side. At the base a branching spray of wild rose, surmounted with a cluster of bright red seed-pods or buds, on which rests a butterfly with wings poised as for flight. Beneath and around it are grass, moss and lichens, while half hidden by them on the ground is a tiny bird's nest, a bright feather suggesting the late occupant. Wouldn't it be pretty? This and many other designs which would readily suggest themselves to the worker would command a good price.

Remember that the things which, through daily contact and association, may seem common and uninteresting to one, will be full of beauty and interest to another denied the pleasant associations of nature.

Pretty and dainty little easels may be made from branches of any rough-barked tree, but are especially nice made from the American larch, or tamarack. In the autumn or early winter, after the needles have fallen, is the time to use them. The branches may be held in place by means of hair-wire wrappers at the intersections, or by very small brads. When finished, they should be gilded or painted with white or black enamel paint. Wild rose branches are also very dainty to use for these easels, as they assume such a pretty red color when the leaves fall. A cluster of the bright seed-pods attached to the upper left-hand corner of the easel would add to its appearance.

A most beautiful and artistic panel was six by ten inches in size, covered with black velveteen, with a narrow strip of scarlet sateen across the top. On this was fastened a small spray of feathery-gray, wistaria seed-pods, brightened by a cluster of seed-pods from a sweet-brier rose. As the foundation was of pasteboard, it all did not cost five cents, but would readily sell for twenty-five cents anywhere, and in some places for twice that.

Cornucopias, or horns-of-plenty, are pretty made of interlacing twigs, surmounted by a row of small cones or acorns, and with a cluster of three or five depending from the bottom. They may be left in their natural condition, or gilded.

Gilded cones or acorns, with a fine, brass wire attached to the stem to suspend them by, make pretty bangles for fancy work.

Many other quaint and fancy things will suggest themselves to the interested money-maker that will sell at a fine profit, considering the expense attached to the making.

CLARA SENSIBOUGH EVERTS.

The addition of fashions and cut-paper patterns to your paper is a long-felt want, and I must tell you how grateful I feel for the chance to get them cheap. They fit beautifully, and should make your paper a favorite with all ladies.

MRS. W. B. MEREDITH, Norfolk, Va.
See new patterns on page 13.

THE DINING-ROOM.

On some occasions William Morris has said that a dining-room should not be simply a place for putting meals, but should possess some grace of beauty and cheerfulness. The householder of moderate means may make the dining-room most attractive simply by permitting it to be occupied at other times of the day than at meal-times. If you cannot have an open fire anywhere else, have one in your dining-room. Then what can be more attractive than that carved oak settee, with its thickly-padded cushion, removable at will,

and its heap of pillows, or that window-seat, broad and inviting, as a comfortable spot in which to read your morning papers? If your maid is well trained, the process of clearing away the table should be no more disagreeable to you than the serving of the food. There should be a table with a lamp, and in the absence of a smoking-room, the tobacco-jar, pipes and cigars can be placed on this table, or disposed within easy reach on mantel shelf or window ledge; but there should be a place on this table, also, for daily papers, and a corner should be found for a blotting-book, pen and ink, to serve some of the thousand and one occasions where a word in time might save nine. The working utensils which belong to a dining-room—the glass, china, linen and silverware—should be used as much as may be for the decoration of the room they belong in. Have glass closets, if possible, in which to display your pretty china and crystal; it is just as easy to take it out of a pretty cabinet for use as out of a dark closet. Set out your silver and all your store of quaint pitchers, plates and vases. Keep your linen as much as possible in the drawers of your sideboards (there is no law against having more than one if they are pretty; and if they are ugly, don't have even one), and use your pretty things every day. And in whatever style you elect to furnish, whether in this dark carved English oak, lighted up by some lustrous plaques and jars; in the lovely inlaid work, whether English, Dutch, Venetian or French; or with this exquisite Vernis Martin furniture, which lends itself to a treatment of extraordinary richness and brilliancy, remember one thing, a little thing which is nearly always forgotten—footstools. You can get them to accord with any style of furniture; they may be inlaid, cross-legged benches, or soft hassocks, but for the comfort of your guests and the safety of table legs, furnish plenty of footstools.—J. H. Chadwick, in *Art Interchange*.

DAUGHTERS AT HOME.

One sighs, sometimes, for the old type of a home, where the daughters were content to remain by the mother's side, lightening her labors, filling the niche in the home life which is always sadly vacant if there be no daughter there. Now the daughters go out into the world and the mothers are left too often with burdens far heavier than they can bear, and without the sweetness and gladness in their lives which comes from a daughter's sympathy and help.

We are not arguing that the daughters should remain at home idle, nor that, having a distinct fitness for some other line of work and a call to it, she should accept house work and home life as a woman's only vocation; but for the great class without special fitness or special call, we are claiming that the work a girl does at home is as legitimate work as any she can find out in the great world, and that very often in leaving the one to go to the other she is "omitting the weightier matters of the law."—*Union Signal*.



BLOUSE.

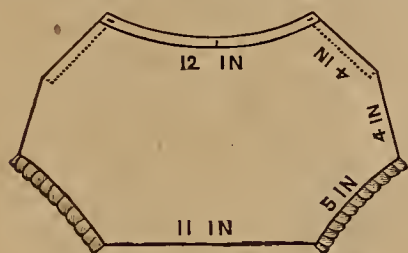
a knot on the end, if possible), about two feet in length (the stick, not the knot), and take a part of—well, just now I have one made of a part of baby's dress-skirt—which gather up and fasten securely around the end of the stick with the knot on—it will not slip off then—and then cut the skirt in two or three places, and you will have the handiest duster, especially for corners, under clothes-presses or behind table legs, anywhere and everywhere that one cannot get at with a broom, and that is enough to "aggravate the life out of anybody"

Our Household.

HOME TOPICS.

WHITE BREAD OR BROWN BREAD.—It has been proven, by experiment, that white bread alone will not sustain animal life, while bread made from the whole grain will. True, this experiment was made on dogs, and the result might not be the same with human beings, but all experiments go to show that brown bread is more nutritious and healthful than white bread. The laboring classes in all European countries can afford to eat meat but very rarely, yet whenever they use bread made from the whole grain, either wheat, oats or rye, they are strong and healthy.

If you cannot give up the fine, white bread entirely, have both on your table at



PATTERN FOR BABY'S DRAWERS.

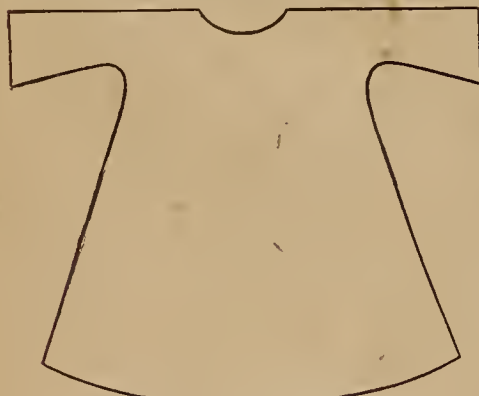
every meal, and it will not be very long before you will find that nearly everyone will prefer the brown bread. We like Graham bread better than that made from wheat-meal, but the Graham flour should be ground very fine, so that there is no coarse bran in it. If you cannot get that kind, sift it, to remove the coarsest bran.

I used to make Graham bread with yeast, but find it easier and the bread just as good when made with baking-powder. Many physicians say that bread made with baking-powder, if allowed to cool before using it, is more healthful than that made with yeast.

BROWN BREAD RECIPE.—Put one quart of fine Graham flour into a bowl and mix two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one teaspoonful of salt into it thoroughly. Make a hole in the center and put in a tablespoonful of molasses; then pour in one pint, scant, of cold water, stir it until smooth, then pour it into a bread-pan four and a half by eight inches and four inches deep. Mix a teaspoonful of molasses with a teaspoonful of water, wet the spoon in this and smooth the top of the loaf. Bake this loaf about forty-five minutes.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.—The making, mending, washing and ironing of the children's clothes is no small part of the work of the family. Every mother likes to see the little ones look nice, and too often, when she must do all the work herself, will overwork, that the dress of her children shall not suffer by comparison with that of the children of her more favored neighbor, who has plenty of help to do her work. I know the little folks look very sweet in dainty white and delicate-colored dresses with lace and embroidery, but so they do in plain gingham slips that can be made in an hour, and wash and iron so easily.

A sensible little mother who has been with me for the last month, although she need have no care of the laundering, yet has little gingham slips for the wee, golden-haired daughter to wear about in the yard, play in the sand, feed the chickens,



PATTERN FOR BABY'S SLIP.

etc., and so sweet does she look that we all feel like catching her up and squeezing her whenever she comes near. Two yards of gingham makes one of these little dresses. Fold the cloth in the middle and cut it whole on the shoulder, and the dress and sleeves together, as shown in the pattern illustrated. The width of the gingham cuts the dress by putting on little gores at the bottom. It is gathered to fit the neck loosely, and the sleeves gath-

ered at the wrist. A placket is cut in the back, and closes with two buttons.

This same little mother makes baby's drawers by folding the cloth bias and cutting by the pattern illustrated. I have marked the length of each part, so I think any one can cut by it without any trouble.

MAIDA McL.

LEAF AND WHEEL ORNAMENT FOR TIDIES.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch, chain; sl st, slip stitch; d c, double crochet; st, stitch; s c, single crochet.

FOR THE CENTER ROSETTE.

Ch 6 and join with a sl st.
First round—Ch 3, 15 d c in ring, join to first 3 ch with sl st.

Second round—Ch 6, * skip 2 d c, 1 d c between the next 2, ch 3; * repeat from * to * six times, and join with sl st in third st of 6 ch.

Third round—Ch 3, * 2 d c in first space, 7 ch, and 3 more d c in same space, 1 d c in next; * repeat from * to * seven times, join with sl st.

Fourth round—* 15 d c in space made by 7 ch, 1 s c between third and fourth d c underneath; * repeat from * to * seven times. Fasten the thread on the under side and break off, as this finishes the rosette.

FOR EACH LEAF.

First row—Ch 14, turn. Skip 2 ch, 1 s c in each of next 11, 3 s c in last, 1 s c in each

Sixth round—7 d c over 7 ch, pass hook through the points of two leaves of two of the ornaments (one leaf of each) and join them to the scallop with 1 s c, 8 d c over 7 ch to complete the scallop, 1 s c between third and fourth d c underneath. Make three more scallops, then make another, joining the next leaf of one of the ornaments and another leaf of a third. Repeat until all scallops are made and the four ornaments are joined by the wheel to form a section.

As many figures as may be desired may be made and joined for tidies, scarf-ends, doilies, etc., and fine or coarse thread of linen, silk or cotton may be used. One single ornament in knitting cotton makes a very pretty and substantial mat. The same made of fine silk thread and lined with a corresponding shade of silk makes a dainty watch-pocket for "my lady's" gown.

ALICE MOORELL.

GINGHAM APRONS.

It is a good plan to make half a dozen new ones every spring. There is ever so much comfort in a clean apron. It makes the work easier, it makes a woman's step lighter, and it makes her look better in the sight of those who behold her.

"How do you manage to get a piece for the pocket for your apron, when they are cut straight?" I asked my neighbor the other day, for her aprons are always pocketed.



LEAF AND WHEEL ORNAMENT FOR TIDIES.

of the same 11 on the other half of stitches, turn.

Second row—Work in back half of stitches. * 1 ch, skip first st, 1 s c in each of next 11, 3 s c in next, 1 s c in next 11, turn; * repeat from * to * until you have six ridges on the right side; and when the center of the last ridge is reached, make 1 s c in center st, drop st from the hook, draw it through the center st of 15 doubles of rosette, 1 s c in same st, 1 s c in each of next 11. This completes one leaf.

Be careful to leave 1 st at the ends of each 11 s c, to form the serrated edge of leaf. Make eight leaves, joining them to the rosette and to each other by 1 s c at the ends of their last rows.

TO MAKE A WHEEL.

Ch 6, join with sl st.
First and second rounds—Like those of the rosette.

Third round—Ch 3, * 5 d c in first space, 1 d c in top of double underneath; * repeat from * to * six times, join to 3 ch by sl st.

Fourth round—Ch 6, * skip 2 d c, 1 d c in next, ch 3; * repeat from * to * until you have sixteen spaces. Join with sl st in third st of 6 ch.

Fifth round—Ch 3, * 2 d c, 7 ch, 3 d c in first space, 1 d c in next; * repeat from * to * fifteen times, join.

"Oh, pshaw! I wouldn't have a pocket in my aprons. They're always being caught and torn by the pump-handle," came a voice from an adjoining room.

"Put them on the left side, out of the way," said my wise little neighbor. "And as to the getting of the pocket, do this way," and she proceeded to explain, thus: "You have one width for the front of the apron."

"Of course."

"Then from the center of the remaining width cut a strip wide enough for the pocket; from it cut a piece deep enough for a pocket, and use the remainder of the strip for belt and strings. The two pieces that are left will, of course, form the sides of the apron."

"Simple enough; I'll try it. Thanks."

M. D. S.

A DELIGHTFUL PLACE

To spend your holidays is Hot Springs, South Dakota.

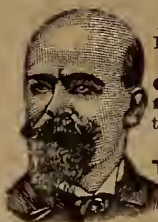
Health and pleasure seekers find in this lovely spot the full realization of their anticipations.

The Burlington's local agent will gladly give you full information about Hot Springs, and also—if you ask for it—a beautifully illustrated folder.

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G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

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CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper. The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package. THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO. 39 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

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By using our (stove pipe) RADIATOR. It has 120 Cross Tubes where 4866 sq. in. of iron get intensely hot, thus making ONE stove or furnace do the work of TWO. Send postal for proofs from prominent men.

To introduce our Radiator, the first order from each neighborhood filled at WHOLESALE price, thus securing an agency. Write at once.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO., Rochester, N. Y.



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POWDERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.

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Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

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BRIDGET AND HER GUEST.

In Six Parts.



No. 1.—Bridget (who is entertaining Mike, the coachman)—"Howly Moses! Here comes the mistress."

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Northern advantages in Southern mountain climate, 130 miles from Cincinnati. Reduced R. R. rates. 3 College Courses. Music, Academy, Normal, Manual. Tuition free. Incidentals \$4.50 a term. The great expense in education is board. Go where good board can be furnished cheaply. Address Pres. W. G. FROST, Ph. D., Berea, Kentucky.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water

FASHIONS—CUT-PAPER PATTERNS FOR SCHOOL DRESSES.

When we selected the patterns which we have illustrated on this page, our first aim was to get those suitable for school clothes. Now is the time to make up dresses for the girls who will have to face snow and wind next winter on their way to and from school. Mothers cannot give too much attention to this matter. School dresses need not be expensive to be serviceable, but they should be made of good material and with good taste.

In order to illustrate more patterns than usual, we have omitted the description of the patterns which we have heretofore printed, but inasmuch as such a large number of our readers have used these patterns and know what they are, the descriptions are, hardly necessary. They know that the patterns are reliable. If any reader has not given the patterns a trial, we urge them to do so. You will be surprised and delighted with them, as thousands upon thousands of our readers have been. If we had the space we could fill pages with letters from ladies who have used these patterns for themselves and families, and we have never yet had one single complaint. Try one, and if it is not what we claim or what you think it ought to be, we will cheerfully refund your money. We are furnishing these patterns to our readers at practically wholesale rates, but we do it to make our paper more valuable; for once they have tried the patterns, we are certain that most ladies will renew their subscription, just to be able to get the patterns, if for no other reason. Try one pattern; that is all we ask.



No. 6112.—MISSSES' WAIST. 11 cents.
Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.
No. 4039.—MISSSES' SKIRT. 11 cents.
Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 4070.—LADIES' SLEEVES. 11 cents.
Sizes, 32, 36 and 40 bust measure.
No. 4070. We here give three entirely different styles of sleeves that are suitable for basques or round waists. Sleeves of different material from the rest of the garment is quite stylish now, so it is an easy matter, with the aid of a fashionable sleeve pattern, to refashion an old-style basque. All for 11 cents.



No. 6123.—CHILD'S APRON. 11 cents.
Sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

40 CENT PATTERNS FOR 10 CENTS.

Any FOUR Patterns and the Farm and Fireside one year, 50 cents. (Present subscribers accepting this offer will have their time advanced one year.)

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand for our paper among strangers, and to make it more valuable than ever to our old friends, we decided to offer them to the lady readers of the Farm and Fireside for the remarkably low price of only 10 CENTS EACH. Postage one cent extra.

These Patterns are cut for us by the oldest, and we believe, the best Pattern Manufacturers of New York City.

Tens of thousands of orders have been received from ladies all over the United States, yet we have not had a single complaint—instead, many letters of praise. "I paid 40 cents for a wrapper pattern last spring, exactly like the one I got of you," writes one lady. Another writes, "I find them perfect, and am able to do my own dressmaking by using them." Another, "I cut the dress by your pattern without making a single change and got a perfect fit."

Another, "the patterns are so complete and instructions so clear that they give perfect satisfaction." Another, "I don't see how you do it. You deserve the thanks and patronage of every lady reader of your paper." Another, "It does make your paper even more valuable than ever to your old friends. I saved enough to pay my next year's subscription, on the two patterns ordered from you."

The patterns are all of the very latest New York styles, and are unequalled for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. For twenty-four years these patterns have been used the country over. Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pat-

tern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received. For convenience in ordering we have inserted a coupon below, which can be cut out and filled in as indicated, and returned to us.

You can order any of the patterns which have been offered in the back numbers of the Farm and Fireside. Order by the number.

Do not fail to give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls and children. Order patterns by their number.

We guarantee every pattern to be perfect and exactly as represented. To get BUST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

Price of each pattern, 10 cents. Postage one cent extra on EACH pattern. Silver dimes and clean postage-stamps, in small amounts, will come safely by mail.



No. 4088.—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST. 11 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.
No. 4036.—LADIES' SKIRT. 11 cents.
Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.
No. 4084.—MISSSES' SHIRT-WAIST. 11 cents.
Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 6162.—LADIES' BASQUE. 11 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.
No. 6109.—LADIES' DRAPED SKIRT. 11 cents.
Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.
This is the latest and most fashionable skirt for ladies.



No. 4078.—LADIES' CAPE. 11 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.
This is the most popular of all ladies' capes.



No. 4075.—LADIES' TEA-GOWN. 12 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.
This pattern is so large and heavy that it requires 2 cents extra to cover postage.



No. 4041.—GIRL'S DRESS. 11 cents.
Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.
No. 4042.—BOY'S SUIT. 11 cents.
Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



No. 6105.—LADIES' ETON JACKET. 11 cents.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.
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Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.



No. 4055.—CHILD'S DRESS. 11 cents.
Sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.
No. 4056.—GIRL'S DRESS. 11 cents.
Sizes, 10 and 12 years.

PATTERN COUPON. (Cut this coupon out and mail it to us.)

Send 11 cents for each pattern wanted; or if you do not want to cut your paper or want more than four Patterns, send your order in a letter, but give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls or children. Postage paid by us. If you want the Farm and Fireside one year and any four patterns, send 50 cents.

PATTERN No.	BUST MEASURE.	WAIST MEASURE.	AGE IN YEARS.
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Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE GLORY THAT COMETH.

The glory that cometh, how awfully bright!
When the sun is ashamed, and shineth no more;
The shadows all gone, and there is no night,
And the days of earth's groaning forever are o'er.

'Tis then I shall see Him with eyes without tears;
I then in His presence forever shall be;
The past all forgotten; my sins and my fears
Remembered no more by Him or by me.

Glad day, long expected and waited for long
By the meek and the humble, the chosen of God;
When they will come forth and sing a new song,
And enter the mansions, their promised abode.

A day of sweet rest, as never before,
A rest undisturbed by trouble or fear;
A day never ending, a rest evermore,
For them who had loved Him and followed Him here.

The glory that cometh—it soon will be here;
'Twill flash on the world from the midst of His throne;

'Tis then for His people that He shall appear,
And take to Himself all who are His own.
—I. I. Leslie.

GIVE YOUR CARE TO GOD.

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." (Ps. iv. 22.) The Scriptures are plain that God wants to carry both the righteous man and his load; but there are still many well-meaning people who have an idea that when they are stumbling along under the heaviest burdens they are pleasing God the best. They forget that the only thing any Christian has a right to do with a care is to give it to Christ, and that in the heart where there is anxiety and worry there is no trust. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee," was put in the Bible on purpose to give every footsore and weary pilgrim rest. No matter about the size or weight of the burden, if you want to please God, give it to Christ, and when you have done so, leave it there, as the soldier did with his knapsack after his captain told him to put it in the wagon and it should be hauled.

Nothing takes the life and heart out of a Christian like staggering along under loads that God never intended that he should even try to lift—anxiety about a thousand things that flattens him in the dust every time he gives them a thought. There is plenty in the house to-day, but he worries and loses sleep for fear he will be entirely out of bread next week. The children are doing well now, but who knows how soon they will all be down sick? Stop it! Cast all your care upon Christ, and determine for God's glory to die happy if you have to starve to death. You have as much right to kill your neighbor and steal his money as you have to destroy your own blood-bought peace. When our poor-houses begin to be crowded with faithful Christians, it will be time enough to become anxious for fear God has forgotten his elect.

TRIED AS GOLD.

The purpose of life's afflictions is beautifully illustrated in a fable of Bowden's. Upon a glowing fire rested a crucible, at the bottom of which rested a piece of gold. More and more intense became the flames; hotter and still more heated grew the vessel—and the precious metal melted, till it trickled like water.

"Unfortunate creature that I am, to have been cast into this place," cried the gold.

"No, not unfortunate," replied the furnace.

"Why, then, must I suffer this agony?"

"It is to purge your dross, that you may be pure and more useful and valuable."

"Oh! when will it be ended?" pleadingly asked the gold.

"As soon as possible, but not a moment before the good purpose is accomplished," kindly replied the furnace.

"How may that be known?" inquired the gold.

"Immediately that the watchful refiner, who is sitting by, shall see his image reflected in you," replied the furnace, "at which instant the process will end, and you will come forth the richer and better for the fire."

God does not pass his children through the fires of affliction to destroy them, but to purify them, until they reflect the image of Christ.

KEEP YOUNG.

Judicious mental work may help to lift one out of the ruts of premature old age. Read, and think what you read. Don't use your mind as if it were a sieve and you were trying to see how much you could pour through it. There is a belief extant that knowledge, if gained at all, must be acquired in youth. Fallacious theory! Behold Galileo at three score and ten pursuing his studies with unflagging zeal; Cato beginning Greek when advanced in years; Ogilby commenced classical studies when past fifty. Gladstone is as much the student to-day as when the bloom of youth mantled his cheek. Be kind to the feelings and fancies of youth. If they prove perennial, so much the better. Don't forbid yourself glad, recreative thoughts and action. Don't be ashamed to make yourself as pretty as you can. A sensible woman may feel a thrill of pleasure innocent as a maiden's when receiving a glance of respectful admiration from a manly form. Smile without affectation, be pleasant without being silly—in short, be young as long as you can.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

A POPULAR INSTITUTION.

One of the most beneficent of the co-operative plans that during recent years have sprung into such favor is the building and loan association. The recent report of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, chief of the National Labor Bureau, gives very encouraging statistics regarding the growth of these associations. Every state in the Union now has them. Pennsylvania contains more than a thousand, Ohio more than seven hundred, then follow, in order, Illinois, Indiana, New York and Missouri. In the South these associations are even more popular than in New England, undoubtedly because New England contains more savings banks. The country, on the whole, contains six thousand of these saving associations, and less than one twelfth of them are more than fifteen years old. Notwithstanding that, they represent a saving of \$450,000,000, and Mr. Wright gives it as his opinion that 450,000 homes have been built with their help. How much that means of added blessing to the world!

THANKFULNESS.

Said a very old man, "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning and find any weather at all." We may smile at the simplicity of the old man, but still his language indicates a spirit that contributes much to calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be always complaining of things as we are. Be thankful for such mercies as you have, and if God sees it will be for your good and his glory, he will give you many more. At least, do not make yourself and others unhappy by your ingratitude and complaints.—*The Presbyterian.*

LIVE ONE DAY AT A TIME.

"Live one day at a time, my dear," said an elderly woman to a younger one, who was wrinking her forehead over her cares; "there is always time and strength for to-day; wait until to-morrow becomes to-day before you take up its burdens. I was almost fifty years old before I discovered this secret, and I am growing younger every month in its use." Which passing word in these days of many absorbing occupations is one that many women will do well to write on a card and stick up in the mirrors of the dressing-tables.

AMEN TO THIS.

Some people fail entirely to pray for the thing they most need. A brother was praying with much noise for faith—"soul-saving faith, sin-killing faith, devil-driving faith." Just then a brother, to whom the noisy man owed a large bill, shouted out, "Amen, amen, and give us a debt-paying faith, too." It may be as well to pray at others less and pray to God more about our own sins and weaknesses; and not cut short our prayers if they hit our own pocket-books.

A NOVEL FUNERAL REFORM.

Among the funeral reform associations, the Copenhagen societies, whose motto is, "Let us honor the dead by our charities," seem to be making most progress. Instead of sending wreaths to funerals, members of these societies write on a card bearing the names of their deceased friends, the title of some benevolent institution to which they wish to make a gift in token of respect for the dead.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

CURE
SICK HEADACHE, Disordered Liver, etc.

They Act Like Magic on the Vital Organs, Regulating the Secretions, restoring long lost Complexion, bringing back the Keen Edge of Appetite, and arousing with the **ROSEBUD OF HEALTH** the whole physical energy of the human frame. These Facts are admitted by thousands, in all classes of Society. Largest Sale in the World.

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PATENTS LEHMANN, PATTISON & NESBIT, Washington, D. C. Examinations Free. Send for circulars



No. 2.—Bridget—"I'll throw this over ye, Mike, and ye'll look like an arm chair."



A HEALTHY MAN

In the accompanying illustration is seen the picture of a healthy man.—Every facial feature indicates a sound physical condition. Dissipation holds no place here. With sparkling eyes, ruddy complexion and rotund cheeks, this man betrays no evidence of ever being wheeled and charmed by unholy pleasures. Many a "wild oat" has he sown, however, but his present healthy condition was restored through the aid of a remarkable and most effective prescription which I send absolutely free of charge. There is no humbug or advertising catch about this. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you may do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me, as this remedy restored me to the condition shown in illustration after everything else had failed. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose stamp if convenient. Address **E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A329, Albion, Mich.**

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It has the right ring.

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It is well worth any one's subscription.

Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D. (Chicago):

I am greatly pleased with your Review.

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Indeed a most refreshing mouthful of good things.

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The spirit of your Review is excellent.

WE WANT AGENTS AND PAY WELL.

Address all letters to the Springfield Office.

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RINGS FREE!!



Girls, do you want one! If so, send us your address and take your choice, it don't cost you a cent. Will you agree to do a few hours work showing our new goods to your friends! That is all we ask. State which ring you want. All solid gold. No. 1, with genuine diamond; No. 2, with genuine pearl; No. 3, richly engraved band ring. Send NOW, we want one girl in each neighborhood. We gave away over 15,000 rings in past two years. State size. Address **L. M. ASSOCIATION, 269 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.**



SOLID GOLD Wedding, Engagement and Birth-day RINGS for \$1.50 by express C.O.D.; receiver to pay express charges or send cash with order and we send by mail post paid. Retail price, \$5.00. Our price only \$1.50. Initials engraved without extra charge. No. 1 is solid gold, set with genuine Montana rubies and pearls. No. 2 is a massive solid gold wedding ring. Mention size and style wanted. Watch and Jewelry Catalogue with each order. Address, **Kirkland Bros. & Co., 62 Fulton St., N. Y.**

When writing mention this paper.



GENTS OR LADIES SIZE

Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches from a firm, consisting of solid gold, silver, and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the watch trade. Among the stock are 8,789 AMERICAN STYLE WATCHES, in solid gold-filled cases, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties, or the trade, at the unheard-of LOW PRICE of \$3.98 EACH. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper and each watch is accompanied with our written guarantee for five years. Think of it! A genuine American Style Movement watch, in solid, gold-filled cases, and guaranteed for FIVE YEARS, for \$3.98. These watches are a first-class, reliable time-keeper, at about one third retail price, should order at once. Watch spec-

lators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell again. SOLID GOLD WATCHES at \$3.98. These watches must be sold, and as an inducement for you to order quickly, we will send to each of the first one hundred, ordering from this advertisement, A SOLID GOLD WATCH worth \$25, provided \$3.98 is sent with the order. Elegant, SOLID ROLLED GOLD CHAIN, of the latest patterns, free to those who send full amount with order. Be one of the first and get a Solid Gold Watch for \$3.98. All are elegantly finished, and guaranteed perfectly satisfactory in every respect. Cut this out and send to us with 10 cts., silver, postal note or stamps, as a guarantee that watch is ordered in good faith, and we will send a watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination, by express. If found perfectly satisfactory, and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance of \$3.88 and take the watch, otherwise you do not pay one cent. Can we make you a fairer offer? Be sure to mention whether you want ladies' or gents' watch. Price per dozen, \$45.00. **DEPOSIT WATCH CO., 9 Murray St., New York.**

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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Silos.—W. W., Wattsville, Wis., writes: "Would it be feasible to construct a silo on the principle of a water-tank? And if located outside, would the frost affect it unless properly protected?"

REPLY:—A large, round water-tank would make a good silo, but it would be much more expensive than one constructed in the usual way. It would also need protection against frost. For book on silos and ensilage, send twenty-five cents to Prof. A. J. Cook, Claremont, Cal.

Ground-moles.—J. L. W., Flushing, Mich., writes: "Can you tell me how to get rid of ground-moles? They run under valuable plants and destroy them."

REPLY:—Dig carefully across a new run or burrow. Soak two balls of cotton, the size of a hen's egg, with bisulphid of carbon. Place one in each end of the run and fill up the hole dug to open the run. The fumes from this volatile liquid are sure death to all burrowing animals. After making their runs, moles pass back and forth through them many times. If you observe no new runs, you can tell if they are still using the old ones by pressing the soil down with the foot and noticing if it is raised a few hours afterward.

Salting Cows—To Destroy Ants, Woodchucks, Etc.—F. G. W., North Freedom, writes: "About how much and how often should a cow be fed salt?—What will destroy ants which make hills? There are quite a number of such hills in our yard and vicinity. The color of these ants is black. How can woodchucks, gophers and skunks be exterminated?"

REPLY:—If a lump of rock salt is placed where your cows can have access to it every day, they will take only what they need. Pour a little bisulphid of carbon into the openings of the black-ant hills and cover them immediately with earth. For gophers, woodchucks, etc., saturate a small ball of cotton, roll it down the holes and cover them closely with earth.

Bisulphid of Carbon for Weevils in Wheat.—B. B. W., Gallatin, Mo., writes: "Can you give me a sure remedy for weevil in wheat? I have about one hundred and fifty bushels in a granary, some of it two years old. At the mill they told me it was full of weevil. I have new wheat ready to thresh."

REPLY:—Bisulphid of carbon is a sure remedy for weevil in wheat. Pour a couple of ounces in a saucer placed on top of the grain, and close up the bin tightly. Or push a tube containing a close-fitting rod into the center of the grain, withdraw the rod and pour in the liquid. Or tie a ball of cotton to the end of a stick, saturate the cotton with the liquid and push it into the grain. If the bin is open at the top, place thick blankets over the grain to confine the fumes of the liquid.

Spring Wheat.—W. B. M., Ozark, Ark., writes: "Tell me the best method of raising spring wheat—how to prepare the soil, when to sow and what kind to sow to insure a good yield."

REPLY:—You are located in the winter-wheat belt, and doubtless it would be more profitable for you to raise winter wheat than spring wheat. However, if you desire to experiment with the latter, plow the ground in the fall, and as early in the spring as the ground is suitable for working, put it in fine condition with the harrow and drill the wheat in about the usual time for sowing oats. As to varieties, sow those that do best in your locality. For full information about best methods of wheat culture in your state, write to your agricultural experiment station, Fayetteville, Ark.

Celery Growing.—W. H. T., Grand Glaize, Ark., writes: "(1) How many stalks of celery are put in a bunch, and how many bunches do they generally put in a box to ship to market? (2) Is salt-peter good to put on celery-plants? (3) How late can celery-plants be set out and make good stalks in this latitude?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—(1) Eastern growers usually make bunches of from three to five plants. The plants are cleansed and trimmed so that the heart of each is well exposed, giving the plant a somewhat flatish shape. The required number, according to size, are fastened together either by means of a long nail driven through the base of the plants, or by tying with twine, and always in such a shape that the hearts are all exposed to view on one side. In Boston the crop must be exposed for sale in oblong boxes which equal a barrel in capacity, and the bunches must be of such size that three dozen of them will fill the box even full. In New Jersey, the bunches are often packed tightly in large barrels. From three to four dozen bunches should fill the barrel. The Kalamazoo shippers have made the bunch of one dozen plants each common and popular in all markets. It is the bunch which suits me best, as it is easily put up and easily packed. The plants are taken from the field or pit, freed from nearly all the unbleached leaves as well as from the roots, then placed, a dozen at a time, into a square frame and tied firmly. Of course, any kind of box or package would do. The number which fills the box depends on the size of the individual stalks. We should always aim to have even dozens of bunches in one package—two, three or four, as the case may be. (2) Salt-peter in solution, (or made fine and sowed) applied to the celery patch in moderate quantity—say two pounds to the square rod—may have good effect. Whether it is the cheapest plant-food you can use is another question. Nitrate of soda usually helps young plants in seed-bed along nicely. (3) I should think that you can set celery-plants in Arkansas until nearly September, and expect them to make a crop under favorable conditions.

EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

On account of the Knights of Pythias Couclave at Washington, D. C., the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern R'y offers a rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its lines. Tickets on sale August 22d to 26th, good returning until September 15th. Splendid opportunity to visit the National Capital at low rate. For particulars apply to any Agent Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern R'y, or address G. B. WARFEL, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Ag't, Cincinnati, Ohio. O. P. McCARTY, Gen'l Pass'r Ag't, St. Louis, Mo.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Cattle Troubled with Flies.—J. C. A., Paoli, Ind. Either do like the Hollanders, and blanket your cattle with light muslin blankets, or else wash them with a decoction of black walnut leaves. Recently a decoction of ragweed has been recommended for the same purpose. I never saw it used, though.

A Sore in the Udder of a Cow.—W. S., Rushsylvania, O. Since you do not say anything about the nature, depth and direction of the sore, beyond that it is high up and a year old, the only advice I can give you is to employ a competent veterinarian to examine and to treat it.

A Stiff Neck.—B. J. K., Larned, Kansas. The stiffness of your horse's neck is very likely the consequence of an existing exostosis or ankylosis, which may have resulted from external violence or injury. It therefore must be considered as permanent. If it (the stiffness) were due to a poll-evil, the attending swelling, fistulous opening, etc., would not have escaped your observation.

Summer Eruption.—T. H. K., Scenery Hill, Pa., writes: "I have a pair of horses that rub the hair off themselves in places. Small lumps raise over them, and where the hair is, off it is scabby."

ANSWER:—What you complain of may be the same affection as that described in the inquiry of W. G. H., Portland, Col., in the present issue. Please read the answer to the inquiry mentioned.

Lead Poisoning.—J. C., New London, Conn. Your cow was poisoned—poisoned herself—by licking up a considerable quantity of oil-paint, which undoubtedly contained a large amount of lead. The antidotes are the sulphates—such as sulphate of soda, potash, magnesium, etc.—also albumen, milk, iodide of potassium, and narcotics. The latter, however, are only physiological antidotes, and I would not recommend them where constipation has set in.

Pigs Coughing.—J. W. V., Wilsey, Kan. Pigs, like other animals, may cough from different causes. If the same do not show any other symptoms of disease, the most probable cause is either lung-worms (Strongylus paradoxus) or too much dust in the air-passages (brouchial tubes). Still, as I have so often stated, it is utterly impossible to base a diagnosis upon one single symptom, especially one that is so common to many diseases as coughing.

Coughing.—T. L. B., Harmony, W. Va. The symptoms given—namely, coughing, discharges from the nose, sometimes watery and thin, and sometimes thicker and whitish, dullness, and more or less loss of appetite—indicate that your horse suffers from a catarrhal affection of the respiratory passages, but do not indicate that there is nothing more serious behind it. It will, therefore, be in your interest to have the animal examined by a competent veterinarian, as this, very likely, will save you time and money.

A Barren Mare.—G. G., Morton, Oregon. Your communication, dated June 24th, and mailed June 27th, reached me on July 17th, consequently too late for FARM AND FIRESIDE of August 1st. Still, it does not make much difference, because I do not see that anything can be done for your mare to remove barrenness. Her internal sexual organs undoubtedly suffered serious, and probably irreparable, injury when the abortion took place a few years ago. I would advise you to abandon all further attempts to breed the animal, and to use her like you would a gelding.

So-called Sweeney.—H. K., South Pittsburg, Tenn. What you describe seems to be a case of imperfect paralysis of the radial nerve, and consequent abnormal laxity of the muscles. Good, nutritious food, voluntary exercise, and exemption from work, especially heavy pulling, constitute the treatment. Salves, ointments, etc., are useless. According to circumstances, it will take from six to twelve months until the muscles resume their place and functions, which they will do unless by unnecessary or uncalled-for irritation they have become inflamed and degenerated. In that case no restoration will take place.

Hogs Coughing and Lousy—Garget.—M. E. M., Mauckport, Ind. Coughing, in pigs as well as in other animals, may have many causes. In fact, anything that irritates the respiratory passages will cause coughing. For lice you may try a wash with a three to five per cent solution of Pearson's creolin, to be repeated once every five or six days. Still, such washings, or any washing, will be of but little avail, unless at the same time the premises (pens) where the pigs are kept are thoroughly cleaned and freed from all lice and mites that may have dropped from the affected animals. As to garget, I refer you to the answer given to M. A. M., Pittsburg, Kansas.

Garget.—M. A. M., Pittsburg, Kan., writes: "I have a fine heifer that came fresh two months ago. At first her right front teat had something wrong with it. The bag around that teat was caked, but not feverish. She gives two gallons of milk a day, and that teat only gives a gill."

ANSWER:—Your cow has garget. The remedy consists in frequent and thorough milking. Clots or coagulated milk must be removed, and that, of course, can only be done by energetic milking, and in no other way. If you will milk the affected quarter, or quarters, every two hours for several days in succession, you will have the pleasure of restoring the udder of your cow to its former healthy condition, provided, of course, the morbid changes existing are yet the same as they were when you wrote your letter.

Puerperal Paralysis.—J. A. S., Cara, Mich., writes: "I have a cow that will have a calf about the first of September. I am afraid of milk-fever. What is a good preventive?"

ANSWER:—You probably mean puerperal paralysis, a disease which, as a rule, attacks only good milkers when in a first-rate condition at the time of calving. Good milking qualities and a very good condition as to flesh, therefore, seems to act as a predisposing cause. The danger, consequently, will be lessened if such cows are kept on a light diet—do not receive too much nutritious food—

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the last five or six weeks before and the first three weeks after calving. But since the disease is infectious, and the infection undoubtedly takes place through the uterus, it is also advisable to keep the premises where the calving will take place as clean, dry and well ventilated as possible. If danger is still apprehended, the uterus of the cow may be irrigated as soon as the afterbirth has passed off, with one or two quarts of a two-per-mille bloodwarm solution of corrosive sublimate in water. For this operation, however, no metallic syringe or vessel should be used. It is also regarded as essential to allow the calf to be with the cow for at least eight or ten days.

So-called Black-leg.—C. A. D., Oakland, Md., writes: "I had a calf about three months old. At night it drank its milk and appeared to be well. The next morning it would not drink, was frothing at the mouth and slobbering all day. At night I noticed it was swollen about the head. The most swelling was under the jaws. It also got its breath hard, with rattling in its throat. Next morning it was dead."

ANSWER:—Your calf died of so-called "black-leg," "black quarters," or symptomatic anthrax. There is no remedy where the disease has once fully developed. For further information, please consult recent numbers of FARM AND FIRESIDE. Your communication is of interest in one respect. It shows that calves less than four or six months old are not exempted, as has been claimed by some modern authorities. It, however, accords with my own observations.

Indigestion.—E. G. C., Ansted, W. Va., writes: "What is the matter with my cow? She runs on the commons in a mountainous district. I feed her night and morning ground corn and oats, equal parts, three quarts each mess. The weather has been very dry for three weeks or more. She came up a few nights ago early, looking very stupid and weak, especially in the hind quarters, and with her abdomen swollen. I gave her one and one half pounds of Epsom salts. She ate a little the next morning, but continues in the same condition. She won't eat at night, and only a little in the morning. She has almost dried up."

ANSWER:—It is evident that your cow has picked up and eaten something indigestible, or even injurious, while on the commons in dry weather, but what it is, or was, is hard to tell. Perhaps with good care she will get over it. To give a physic as you did was in order.

A Wind-sucking Calf—Summer Eruption.—W. G. H., Portland, Col., writes: "Our calf, four months old, sucks wind from everything she can get hold of. She don't eat well, and when she lies down she belches up wind and hay for half a day at a time. Is she worth raising? She looks thin and don't grow well."

ANSWER:—I hardly think that your wind-sucking calf will be worth raising, and there is no prospect of a cure, because very likely some organic change, probably in the insertion of the esophagus in the stomachs, is at the bottom of it.—The cutaneous eruption (summer eruption) on your horse will disappear when colder weather sets in. If you want to do something, you may wash the animal first with soap and warm water, or with a weak solution of lye, and then with a two-per-cent solution of creolin or a one-and-one-half-per-cent solution of carbolic acid.

Lymphangitis.—M. L., Fisher, Pa., writes: "One of our mares was all right three weeks ago in the evening, after working all day. The next morning her right hind leg hurt so badly she could hardly get out of the stable. She was so sick she could not eat. Her leg was swollen a little inside next her body. By noon her whole leg was swollen very large, and continued to swell for several days. I rubbed liniment on it, and at first it discharged yellow water, and afterward green matter. The swelling has gone out of her body, but her leg is still swollen some, and very sore. The hoof is loose, and appears as if it would come off."

ANSWER:—What you describe is a disease known under various names, such as lymphangitis, inflammation of the vena saphena, inflammation of the subcutaneous tissues—Weed, Shake, Monday morning disease, etc. Probably none of these names are strictly correct. It usually affects working horses after they have been standing idle for twenty-four hours or more, hence the term Monday morning disease. It is undoubtedly caused by an invasion of pathogenic bacteria, either through small lesions in the skin, or as some modern authors claim (Kitt in Munich), through the digestive canal, but it seems that these bacteria are powerless to get in their destructive work (the same are anaerobic) unless a pabulum suitable to them has been prepared by the sluggish circulation of the blood and lymph in the veins and lymphatics, respectively, of the legs of a horse, if the latter, accustomed to activity every day in the week, is kept idle and at rest over Sunday. Hence the frequent appearance of the disease on Monday morning. The best preventive, therefore, is friction and massage applied to the legs of a horse accustomed to activity, if the same is kept idle for more than twenty-four hours. When the disease has made its appearance, the treatment, on the whole, has to be a symptomatic one. Still, the first object must be to restore the circulation, and thus to destroy the anaerobic bacteria by the oxygen of the arterial blood, and to deprive them of their pabulum, the exudates from the veins and lymphatics. In the further progress of the disease the treatment is dictated by (depends upon) the existing morbid changes. It is always best to immediately consult in every case a competent veterinarian, and for that reason I have merely laid down the general principles, and will only remark that attempts to destroy the bacteria by an external application of antiseptics will, as a rule, be without result. This, however, does not imply that existing wounds or sores should not be antiseptically treated. On the contrary, as to them, an antiseptic treatment will be found necessary, because in them other bacteria, too, must be destroyed or warded off.

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Ten years ago my wife was attacked by acute articular rheumatism, the result of exposure after child-birth. The attack abated, but the disease was established and recurred from time to time for several years. She received the best treatment all the schools of medicine could furnish, without material benefit, and in September, 1890, I sent her to Clifton Springs Sanitarium, where she remained for treatment for six months. About three months after she arrived there she had a violently acute attack of rheumatism, which contracted the flexor muscles of her limbs, drawing them almost to her body. She suffered terribly, being unable for months to sleep or rest without anodynes. In this condition I brought her home. Neither day nor night could she remain in one position for more than ten minutes, and I was forced to choose between her suffering and the morphine habit. In this dilemma I procured one of Dr. A. Owen's Electric Belts with its various appliances. After wearing it the first afternoon she slept half the night, and in a week slept through the whole night, and has had no anodyne since she first put the belt on, and has not lost a night's sleep on account of rheumatism for three years. But she is not well, however, though she slowly improves all the time. Neither she nor I will ever forget the marvelous relief given her by the use of Dr. Owen's Electric Belt.
F. P. SINCLAIR, M. D., Lysander, N. Y.

Persons making inquiries of the writers of testimonials will please inclose self-addressed stamped envelope to insure a prompt reply.

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Our Miscellany.

THROUGH THE MIST OF YEARS.

I.

Deathstill, lifesweet, with folded palms.
—The City of Dreadful Night.

Bitter and sweet beyond comparison
The memories of love's harvest-field I keep;
God gave us certain sunny hours to reap,
And this at parting when the day was done:
The moon cast both our shadows into one,
Orion lay aslant along the steep,
All night, you said, with folded hands I sleep
At times like these, when days are halcyon.
Then at that word—I knew not how or why—
There came, as from some dreamland
leagues away,
Dim presage of a not far distant day,
When 'neath the same stars I should see you lie,
That smiling face turned silent to the sky,
And those fair fingers clasped, as cold as clay.

II.

Safe within the door.—Christina Rossetti.

Deep buried now, my dear dead days of love
Will not return to me, for envious fate
Holds them in keeping ever obdurate—
Yea, even the hour all other hours above,
That pearl among my sands of life, whereof
The mere sweet memory, fair and delicate,
With measure less content my soul can state,
For to have lived it once is joy enough.
But of my golden days I still may dream,
And when the light of love that never dies,
Shines through my house of life, it glori-
fies
One hall, remote and darkened with its beam.
Where certain hours around one hour su-
preme
With folded wings are sitting circlewise.
—T. G. F. Nicholson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND ANARCHY.

Henry George is generally recognized as the most intelligent personality among those who assume to speak for the laboring masses of America, but while the troops of the United States were facing lawless mobs in Illinois and California, Mr. George stood before a great audience in New York and said:

"I would rather see every locomotive in this land ditched, every car and every depot burned, and every rail torn up, than to have them preserved by the government through the means of a standing army."

That sentence stamps Mr. George as a man of unsound and dangerous ideas. He is an American by birth, but not by conviction. The great body of the American people are in favor of enforcing the laws, and no force can be too great which is employed in their service. The United States army is a menace only to enemies of the government. Wherever the orderly processes of federal law are forcibly interfered with, federal troops have a right to be.

It is vain for Mr. George to boast that he is a follower of Thomas Jefferson. That is the claim of every mob leader and anarchist. Mr. Jefferson was the incarnation of the law-loving and law-supporting spirit. And yet his name is invoked by blatant demagogues who are to-day trying to tear down the fabric of law which he helped to build. Jefferson was an individualist. He believed that the government should only interfere to protect each citizen in the right guaranteed to him by law. To every loyal citizen of the republic its soldiers appear as friends when their mission is to restore order in the name of the nation. Mr. George's declaration is a justification for the existence of a standing army, if there were none other. How utterly puerile is the spirit of the man who insists upon splitting hairs over technical definitions, under the pretense that he is discussing fundamental principles, at a time when rioters are trampling the laws under foot and plunging whole states into anarchy. The statutes of the United States are not the personal decrees of Mr. Cleveland. They are simply the formulated will of the whole people, expressed through their representatives in Congress; and it is the president's duty to see that they are obeyed. The use of the army is a mere detail.

Meanwhile, the attitude of Mr. Pullman toward his striking employees has been deplorable. He has a right to insist that his property is his own, and that he will not allow any one to dictate to him in the conduct of his private business. But when the commerce of the country was paralyzed, when ruin and starvation stalked through the land, when great multitudes of men, who ordinarily would risk their lives to protect his interests, were ready to kill and destroy—surely Mr. Pullman might have said something or done something to allay the fever of lawlessness. Wealth has its responsibilities, and when a man's money makes him more powerful than thousands of equally hard-working and deserving men, a sense of equity should induce him to use his power gently and with a gracious recognition that these thousands of toilers are the source of his wealth. Brutal arrogance is out of place.

This republic is not rotten; free government is not a failure. The American nation is young, fresh and full of vigor. It has sur-

vived the shock of civil war, and it will survive the social poison imported from Europe. These desperate conditions of tyranny on the one side and violence on the other are not the fruits of our soil. They are the result of alien influences. The remedy is to be found in a law that will cut off the bulk of our useless immigration and in a return to the kindly old American relationship between master and man—a task that can only be accomplished by the mothers of the next generation.—Illustrated American.

PENNY PURCHASES.

A young father is impressed by the variety of things which his little daughter can procure for a penny:

"She buys candies of many kinds that are new to me, and which must have been invented since the not very remote period when I was a child myself. There are now more kinds to choose from, and they are sold in a great variety of forms, at two for a cent, or three or four, and some of the stick candies sold now are a foot or so long, though they are more attenuated than their shorter brothers. And she buys articles of furniture, pianos and chairs and things like that, for a cent apiece; and pinwheel papers, a lot of them for a cent, and all different colors; and those little rubber bags that you blow up that make a funny squeaking noise when you expel the air from them; paper dolls, little blank books and numerous articles fascinating to the youthful mind. When we walk abroad, she runs ahead as we approach the penny store, so that she may have the more time to gaze at the treasures in the window. Of all the shop windows, this is the only one that interests her, and as I see her looking intently in, and think of the many thousands of other children just like her, it is easy to see where the profit on penny goods comes in. For of course such goods are easily destroyed and must be replaced, thus creating a second demand as exacting as the first."

A QUEER PLANT DISEASE.

A very beautiful proof of the delicacy of the balance of forces on which the life and health of animals and plants depends is furnished by some recent experiments at Cornell university.

Tomatoes grown in the forcing-houses of the university had the veins of their leaves greatly swollen and turned white, and the leaf cells were enormously stretched; so much so, in fact, that at length they burst, and water poured plentifully from them. The cause of this singular phenomenon was found to be that in consequence of the great amount of moisture contained in the warm air of the forcing-houses, the leaves were not able to give out water by transpiration as fast it was sent into them by the action of the roots. It was a case of vegetable dropsy.

Another instance of a similar effect has been seen in the case of apple-trees which were ruthlessly pruned during the winter. When spring came, and the roots began to set currents of moisture flowing upward into the twigs and leaves, the latter had been so greatly reduced in number that they could not take care of the too-abundant supply thus forced upon them, and as a result, the leaves became gorged with water, and the tree suffered from dropsical disease.

A good joke on James Brett Stokes is going the rounds of the clubs. Mr. Stokes was invited to a party at the private insane asylum in Sau Mateo, and according to his wont selected the prettiest girl in the room as his partner, and kept up a very animated conversation with her. In the course of the evening he said to the doctor: "Do you know that girl in the white dress with blue spots is a very curious case? I've been talking to her, and I cannot for the life and soul of me discover in what direction her mental malady lies. Of course, I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd look of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly. I asked her if she did not think she was Mrs. Cleveland, or whether she had been robbed of a large fortune, or jilted by the Prince of Wales, and in various ways tried to find out the cause of her lunacy. But I couldn't. She was too artful."

"Very likely," answered the doctor; "you see, she is not a patient; she is one of the housemaids."

Meanwhile the pretty housemaid went to her fellow-servants and said: "Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me—a fine man and bronzed, but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't Mrs. Cleveland, if I hadn't been robbed of a large fortune, and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me. He is mad. What a pity, and such a fine young man."

"At Raglan Castle," said Mr. Ganthony, the ventriloquist, "I gave an entertainment in the open air, and throwing my voice up into the ivy-covered ruins, said: 'What are you doing there?' To my amazement a voice answered, 'I climbed up 'ere this mornin' just to see the folk and 'ear the music; I won't do no harm.' I replied, 'Very well, stay there, and don't let any one see you, do you hear?' The reply came, 'Yes, muster, I 'ear.' This got me thunders of applause. I made up my mind to risk it, so I bowed, and the boy never showed himself."

ASTHMATIC TROUBLES, Pleurisy Pains and Inflamed Throats, are overcome and healed by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant—for fifty years an approved stand-by for all Coughs and Colds.

HOW TO AVOID WRINKLES.

Wrinkles, and how to avoid them, was a theme at a woman's meeting the other day. There was a grandmother there whose only outward sign of the position lay in dignity, not in face lines. There was also a society woman, who had kept a smooth brow in spite of receptions and dinners, and a business woman whose skin was delightfully un-wrinkled. The grandmother claimed that the ivory state of her complexion was due to the fact that she never washed her face in cold water. The society woman said, "Be calm, be calm, and evermore be calm," but most women would prefer to indulge in the luxury of a semi-occasional emotion even at the expense of a line on their foreheads. The business woman stated, with businesslike directness, that once every day, usually just before retiring, she sat five minutes in a dark room, her eyes closed, her hands folded in her lap, her feet resting upon a stool and her mind resolutely kept free from every vestige of thought. When she has the opportunity, she indulges in this resting process oftener.—New York World.



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No. 3.—Miss Prim—"Good morning, Bidget, I've come to order the dinner."

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MY FIRST LOVE.

When I was very young, I asked
A maid of thirty if she'd wait
"Until I grew up big enough"
To enter on the married state.
At rash eighteen or thereabout,
A maid of twenty-five seemed best;
At twenty-five, a slender miss
Who scarcely twenty years possessed.
At forty, I presume I'll find
More charms in one who's sweet sixteen,
And like enough my early flame
Will be again my only queen.
For lately, I have understood,
No matter when, nor why, nor how,
That though she owned to thirty then,
She's less than twenty-seven now.
—Detroit Tribune.

EDUCATION THAT EDUCATES.

HE was a Vassar graduate, and didn't know a little bit about housekeeping when she married her last beau and settled down to domestic life. Her first order at the grocer's was a crusher, but that good man was used to all sorts of people, and could interpret Vassar as easily as plain English.

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar," she said with a business air.

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Two cans of condemned milk."

"Yes'm. He set down 'pulverized sug,' 'condensed milk.'"

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt—be sure that it is fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?"

"A pound of desecrated codfish."

"Yes'm." He wrote glibly "desiccated cod."

"Nothing more, ma'am? Here's some nice horse-radish, just in."

"No," she said, with a sad wabble to her flexible voice. "It would be of no use, as we don't keep a horse."

Then the grocer sat down upon a kit of mackerel, and fanned himself with a patent wash-board. Vassar had taken the cake.—Detroit Free Press.

A DISCRIMINATION.

James Payn tells an amusing story concerning a well-known club in Pall Mall. A member lost his umbrella there, and caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance-hall: "The nobleman who took away an umbrella, not his own, on such a date, is requested to return it." The house committee took umbrage at this statement, and summoned the member who had composed it before them.

"Why, sir," they said, "should you have supposed that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?"

"Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rules says that 'This club is composed of noblemen and gentlemen,' and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman."—Detroit Free Press.

A DRAMA FROM LIFE.

It is night at Mountford Manse. The lamps should have been lit an hour ago. And yet a woman sits in the gathering gloom with strained eyes that burn unnaturally. There is a look of determination in her face, the lines about her mouth are hard and drawn. She toys impatiently with the keen knife in her grasp. Suddenly, with a gasp of fury, she casts it from her and sends it ringing across the oaken floor. "Drat it!" she cries; "I never could sharpen a pencil!" Do what she might, womanhood had asserted itself.

ONE VIEW OF IT.

Some children were overheard discussing the Sunday services in the fashionable church at which the family worshipped.

"Well, now," said the seven-year-old boy, "I must say I should like to know what the sermon is for."

"Why, Harry, don't you know?" answered his five-year-old sister. "It's to give the singers a rest, of course."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Jakey—"Fadder, a sheutlemans haf fallen troo de coal-hole!"

Isaac—"Clap to cover offer him kervick, mein sohn, vile I runs for a policemen! Ve must arrest him for tryin' to steal te coal, or he'll sue us for damages."

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Wife—"How people gaze at my new dress! I presume they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris."

Husband—"More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank."—New York Weekly.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will in close stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, MR. THOMAS BARNES, lock box 113 Marshall, Mich.

THE NEW BADGE.

Walking delegate—"Here, you're no union man! Clear out! We'll have no scabs around here."

Workingman—"What's the matter with you? I'm as good a union man as you are. Here's my card."

Walking delegate—"Card, notbin'! That don't go these times. Where's your Winchester?"

LITTLE BITS.

"When my ship comes in," says the lazy man, "My time will come, without a doubt," And thus he waits, nor stops to think That he had never sent it out.

—Philadelphia Record.

She frowned on him and called him Mr., Because in fun he'd merely Kr., And then in spite,

The following nite,

This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

—Life.

He (rapturously)—"You accept me? Then it's a bargain."

She (calmly)—"Certainly. I shouldn't consider it if it wasn't."—Spare Moments.

The dilettante—"You ought to see Mrs. Thompson's magnificent home! It's just full of Corots and Millets."

The parvenu—"Terrible! Why doesn't she try insect-powder?"

Grandma—"I see that the locusts with a 'W' on their wings are out again. It means war whenever they appear."

Miss Laura—"Not this time, grandma. It means 'Woman.' This is the era of her emancipation."—Indianapolis Journal.

Of the twenty-six barons who signed the Magna Charta, three wrote their names and twenty-three made their mark. This is all changed now. Every baron can write, but only a few succeed in making their mark.—Boston Transcript.

Benedict—"I've been carrying the baby around the floor every night for a week back."

Bachelor—"Carrying the baby for a week back? Pshaw! That's no remedy. What you want for a weak back is a porous plaster."—New York Press.

Flossie is six years old. "Mama," she asked one day, "If I get married, will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile.

"And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?"

"Yes, Flossie."

"Mama"—after a pause—"it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

He—"You've seen people standing in line at a stamp-window waiting their turn, haven't you?"

She—"Yes."

He—"Well, why is it that when somebody comes along and tries to crowd in ahead of all the others it's always a woman?"

She—"Because she's the wife, probably, of the man that always crowds in ahead of the women when he boards a train."

Mrs. Richard Clarke, wife of the congressman from Mobile, is one of the few women brave enough to scatter witty things in the waste of five-minute official calls. At the house of Mrs. Hale, of Maine, the church service was mentioned.

"There's one portion of the litany," said Mrs. Clarke, "that always used to bother me. It's where we pray especially for the 'widowed and fatherless.' I never could see why they needed praying for so much, as I thought motherless children deserved pity much more, but I've just found out why the motherless aren't mentioned. It's because there are so few of them, as the first thing a man does when he is bereft of his wife is to look around for a new mother for his children."—Kate Field's Washington.

"Mama, where do the cows get their milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding.

"Where do you get your tears?" was the answer.

After a thoughtful silence he again broke out:

"Do the cows have to be spanked, then?"—Pearson's Weekly.

"Johnny, who put this sand in the pepper-pot?"

"I did."

"What for?"

"Pop said if the sand-man didn't attend to business, and make the baby go to sleep to-night, he'd go crazy. I got that ready in case the sand-man didn't come."

He was a San Franciscan in the played-out city of London. He came from the West, where he had developed that independence and self-reliance which, combined with good looks and \$20 gold pieces, made a man superior to all Europe. He strolled with graceful dignity into a gilded bar, over which presided a divinity of superb physical form, but still a woman, with that air which only an English barmaid can possibly put on—an air of mingled conceit, pride, coquetry and humility. She awaited his order. He was dressed in the latest fashion. He threw the lapel of his coat back with a proud gesture, and fixing his fascinating eyes on the bar beauty, he said:

"Tell me, my pretty maid, what can you

suggest for a man who ate a Welsh rabbit last night, and does not feel well this morning?"

She did not smile; she did not appear to be affected by the appearance of his swelling chest or his wicked eye; she simply said:

"Why don't you beat two Welsh rabbits and let 'em chase beech hoth?"

The late Bishop Selwyn delighted to tell the following racy incident in his varied experience. While bishop of Litchfield, he was walking one day in the Black Country, and observing a group of colliers seated by the roadside in a semicircle with a brass kettle in front of them, he had the curiosity to inquire what was going on.

"Why, yer honor," replied a grave-looking member of the group, "It's a sort of wager. Yon kettle is a prize for the fellow who can tell the biggest lie, and I am the umpire."

Amazed and shocked, the good bishop said reprovingly, "Why, my friends, I have never told a lie that I know of since I was born."

There was a dead silence, only broken by the voice of the umpire, who said in a deliberate tone: "Gle the bishop the kettle."

"I see," said the grocer thoughtlessly, for he had forgotten that the man with the ginger beard was sitting behind the stove, "I see that the temperature dropped twenty degrees in fifteen minutes down in Texas the other day."

"I don't call that nothing," said the man with the ginger beard. "I remember when they was a party of us campin' up in the Black Hills that the temperature dropped so sudden that one of the mules in the outfit, which was in the act of kickin', was caught an' froze that way, an' stood with its heels in the air two days. We had a thermometer along, but the cursed thing went back on us, so I can't ezactly say jist how much of a drap it wuz."

"Oh, yes," said the school-teacher, "it is a well-known fact that at a temperature of about forty degrees below zero the mercury freezes, and hence cannot register."

"That wasn't it at all, young man," said the man with the ginger beard, with fine scorn. "The darn mercury dropped so quick that the friction made it red hot and busted the glass."

The man from Potato Creek began to snicker, but the man with the ginger beard stopped his mirth with a stony stare.—Indianapolis Journal.

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THE CYCLE OF THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY.



His is always a busy day, so much necessarily accumulates during the Sabbath's rest, and the two subsequent days devoted to purposes of the laundry. It is the house-

keeper without method who finds shipwreck upon the rocks of disorder, and it is so much easier to do a thing in the right time than to tide along until overwhelmed by neglected duties. The woman governed by circumstances rather than previous thought and carefully-adjusted plan, is a martyr to her want of judgment.

On Wednesday, Saturday's supply of bread is exhausted, and the sponge, set the evening previous, must be kneaded into loaves early in the morning, to be baked after its second rising. The neatly-ironed clothes must be taken from the bars, laid smoothly in the laundry-basket and carried to the sewing-room, where the mistress will look them over carefully, take the "stitch in time" if required, and place them neatly in their respective drawers. This is much less trouble than the mending-basket piled high from week to week, until it becomes a serious and wearisome task to find the bottom of it.

Rooms will require dusting, fresh flowers put in vases to replace faded ones, and that nameless touch given here and there, that brings beauty out of chaos.

In this age of surfeit in newspapers and magazines, they become, after reading, a positive burden; a dime every now and then to the ashman to remove them, is the usual means of relief. However, there is a better one, and in the line of benefit to others. Once each week, in this day of odds and ends, tie them up in a parcel for the nearest prison or hospital. In cities, a boy can be found within a few squares waiting to receive them; but if living in a town, a postal-card sent will be answered by a call for them, and what a boon they are to persons sick and sorrowful. It is worth trying, at least, in the direction of good works.

The china and glass closets come in for their share of attention, and if possible, always under the personal supervision of the mistress. A servant may be faithful and competent, and yet breakage and disaster will come to cherished household treasures intrusted to her care. The cut-glass bowl, perfect last week and broken this, can be much more satisfactorily accounted for than when its loss is discovered weeks after. It seems remarkable how, with a short lapse of time, memory fails in reference to accidents, and the only solution of the mystery seems to be found in the conclusion that they, with malice aforethought, shattered themselves without human aid! This must be accepted by the mistress whose tours of inspection are limited to the semi-annual house cleaning. In a recent letter to a close friend—a woman who has many gifts, but nevertheless is eminently practical—thus ends the description of a formal dinner she gave to friends sailing to Europe. She says: "Yes, my dear, it was a success. And thank goodness, every piece of silver and china not in daily service has been already put in its proper place by my own hands." And she with three servants at her command! If every housekeeper was as zealous and careful, fewer things of use and beauty would be sacrificed upon the altar of neglect; much less waste exist to be accounted for. The silver should be

counted weekly, because a mislaid fork or spoon is an anxiety to be ended at once, if possible.

The service of three meals, in addition to this general "clarin'-up," leaves only a margin of time for the pretty, tasteful toilet with which the mistress welcomes husband and children. At the evening meal, the neat gown and apron of the smiling girl who quietly serves gives proof that example has made her careful of appearance, as well as in the discharge of the duties assigned her.

How delicious the odor of the baking bread, the more to be appreciated since the laundry smells of the previous days have been allowed free escape through the windows, raised high to admit the early morning air. Hot suds and the smoke from the sadirons will emit certain smells that creep through door crevices and ascend to upper windows, despite every precaution. These are to be classed among the inevitables, and it is one of the charms of home-made bread, if the reader will pardon the somewhat esthetic phase of a practical subject, the appetizing fragrance that creeps through the house when bread is in the oven, and after the rich, brown loaves are cooling on the kitchen table. Experienced housekeepers maintain that all raising-powders, and yeast cakes in general, are enemies to healthful and palatable bread construction, and they give such sound reasons for this that the theory is to be respected. When mixed with flour, baking-powders and their ilk

AUGUST BILL OF FARE.	
BREAKFAST.	
Fruit.	
Quaker Oats, Sugar and Cream.	
Brown Bread.	Broiled Fish.
Corn-meal Muffins.	
Hashed Potatoes.	Sliced Tomatoes.
Coffee.	Tea.
DINNER.	
Cream of Cauliflower Soup.	
Panned Chicken.	Okra.
Browned Sweetbreads.	
Stuffed Egg-plant.	Scalloped Tomatoes.
String-bean Salad.	Grape Jelly.
Pickles.	Cheese.
Wafers.	Watermelon.
SUPPER.	
Bread and Butter.	
Chip Beef.	Shrimp Salad.
Apple Float.	White Cake.
Iced Tea.	

deprive dough of much of its sweetness, dry up its moisture so that bread baked with powders very soon becomes stale; and moreover, experts claim that all of the powders in use contain certain medicinal properties that become injurious if taken into the system regularly and constantly. This objection need not apply to cake, which is an occasional "bite," and not like bread, which is an accompaniment to each of the three daily meals.

Few long-established homes but have their rule for bread-making—a rule that is often traditional, therefore sacred. Full half a century has the Wednesday and Saturday bread been made by the following recipe in a certain house that is celebrated for its culinary excellence: Take four quarts of well-sifted flour. Dissolve in a quart of milk-warm water two teaspoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and with half a pint of baker's yeast put all in a hollow made in the center of the flour, leaving a wall of the dry flour around after beating the mixture well. Then place the bowl, carefully covered, in a warm, dry place. This part of bread-making should be done Tuesday night, just previous to retiring. Wednesday morning, about nine o'clock, when the breakfast dishes are cleared away, knead the dough, which should be found to cover nearly all the flour on the sides. Knead it in the bowl until it is very soft, then remove it to the bread-board and continue to knead it, using as little flour as possible. Divide the dough into three or four portions; knead each thoroughly and place in separate baking-pans. Set these in a warm place for two or three hours, or until the dough rises close to the pan's rim. Then bake in a steady, moderate oven, taking care not to venture to open the door for the first ten or fifteen minutes.

If bread is allowed to rise too long, it becomes sour. If it is light too soon for the oven, knead it awhile and set it in a cool place. It is said sour bread can be remedied somewhat by working in soda dissolved in water; but it is safest to avoid the necessity. Experience is the only teacher as to when bread is sufficiently baked. In taking the loaves out of the pans, set them sideways, not flat, on a table. Wrapping loaves in a cloth makes the bread heavy.

Light dusting about the living-rooms might have been done while the bread is baking, for even if you have several "Phyllises," there is not apt to be enough time on Wednesday for thorough cleaning of any one room, and the whole house, especially the hallways and staircases, need light dusting after several days' neglect. The kitchen, too, requires a little extra brightening and scouring. Knives especially cry out (figuratively) against the slightest neglect. If the cook allows her meat-knife or vegetable-parer to lay on or near the range, even temporarily, she dulls their edges and loosens their handles. Knives in daily use should never lie in water, but washed thoroughly and speedily and dried well. When not in use, knives should be rubbed with a little sweet-oil and laid away wrapped in chamois-skin. It pays to send out your kitchen and carving knives and have them properly and systematically sharpened. This, if your help has regard for the condition of the knives when they are in good order. But this is the pivot on which your whole house revolves. More or less, from cellar to attic all your household belongings are at the mercy of those you pay to care for them.

The midweek marketing is one of Wednesday's primary essentials, and the weary housewife well realizes

Night is the time to rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather 'round an aching breast
The curtains of repose.
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon one's own delightful bed.

M. L. F.

BILL OF FARE FOR AUGUST.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—Sift one quart of corn-meal, add a tablespoonful of lard, half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda. Mix with buttermilk to a smooth batter and bake in well-greased muffin-rings.

BROILED FISH.—Clean and split the fish. Rub a double broiler with suet, lay the fish, flesh side down, on and set over the fire; turn until both sides are brown. When done, take up carefully on a heated dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, spread with butter and serve.

HASHED POTATOES.—Pare three large potatoes and cut into dice. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, let melt, add a tablespoonful of flour. Mix until smooth. Pour in half a pint of milk, stir until it boils, season with salt and pepper. Put a layer of this sauce in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with chopped parsley, salt, pepper and a little minced onion, with another layer of sauce. Continue to put in the potatoes and sauce until all are in. Sprinkle the top with grated bread crumbs and set in the oven to bake half an hour. Serve very hot.

CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER SOUP.—Put a head of cauliflower on to boil; when tender, take up. Put a quart of milk in a saucepan and set over the fire to boil. Press the cauliflower through a colander and add to the milk. Rub a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour together, stir in the milk and let come to a boil. Add a few cauliflower stalks which were trimmed from the boiled head, season with pepper and salt.

PANNED CHICKEN.—Split two tender spring chickens down the back, put in a dripping-pan without water, spread bits of butter over. Set in a very hot oven. When done, season with salt and pepper, baste with melted butter; set back in the stove until brown. Boil the liver and gizzard, chop and add to the gravy. Take up on a heated dish and garnish with parsley.

BROWNED SWEETBREADS.—Parboil a pair of sweetbreads, drain, pour cold water over them and let stand ten minutes. Wipe dry, lay in a pan, dredge with salt and pepper, spread with bits of butter, set in the oven to brown.

STUFFED EGG-PLANT.—Wash the egg-plant, put it in a kettle, cover with boiling water, let boil until tender. Take up, cut in halves, take out the inside carefully with a spoon, leaving the skin unbroken. Mash, season with butter, pepper and salt,

mix with a little grated cracker and put back in the skin. Sprinkle with grated cracker and set in the oven to brown.

OKRA.—Wash a quart of okra pods in cold water, put in a saucepan, cover with water, add a teaspoonful of salt, set on the fire and let simmer half an hour. Take up, dredge with salt and pepper, pour over melted butter and serve hot.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Scald, peel and chop half a dozen large, ripe tomatoes. Put a layer of grated bread crumbs in a baking-dish, with bits of butter, then a layer of tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar, cover with more bread crumbs. Continue in alternate layers until the tomatoes are all used. Spread the top with bread crumbs and bits of butter. Set in a moderate oven and bake for one hour.

STRING-BEAN SALAD.—String a quart of young beans, boil in salt-water until tender, drain and set aside to cool. Rub the salad-bowl with a slice of onion, turn in the beans, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of minced salad herbs. Pour over plain salad dressing and serve very cold.

WATERMELON.—Put a ripe watermelon on ice until thoroughly chilled. Cut it in halves; take a thin slice off each end and stand on a dish. Scoop out in egg-shaped pieces with a tablespoon and serve.

SHRIMP SALAD.—Line a salad-bowl with fresh lettuce leaves. Open a can of shrimps, put on the lettuce, pour over mayonnaise dressing, garnish with rings of hard-boiled eggs.

APPLE FLOAT.—Strain a quart of stewed apples through a wire sieve. Sweeten, and flavor with lemon. Beat the whites of ten eggs, add to the apples and serve immediately.

WHITE CAKE.—Cream two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of butter together. Add three cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and the beaten whites of eight eggs. Flavor with almond. Turn into a greased mold and bake in a moderate oven. When cold, ice.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

CATCHUPS.

Possibly the least expensive article put up by housekeepers for winter use is catchups, a variety of which can be made at a very small cost.

The tomato and cucumber are the best vegetables for the purpose, and can be used both ripe and green. They may be cooked and seasoned in a number of different ways, or made in their raw state.

The best and most perfect vegetables and fruits only should be used for catchups; the spices should be pure, and so commingled as to prevent any one prevailing to the exclusion of the others, cloves, allspice, mace and cinnamon being generally used. Onions, garlic, horse-radish, black and white mustard seed, with celery seed, give catchups an excellent flavor.

The vinegar used for catchups should be pure and strong.

A porcelain-lined kettle is best for cooking catchups.

After being made, catchups should be bottled or put in glass jars, sealed and kept in a cool, dry place.

E. R. P.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. A. G. L.—Wet the scorched linen with cold water, cover with starch and spread out in the sun. This will remove the stain, unless really burned.

MRS. M. M.—To stone raisins, take them from the stems, put in a bowl, pour boiling water over, let stand two or three minutes and drain. The raisins will then seed very readily. There is a little machine now made for doing the work.

YOUNG LADY.—Cucumber cream is said to whiten and improve the complexion. To make it, take two ounces each of almond-oil, green oil, white wax and spermaceti, four ounces of the raw juice of fresh cucumbers and four ounces of the essence of cucumber. Put all the ingredients in a bowl, set in warm water until melted, heat until cold. Add a few drops of rose-water, put in a jar and cover. If applied to the face and hands during winter, they will keep smooth and white.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Green tomatoes, beans, cauliflower, cabbage, onions, martenas, peppers and melon rinds all make excellent pickles.

MRS. J. H. T.—Syllabub is a very old-fashioned dish. To make it, dissolve half a pound of cut sugar in one teacupful of wine; heat three pints of cream lukewarm, pour the wine on it, holding it several feet above and pouring very slowly, so as to cause the cream to froth.

LADY READER.—There are a number of different recipes for making blackberry wine. The two following have been used in my family for several generations: Take a bushel of ripe berries, mash, and pour over them a water-bucketful of clear spring-water. Cover and let stand for twenty-four hours. Drain through a cloth, and to every three quarts of juice add two quarts of clear, cold water and five pounds of brown sugar. Pour in a jug or cask, reserving some to fill the vessel as fermentation goes on. After six or eight days add half a box of gelatin. Let stand two weeks, covering the bung-hole with a piece of muslin. In three weeks cork tightly and leave undisturbed for six months. Bottle and seal. Another and more simple recipe is to mash the berries, strain and measure. To every quart of juice add a quart of cold water and a quart of granulated sugar. Mix and let stand; skim every morning until fermentation ceases. Bottle and seal. Blackberry wine possesses highly medicinal qualities.



CONDUCTED BY KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

HEALTHFUL AND ATTRACTIVE BED-CHAMBERS.

WHETHER the furnishings and care of the kitchen, or of the sleeping apartments of a family are of greater importance, from a moral as well as hygienic point of view, is a debatable question.

Certain it is that the latter are deserving of more careful consideration than is usually given them, for not only do we spend about one third of our life in one, but it is during these hours of rest and sleep that nature restores (or persistently endeavors to) the supply of nervous force that is expended during active hours.

To induce rest and sleep and aid in such restoration, the furnishings of bedrooms should not only be healthful, but attractive, resting and restful.

Appreciating this, only an extended answer could do justice to the two letters of inquiry that are here given in part. Pardon the digression, but if I had not already learned by a blessed experience that instead of being the selfish tyrant that she is so often represented, a mother-in-law is often the most unselfish, conscientious and wise friend a young wife can have, I should certainly find proof of it between every line of this charming letter. After merely hinting at her struggles during the two and twenty years since she, "a mere girl, was left a widow with a heavily-mortgaged farm, and two young daughters and an infant son," this brave and self-forgotten mother says:

"We succeeded in paying for the farm, and in giving the children a fairly good education, but could never afford a new house or handsome furniture, and as I never had any time to do fancy work, the old house was only attractive because it was full of sunshine and flowers.

"But those old hurrying days are gone, and now with John taking every bit of the care of the farm, one daughter well married and the other, who teaches the high school at S—, keeping a hired girl for me the year around, I have plenty of time to revive all the skill I ever had, and am as enthusiastic as any of your young housewife readers in fixing up the old house. Why, last winter—" but I positively must desist from quoting further, or there will be no space left for my equally enthusiastic and urgent young friend. After detailing the manner in which she thoroughly renovated her daughter's room, describing the arrangement, etc., of the house, and cataloguing her "old-fashioned possessions," the writer divulges an ambitious and artistic scheme for beautifying the front chamber as a surprise to the lovely young girl-wife that John will bring home at Thanksgiving, and makes several inquiries which I will endeavor to answer plain enough to be interesting and helpful to the general reader.

Mrs. R.—You are certainly right in thinking that colonial wall-paper and your old-fashioned furnishings will be more suitable (and more artistic, too) for a room in an old country house than the modern furniture "John wants to buy."

Indeed, I think your ideas of renovating the room are charming, and with a few alterations and inexpensive additions it is sure to delight the heart and satisfy the taste of the most "sensitive and artistic girl."

That will be a perfect arrangement to remove the partition, and connect the little six-by-six-foot hall room with the large chamber by an arch. But with the latter eighteen foot square, do not, I beg of you, have the bedstead in the alcove. Healthfulness and comfort are the most important considerations, and while the alcove,

with its large central window with a narrow, one-width pane, one on each side, will make a charming little dressing-room, it would be little better than an old-fashioned recess to sleep in.

Yes, blue is probably oftener used in chambers than any other color, but you surely cannot afford to be influenced by that, since the to-be occupant of yours is a "decided bloude," and the most of your old possessions are blue, and the latter indigo, by far the most desirable kind of blue at that.

Paint the woodwork in one or two delicate shades of old blue; decorate the walls with a colonial paper having blue stripes on a white ground, and the ceiling with plain white filling, and a border in blue and white, matching the frieze in design.

You cannot only utilize, but have a bonanza in the quantity of old blue denim, blue calico and other similar colored rags that you saved to make a carpet for your "daughter's room, and then had not the courage to use." But of all things don't make a striped carpet, or have it cover the entire floor. You say the latter is "nice and smooth;" then stain or paint it dark drab and have your rags woven into a large hit-or-miss rug. Get all your rags together, then cut them, having none more than three fourths of a yard long, and the most of them not more than one fourth of that length; mix them thoroughly and sew in a sort of orderly disorder; that is, insert pink, dark blue, or other of the more conspicuous colors with somewhat of regularity. Use white warp and make a heavy fringe of the same for each end of the rug. You say that you can crochet easily; then make the fringe by crocheting a narrow, simple heading and knotting several strands of the cotton together into it. This sort of fringe is quickly made and very effective, as well as durable. Knit the top of at least one large floor-cushion, in loop-stitch, of blue and white threaded knitting cotton, and make one or two old-fashioned braided rugs for the dressing-room.

I think your old bedstead is curly birch, a wood that has been in use for several years, but never fully appreciated until recently. If so, or indeed if it is maple or any other variety of hard wood, it will be perfect for your room. Any good cabinet-maker can remove the rails through which it is corded and insert flat pieces or handsome rails fitted on the inside for springs. The legs should be shortened and strong casters added. Of course, it will "look old-fashioned," and so, too, would one of those with a towering head to an ultra-fashionable person, for the really fashionable bedstead of to-day has a low head and lower foot end, and is very simple in design. Indeed, in a first-class furniture-shop John could, no doubt, find a bureau and wash-stand of curly birch that would match the old bedstead and cost as much as he had thought to pay for an entire suite; and I am not sure but this would be the best possible way to conciliate him, and make the furnishings complete. Bed-hangings of figured blue and white dimity, finished with an edge fringe of the same, and the bed dressed wholly in white, would be exquisite, but if you decide upon having the former, or rather, hangings of any sort, do suspend them from over the head of the bed and not from the ceiling over the center of it, for however artistic the latter may be, they are a menace to healthful sleep. If you do not decide upon the bureau and wash-stand mentioned above, I should much rather have a handsome ash bureau than the old soft wood or enameled. The old wash-stand could be renovated in this way, as it will be in the dressing-room and need not correspond with the bureau. All new bureaus are low, with flat tops, and no ornament at the back except a mirror.

A variety in the finish of chairs would be far more effective than sameness. If the old, red rocker is hard wood, I certainly should not enamel it. Renovate it as described in this department a few months ago; by scraping off the paint, scouring smooth with sandpaper, and then giving a natural finish. You can gild the light side chair, but to my thinking this and the black walnut sewing-chair would be far prettier enameled white or pale, old blue and touched-up splashes, or irregular lines of gold. If the cane or splint seats are brown, paint them with ivory-white enamel. If you are unselfish enough to put the small, spindle-legged mahogany table here instead of in your parlor, I should not hide its beauty under any sort of a cover. Make a mat out of a piece of the old broche shawl border, to reach

within two or three inches of the edge, and finish it with short, fluffy tassels of old blue or old rose silk.

It is a great pity that the old lounge which matches the bedstead so perfectly were not wider, but you can make a mattress eight inches wider than the old one, and it will look all the better for it. Take off the drab damask cover and valance, and drape it with the blue and white coverlet that is woven in a floral design. If you had time to outline and vein the pattern with blue, twisted embroidery silk in lighter tones, it would add greatly to its beauty. This must be a far handsomer coverlet than the blue and white plaid one, and would, of course, be subject to much harder usage here than as a portiere. If you object to this (and I am sure that I should), substitute the plaid one. With plenty of the right sort of cushions it would make a pretty cover. It is difficult to describe the process of draping. A round bolster placed close to the head end and tied securely to the frame before the cover is added, would add to the finished effect. Drape the cover at the foot by drawing up the ends to form a graceful sort of festoon between and below the end posts. Catch it to position with small safety-pins, and tie the drapery around each post with heavy blue and white cord and tassels. Allow the cover to hang evenly and plain along the front, and drape and redrape it over the bolster until you are satisfied with the effect, then add safety-pins (concealed), to secure it in place, and one or two tassel-tipped cords to add to the effect.

You can easily use a whole feather-bed in making cushions. If you use the plaid blanket for the divan, don't cover any of the cushions with figured or striped goods, unless the former are self-colored like the drab damask that covered the lounge. Blue denim, natural-tinted linen, duck, Gobelin-cloth, and a wide range of self-colored fabrics in handsome weaves, would make effective cushion covers. Finish simply with double frills of some soft fabric, as plain China silk or silkoline, and don't waste an atom of nervous force in regrets that you cannot embroider skillfully.

The cupboard, with full-length door at the right of the mantel, can easily be converted into one of the handsomest features of the room, as a receptacle for books and bric-a-brac. Remove the door and put an eight-inch-wide shelf, with a narrow cleat near the back of it, across the top of the case. Drape the shelf with white China silk edged with white silk tassel fringe; place two or three different sized plates, and a pitcher of old-fashioned blue and white china you have, and hang a portiere of blue and white figured chintz at the door below. The closet door on the opposite side of the mantel must certainly remain, but you can relieve its plainness by putting a shelf across the top and draping it with chintz like the portiere, or with figured dimity; and if you have no suitable ornaments to put on the shelf, be sure that the young wife will have.

If there is a seam at the center of the flowered coverlet mentioned above, rip it open and use the two breadths for a pair of portieres at the arch leading to the dressing-room. Finish the edges with fringe (white) or not, as you prefer, and suspend from a brass pole and rings.

Drape the mantel with a scarf of figured dimity or crape in old pink, or old red and white (whichever color was used in making the rug). Edge it with fringe, hand-made lace, or a frill of the same.

I should certainly take apart the old comfortable that is covered with "old-fashioned curtain calico that has a design of sunflowers in blues and white on a drab ground." It may be exquisite for a portiere at the cupboard, or for draping the mantel, and is sure to be just the thing for shirred panels to a clothes-horse screen. Enamel the latter blue, and it will be scarcely less ornamental than useful. You could not well have a box for holding dresses, underneath the divan, and with so large a clothes-closet can scarcely need it. Then, too, you might have a triangular shelf across one corner of the dressing-room, with a curtain suspended from the front of it and clothes-hooks screwed to the under side. You could also provide additional room for the clothing by using an old bureau wash-stand as the foundation for a dressing-table. Remove the ornamental back from the top; place the stand diagonally across one corner of the alcove, and make a plain board top that extends two inches beyond the front and ends, and to within a few inches of the corner of the room at the back. Have a mirror in a blue enameled frame at a proper height at the back; drape the table and suspend curtains at the back, of white, dotted swiss edged with lace, or a frill of plain swiss over blue silesia. The curtains at the front of the stand should be suspended by a mantel-rod, to allow of being easily drawn aside to give admittance to the stand back of them.

You could scarcely have anything more appropriate and pretty than the old gilt cornice from the parlor windows. Certainly you can enamel them white, but they would be far more effective if regilded; and the latter is no more difficult and little more expensive than the former.

With outside shutters you do not need holland shades, and long sash curtains of white, dotted swiss tied back at the sides with white cotton cord and tassels would be far prettier. Blue and white figured dimity for the long curtains would have a more old-time look than silkoline, though the latter would by no means be unsuitable.

I should make the least addition to the old Marsailles quilt that is edged with netted fringe. Put a valance on the bed of the same material as the canopy drapery, and the bedspread will be charming hanging over the sides of the bed against it.

A tripod stand made of broom-handles would neither be substantial enough looking to correspond with the other furniture of the room, nor strong enough to be used with safety for the night candle. One of the small, round, rather clumsy-looking black walnut stands that are sold for a few cents less than a dollar, would be far better after you had sandpapered and enameled it white. Do not think of making any sort of a cover or mat for the top, but put an old brass candlestick, a match-safe and burnt-match receiver on it. A blue satin or grosgrain ribbon tied around the standard where the feet are fastened would be pretty.

Embroidery or drawn-work are by no means essential to the making of handsome bureau and wash-stand scarfs. Plain linen ones finished with crocheted or knit linen insertion and lace across the ends are more artistic than many—I had almost said a majority—of those elaborately ornamented by either of the methods mentioned.

Unless you are quite sure that the pictures you have are appropriate in themselves and suitably framed (that is, in gilt, white or other dainty kinds), you had far better not hang them. Instead of its giving the new mistress an impression of barrenness, she will, no doubt, be delighted that you were so considerate as to leave her space for the many decorative belongings she is sure to bring with her.

MABEL D. S.—There, my dear, young enthusiast, with the best of intentions there is not an inch of space left for you. But "first come, first served" must be the rule, and in our next issue your needs shall have due attention.

KATHERINE B. JOHNSON.

DECORATIVE NOTES.

Do not overload the tops of book-shelves, a cabinet or mantel. Two or three rich china vases or other articles of virtue are more effective standing alone than among a collection of cheap ornaments.

Scarfs as an accessory to house decorations are "out," and let us hope will stay out; at least until the majority of women have the artistic taste to use suitable fabrics, and combine harmonious colors in the making, and to drape them only where ornament is proper.

Lion-clawed tables, diamond-paneled secretaries, griffin-legged work-stands, silver candelabra with tray and snuffers; silver coffee-urns, sugar-dishes and teapots, jeweled snuff-boxes, brass andirons, shovel, tongs and poker, and even the huge old colonial chimney with its "back log" and old-fashioned brass-nozzled fire-bellows, are now enregle.

If you wish to make the windows of a room seem high, take a long piece, say about four and one half yards of some prettily contrasting fabric to the curtains; set the pole a foot above the window and drape the goods over it in any graceful way that will conceal the intervening wall space; let one end hang in jabot folds nearly to the window-sill, and the other one be half as long.

Five-o'clock tea-tables are to be seen in the popular white effects. The light stand is decorated in white enamel, without a single touch of gilding. A very beautiful tea-cloth large enough to cover it completely is made of draw-work, done in squares and in designs of filmy openwork. Other and still more charming cloths are of crash, embroidered solidly in different stitches, but all in white silk. The result is elegant simplicity.

At a recent dinner in New York a large, nine-inch plate was used as a regular service-plate throughout the dinner. The decorations were orchids, each different in color and form, of exquisite design, and the finish on the edges of plain, gold bands. So many people spoil a good orchid design by using a very fancy plate and elaborate gold decorations; they should be severely plain in form and very little gold decoration. These plates were used solely for service-plates, and the various courses were all served on plain plates tinted in delicate tones. For instance, entrees on blue service, etc., each course having a decided color. It was very pretty, and as the courses were removed, one could enjoy the beauty of the orchid decorations underneath.

REQUESTED INFORMATION.

M. J.—(See LADIES HOME COMPANION, July 1st). So it is as I feared, the four-inch-wide moldings of the bright cherry woodwork, and not merely the picture-rail in your parlor, are painted black and gold. Well, you have my sincere sympathy, for with the perfect taste you have shown in the wall decorations and furnishings of the room, it must have been torture to endure such conspicuous, incongruous woodwork. It would relieve the ugliness of it a little, if at all, to repaint the body of it ivory-white or any other delicate tint that would harmonize with the color scheme of creams, fairs and old blue. I doubt if a professional, certainly no amateur, could repaint the black and leave the gilt lines intact, but if I had never applied a stroke of paint I should not stand one minute on the order of going, but cover the aggressive combination with two tints of old ivory, using the lighter on the moldings. Paint the body of the woodwork first, and before that is completed you will have learned the art of spreading paint smoothly, and become so proficient that by using a small brush and holding a strip of tin or stiff cardboard over the wall-paper when you paint the casing where it joins the latter, you will have little or no difficulty in doing it neatly. But of this be assured, that a bungling job done in harmonious tints of color will be a thousand times more artistic than the fighting combination you now have, however beautifully the latter is applied.

B. A. L.—Yes, plain carpet (filling) comes in moquette, Brussels and velvet as well as ingrain, and makes a beautiful background for rugs, when an appropriate color is chosen. If old blue will not clash with any of the blues in your rugs or draperies, it will be very handsome in your parlor, but of russet brown or a medium shade of tan there is no question, and I think either would give better satisfaction than blue.

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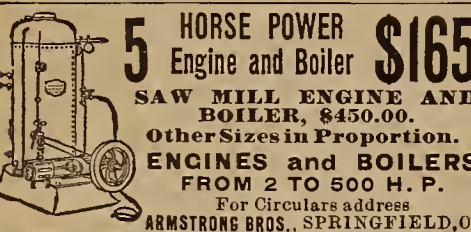
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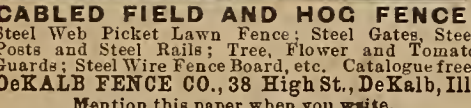
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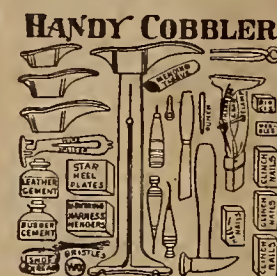
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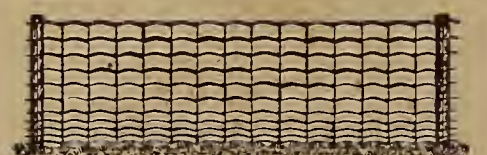


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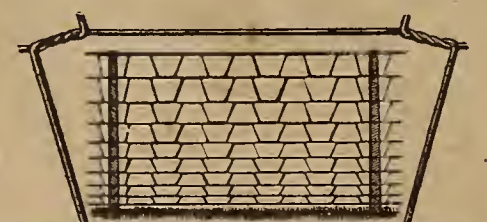
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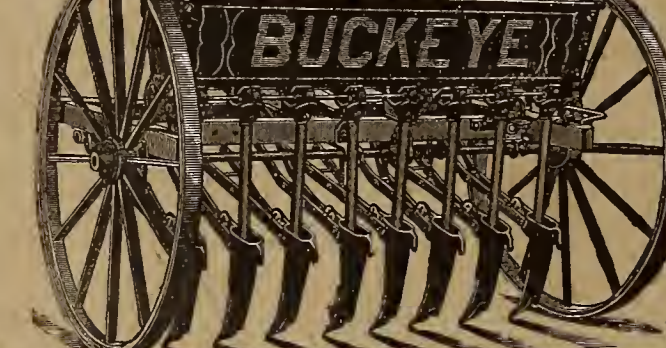


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SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

TERMS \$50 CENTS A YEAR.
24 NUMBERS.

INFORMATION FOR ADVERTISERS.

The average circulation per issue of the Farm and Fireside for the year beginning Sept. 1, 1893, and ending August 15, 1894, has been

283,696 COPIES

This issue will be

250,000 COPIES.

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Topics of the Time.

THE LESSON OF THE RECENT STRIKE.

This is the subject of interesting papers in the August number of the *North American Review*, by General Miles, United States Army, Railroad Commissioner Hampton, Editor Robinson, of the *Railway Age*, and President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor.

President Gompers, although doubting the wisdom of the strike, stoutly maintains that it was justifiable. He endeavors to show that the strike was a protest against injustice on the part of the Pullman company in the matter of wages. In common with some other labor leaders he misses the real purpose for which the state and federal soldiers were called into the field. They were called out to preserve order, protect life and property and quell riots, not "ostensibly," as he says, but in fact. They did that, and nothing else. No striker was forced to go back to work, no wage scale was fixed, no dispute between workmen and employers was settled by military force. What he says in conclusion, however, will meet with general approval: "We insist upon the right to organize, the right to think, to act, to protect ourselves, our homes and our liberty, and work out our emancipation. We are confident we shall secure them, and that the world will stand surprised that they were accomplished through the means of an enlightened public opinion and by peaceful means."

Hon. Wade Hampton points out that foreigners in many cases are responsible for the riotous outbreaks marked, as this strike has been, by arson, robbery and murder, and strongly protests against unrestricted immigration. His paper is mainly a defense of the president's course in using the federal troops to suppress insurrection and domestic violence. He clearly shows that on this important occasion President Cleveland arose to the level of his plain duty as president of the United States.

Mr. Robinson, although disclaiming to be an alarmist, believes this strike to be only a skirmish of a coming industrial rebellion planned long before the financial

panic of 1893. "The strike," he says, "was primarily a demonstration of force on behalf of organized labor against the general social condition of the country. It was accidental that it occurred on certain railroads." It was a "dress rehearsal of the part which organized labor proposes to play in the national drama, and which it will play unless forcibly withheld, when the right time comes. The ear of the country," he says, "is always ready to hearken to the cry of the workingman. The heart of the country is tender and quick to be touched by the tale of the wage-earner's suffering. But the country cannot afford to be kind or soft-hearted to treason."

General Miles says that his sympathies are entirely with the man who labors in any honest or honorable occupation. He reviews briefly the history of the recent strikes, and shows clearly how they inflicted injury on producers, manufacturers, farmers, mechanics and men in all positions of life. To prevent the recurrence of such troubles he advocates restriction of immigration, the extension of our maritime commerce, the reclamation of the arid lands and the ruralization of population to relieve the congestion in cities. He most forcibly says that the great question now at issue before the American people is, "Shall life, personal independence and the rights of property be respected, whether belonging to one or many individuals? If the property of a corporation or company in which the laboring men, the capitalists, the widows and orphans, the savings banks, properties in which any or all our people are interested, cannot be respected and protected, then the cottage, the hamlet and the little personal property of the humblest citizen is in jeopardy, liable at any moment to be confiscated, seized or destroyed by any traveling band of tramps. Then any combination or any body of men that threaten the peace, the prosperity, the personal liberty, the life and property of our citizens must be regarded as revolutionary and dangerous, and it is a misfortune that the laboring men employed in railroad transportation have been misled by the harangues of professional agitators into an attitude of this character. The insurrection must be met and overcome in one of two ways; first, by the strong arm of the municipal, state and federal governments, enforcing the guarantee to all the people, from the humblest to the most exalted, of perfect security in life and property. Otherwise our government would be a rope of sand. The other method of meeting the crisis is for American manhood to assert its principles."

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Several plans have been proposed for constructing the Nicaragua canal and retaining it under American control. One is that the United States should build and operate it; another, ownership by private corporation without any assistance whatever from the government; and another, that the canal should be constructed and operated by the private corporation chartered by special act of Congress, with its bonds guaranteed by the United States, the government to hold as security over two thirds of the stock of the company. Strong objections exist against government ownership. Under ownership by private corporation, without any protection whatever by some strong government, capital will be slow to invest in such a great and risky enterprise. Private ownership, with the United States controlling and backing the enterprise, is considered

the most feasible plan. But such strong objections exist against involving the credit of the nation in an undertaking of such unknown but immense magnitude, that it is not probable that it will be done soon, if at all.

A bill embodying this plan is now before Congress. This bill does not provide for the appropriation of any public money, but for government indorsement of the bonds of the Nicaragua company and indirect but practical control of the canal. But in this affair, slow haste is wise haste.

In the meantime, however, England will keep her eye on this important enterprise. She never neglects anything that will help maintain her supremacy on the seas. The *Toronto Globe*, Canada, says:

"British diplomacy seems to have chosen the present moment to make good its foothold in the Central American isthmus. The people of France are distraught with domestic troubles, and are more concerned about the fight with anarchy now in progress than the completion of the Panama canal. The financial panic in the United States has brought with it disaster to the Nicaragua Canal Company, which, it was hoped, would succeed in holding its ground, and thus retain control of the enterprise in the republic. The announcement is now made that the chief financial agent of the company has sailed for Europe to sell the canal to an English syndicate. That abundance of money will be forthcoming in England to complete the canal and link the Atlantic and Pacific, provided British control is once secured, few who have followed the history of the Panama and Nicaragua canals will doubt. With a cordial understanding between Great Britain and Nicaragua, and the purchase of the assets of the bankrupt American canal company, now in progress, there seems to be little doubt that the British foreign office is playing for the control of what when completed will be a highway of the world's commerce scarcely less important than the Suez canal. The completion of the Nicaragua canal will also have the effect of heading off the Panama project."

JAPANESE WAR ENTHUSIASM.

Since the Japanese got into war with the Chinese, they have shown the world that they possess a characteristic which they had not previously displayed before mankind. It is that of warlike frenzy or enthusiasm. Our dispatches from Tokio, Yokohama and other places in Japan have told of the extraordinary manifestations of it. The whole of the people of the empire are excited beyond measure; the spirit of belligerency is almost uncontrollable; all classes are united; all are eager for the fray; the farmers and the men of the cities are of one thought. They are anxious to get into the army; they have given proof of their readiness to loan money to the government; they are proud of their navy; their cry is, "Rally around the mikado!"

There has never in modern times been such a display of warlike energy in Japan. We have always figured Japan as one of the most peaceful countries in the world. It is the land of the chrysanthemum and the kingdom of the rising sun; it is under the mild rule of the mikado; its people are keen-witted, gentle, artistic, quick-fingered, industrious; their religions are Shintoism and Buddhism; their speech is soft and mellifluous; they cultivate rice and eat it, raise tea and drink the liquor of it; their poetry and songs and music are

tranquilizing; they are sedate; their ways of life, as described by Sir Edwin Arnold, are pleasant to read of; they are ordinarily an undemonstrative people.

It is this country and this people which now display the most warlike characteristics of the human race, which now manifest the fiercest passions that can fire the soul of mankind.

How interesting it all is to the thoughtful student of the world!—*New York Sun*.

THE WILSON-GORMAN TARIFF BILL.

As to comment on the Senate tariff bill, untimely ripped from conference and passed by the House, it is unnecessary to add anything to the following:

"The tariff bill as now passed is a most remarkable measure, one which does not reflect the sentiments of a thousand people in the United States. I am not amiss in saying that not a Republican favored it; that not a Populist favored it; and I would not be far from the truth in saying that the great mass of the Democratic party condemned it. It was the product of five or six senators. We were between the devil and the deep sea, and went to the sea rather than go to the devil."—*From a speech in the Senate by Mr. Mills, of Texas.*

"The McKinley tariff law, unblemished by an income tax, is distinctly a more desirable, more wholesome and more American institution, and incomparably more Democratic in its nature than the Wilson-Gorman scheme with its income tax."—*New York Sun*.

"How can we face the people after indulging in such outrageous discriminations and violations of principle?"—*President Cleveland's letter to Chairman Wilson.*

"'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself."

—*Shakspeare.*

SALOONS AND SLUMS.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, of the National Bureau of Labor, has submitted a special report to the president on the slums of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Baltimore. In New York City there is one saloon for every 200 people; in the slum districts one for every 129 people. In the other cities investigated the proportions are about the same. On account of the difference in the license system Philadelphia has a much smaller number of saloons.

In New York forty-three per cent of the total population are foreign-born; in the slum district, sixty-three per cent of the people are foreign-born. Chicago shows the same proportions. In Philadelphia only twenty-six per cent of the people are foreign-born, but in the slum district sixty-one per cent are foreign-born. The investigations also show that illiteracy predominates in the slums.

The saloon is the main cause of the slum. The mystery is that after every 129 people in the slum district support a saloon, anything is left for the support of themselves.

IMMIGRATION.

According to statistical reports prepared by the Treasury Department, the number of immigrants arriving in the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, was 311,404. The number for the preceding twelve months was nearly 500,000. This gratifying decline in immigration has taken place during a period when the subject of restricting immigration received more attention from the people in this country than it ever did before.

The decline was due, of course, to the depressed industrial condition of the country. When prosperity returns, the flood will come again, unless legal barriers are erected.

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Springfield, Ohio.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

Small Potatoes And few in a hill. The returns to the Department of Agriculture for the August crop report make the condition of potatoes 74 per cent, which is the lowest August condition ever reported by the department. The decline from the July condition is over 18 per cent. So great a loss in the period of one month is unprecedented, and emphasizes the disastrous effect of the very general drought. As to prices, a word to the wise grower is sufficient.

Corn Crop Prospects. The August report of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture shows a decline in corn of nearly 26 points since July 1st, the average for the entire breadth being 69.1 against 95 for July. The condition August, 1893, was 87. The great decline is due almost wholly to the extensive and unprecedentedly severe drought that set in since the last report, and to the hot, dry winds that swept over the states of Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa and parts of other western states. In some localities the crop has been injured beyond recovery. Statistician Thurman, of the Cincinnati *Price Current*, gives the following report on the condition of corn for August:

"Present returns make the condition 76.4, against 96.2 last month, and in the surplus states it is 74.5 as compared with 98 a month ago. The drought has been widespread and disastrous, especially so on uplands and on light soils. The plant has been most affected in the large producing states bordering on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers."

The Comparative Test Of about sixty differently named sorts of wheat, made by the Ohio agricultural experiment station, gave the following results:

As in previous tests, Penquite's Velvet Chaff was used as the standard of comparison, this variety being sown on every third plot of the series. As compared with Velvet Chaff, the following varieties show an increase in yield of two bushels or more per acre the present season: Wyandot Red, Deitz, Poole, Kentucky Giant, Nigger, Geneva, New Columbia (seed not treated for smut), Mealy, World's Fair (seed not treated), Red Russian, Red Fultz, Fultz, Wisconsin Triumph, Extra Early Oakley, Early Ripe, Bearded Monarch, Hickman, Hard Wheat, American Bronze, Post.

Of these varieties the following sorts

exceeded the Velvet Chaff in yield last year: Wyandot Red, Dietz, Poole, Nigger, Geneva, Red Russian, Early Ripe, Red Fultz and Post.

The following sorts this year yielded less than Velvet Chaff, by two bushels or more per acre: Lehigh, Hindostan, Sibley's New Golden, Diehl Mediterranean, Golden Prolific, New Longberry, Silver Chaff, Fulcaster, Royal Australian (synonym of Clawson), Theiss, Rochester Red, Crate, Miami Valley, Fultz Blue Stem, Missouri Blue Stem, Early Red Clawson, Jones' Square Head and Martin's Amber (synonym of Silver Chaff). Of these sorts, Theiss, Fultz Blue Stem and Jones' Square Head fell below Velvet Chaff last year.

The following sorts gave practically the same yield this year as Velvet Chaff: Mediterranean, Tasmanian Red, Democrat, Lebanon, Valley, Egyptian, Rudy, Miller's Prolific, Tuscan Island, Surprise, Canada Hybrid, New Monarch, Currell's Prolific, Gypsy, Fairfield, Yellow Gypsy, Jones' Winter Fife, New Michigan Amber, Badger, Early White Leader, Early Genesee Giant.

At the Indiana experiment station, at La Fayette, a number of these wheats have been tested this year in comparison with the same Velvet Chaff used in Ohio. From an advance report furnished by Prof. W. C. Latta, agriculturist of the Indiana station, we find that the following sorts exceeded Velvet Chaff in yield by two bushels or more per acre: Jones' Winter Fife, Valley, Rudy, Canada Wonder, American Bronze, New Monarch, Nigger, Red Wonder, Reliable, Early Genesee Giant, Canada Hybrid.

The following sorts fell below Velvet Chaff by two bushels or more per acre: Deitz, Roberts, Longberry Red, Gold Dust, Early Ripe, Pride of Illinois, Michigan Amber.

The soil at the Indiana station is a black loam; that at the Ohio station a clay loam.

In a ten-year test at the Ohio station the following sorts have exceeded Velvet Chaff in yield by a bushel or more per acre: Valley, Red Fultz, Nigger, Poole, Diehl Mediterranean, Egyptian.

The following sorts have fallen below Velvet Chaff by a bushel or more per acre: Mediterranean, Theiss.

The following sorts have given within a bushel per acre of the same yield as Velvet Chaff: Democrat, Tasmanian Red, Royal Australian (Clawson), Silver Chaff (and its synonym, Martin's Amber), Fultz.

In a test extending from eight to eleven years at the Indiana station, Velvet Chaff has outyielded all other sorts, but the following varieties have fallen less than a bushel per acre below it: Raub's Black Prolific (synonym of Diehl Mediterranean?), Michigan Amber. The following sorts have fallen two or three bushels per acre below Velvet Chaff: New Monarch, Fultz, Fulcaster, Wyandot, Deitz.

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

LAND-PLASTER AS AN AMMONIA-CATCHER.

Laud-plaster (sulphate of lime) is not usually a direct plant-food. I have never conceded to it the great importance and value which is placed upon it by many farmers. I have seen surprising effects of it in stimulating the growth of grasses (grain and corn included), and I have also known hundreds of cases where plaster applications could not possibly be of marked beneficial effect, simply because the land had been "plastered" to death, and the "stimulation" of crops by plaster and lime had already been overdone.

With the older generation of farmers, plaster was a favorite fertilizer. There was yet in the soil plenty of substance which could be gotten out of it by means of plaster applications. There are yet many lands where such a course could be adopted, and the land be forced to give up the last bit of plant-food for the production of crops. But when the stimulation has once been overdone, and nothing is left to get out, what is the use in trying, and spending money for the means to try it? Most absurd of all is the application of plaster on lands that receive regular, or even occasional dressings of superphosphates, mixed or unmixed. Every fertilizer that contains soluble phosphoric acid (dissolved bone, acid phosphate, or the mixtures usually sold for ordinary farm and garden crops) must contain a large percentage of sulphate of lime, and in such fertilizers we apply plaster as well as plant-foods proper. Why should we buy and use plaster separately?

But while I have never overrated plaster as an application to land, I have always thought highly of it as an application to

stables, privies, poultry-houses, etc. My idea was that sulphate of lime would "catch ammonia." Now comes an expert poison-mixer and poison-monger from Maryland, and tries to rob me of my faith in plaster. Says he in the *Country Gentleman*:

"One of the popular bubbles that I think worth pricking is the belief that plaster is decomposed by ammonia. For this reason farmers are advised to use it on their manure-pile to fix the ammonia by setting free the lime and uniting with the sulphuric acid. Such absurd statements are published and repeated in scientific lectures. Every school-boy ought to know that lime and sulphuric acid are too strong friends to be separated by such a fickle, uncertain, short-lived gas as ammonia. If there is any value in the sulphate of lime, it is a mechanical one, and good garden soil with a due share of carbon will answer a far better purpose. Of all the mechanical agents to absorb ammonia, I have never found anything equal to charcoal. A handful of powdered charcoal sprinkled over offensive meat and fish will at once stop the escape of the offensive ammonia and sulphur, by simply absorbing the gas."

I will not be liable to undervalue charcoal as an absorber and condenser of all sorts of gases; but neither will I allow this writer to destroy my faith in plaster. The terrible ammonia smell pervading the atmosphere of stables in which a number of cows or horses are kept, especially with closed doors and windows during the colder part of the season, is easily prevented by the very lightest sprinkling of plaster, or of kainite. It proves that plaster does absorb ammonia, and it does this very thoroughly, for the smell all goes, and as my friend, the late Joseph Harris, used to say, "A little ammonia makes a big smell." Scientists sometimes make errors, but it cannot be possible that the science of chemistry has led us so far and so long astray. In many experiments made by agricultural chemists, especially in Europe, plaster has been found to be a useful conservator of the nitrogen of manures.

Dr. G. C. Caldwell, of Cornell university, tells me that this is the doctrine he teaches his classes in agricultural chemistry, and that this doctrine stands on firm ground. He was surprised, however, that the *Country Gentleman* did print this man's letter. Just at present I will not criticize the alleged reason why charcoal reduces the offensive odor of decaying meat or fish. A chemist, however, might tell you a slightly different story than the one told in *Country Gentleman*.

While I concede that charcoal and peat or muck, and even ordinary loam or dry soil, are good things to put into the stables and upon manure, in order to save its nitrogen, I hope none of the readers will be scared out of using land-plaster or kainite, if they are in the habit of employing these substances as deodorizers and ammonia-traps in the stables. They are good things to use.

EXPENSIVE PHOSPHORIC ACID.

In an earlier issue I criticised "the new agricultural gospel" that soda can take the place of potash in plant nutrition, as proclaimed by a new apostle. In some things, however, I fully agree with him, especially when he says that people often pay much more money than is necessary for their phosphoric acid. In many cases we lay altogether too much stress and value on the immediate availability of phosphoric acid. When we want immediate effects—as, for instance, when we apply fertilizers in spring to quick-growing crops, such as spring grains, potatoes, garden stuff, etc.—the phosphoric acid, of course, must be quickly available. But even then a large part of it will remain unused for that season, and revert again, forming a biphosphate, or possibly a simple, insoluble phosphate of lime. In most cases, however, we have plenty of time to subject the cheap, insoluble forms of phosphoric acid (bone, South Carolina rock, etc.) to a process or processes by which they are rendered available for plant-food, or to leave this conversion to natural chemical changes in the soil. One of the safest and surest methods of treating these cheap forms of (insoluble) phosphoric acid is to mix them with fresh stable manure. Every pound of it, that as rock or bone will cost us two cents (more or less), will be worth six cents (more or less) after it has undergone the chemical changes in a manure heap for a reasonable length of time. If your land is in need of phosphoric acid, and you

have plenty of fresh manure, by all means procure the former in its cheapest forms, and then by mixing it in with the fermenting manure, get it in shape to do you the most good.

In case you have no manure which could render you this service, it is still the question whether the early application of insoluble phosphoric acid in large quantities would not give you all the effects that you could get from later applications of the soluble acid in smaller quantities. Suppose you wish to put two dollars' worth of phosphoric acid on an acre of land. You can do this by applying about two hundred pounds of a plain superphosphate (acid phosphate, perhaps of Thomas slag), or by applying six hundred or more pounds of raw South Carolina rock (floats). In one case you put on your acre thirty-two or more pounds of more or less soluble phosphoric acid; in the other one hundred and sixty or more pounds of insoluble phosphoric acid, and this for the same money. The question now is, which of the two applications will do the most good? If we can make the application early enough, I have an idea that in most cases enough of the insoluble acid will be rendered available through natural chemical processes in the soil, to do as much good to the next crop as the soluble acid would or could have done, and yet a large amount of this plant-food will be left, and become gradually available for succeeding crops. Why should we feed fruit-trees and small fruits and perennial growths of any kind (clovers, etc., included) with the expensive soluble phosphoric acid, when we can give to natural agencies plenty of time to work upon and render available for the use of these perennial crops, the insoluble forms of the phosphoric acid which cost us only about one third as much as the others do?

In short, I believe that usually we can improve our lands, if that is our chief aim, much more cheaply and permanently by the use of insoluble forms of phosphoric acid, than by that of the higher-priced, available ones. Floats and cheap bone in manure would be my first choice. Reasonably heavy applications of these same things directly to the soil will do in many instances. T. GREINER.

PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION IN AGRICULTURE.

The date of the opening of the new year of the school of agriculture in the Ohio state university is September 12th. The entrance examinations are to be held September 10th and 11th.

As the above dates draw near, we desire to again call attention to the benefit of a free gift by the state, offered by the trustees of the state university. It is a scholarship in the school of agriculture, and will be given to one student annually from each county in the state. This scholarship covers all college dues for two years. The appointments are made by the county agricultural society, and a certificate of the same should be signed by the president and secretary.

The school of agriculture consists mainly of the following departments: Practical agriculture, dairy husbandry, horticulture and forestry, agricultural chemistry, entomology and botany.

While the above departments furnish the greater part of the instruction and training in the school of agriculture, the students have additional instruction in manual training or shop practice, land surveying, geology, anatomy and physiology, physics, civil government, political economy, mental and moral philosophy, English and modern languages. They also receive instruction and training in the closely-allied school of veterinary medicine.

We believe that no young man or woman who expects to engage in any branch of agriculture or horticulture, including stock raising, dairying, poultry management, fruit culture, vegetable gardening, floriculture, veterinary medicine, etc., can afford not to take a course in the state university. It will systematize your knowledge, broaden your horizon and give you an intellectual awakening.

The Ohio state fair, which is to be held in Columbus the week beginning September 3d, will afford an excellent opportunity for those interested to pay the university a visit. Come and see what this public institution is like.

An illustrated circular and catalogue containing full information will be sent upon application to

WM. R. LAZENBY, Sec'y,
Columbus, O. School of Agriculture.

Our Farm.

FARMS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED, OR GOVERNMENTAL IRRIGATION OF ARID LAND.

A NEW impulse to the movement for the extensive irrigation of the arid regions of the West has been given by the present outcry of the unemployed. Extensive irrigation of the nation's arid lands by the use of public funds has been threatened for several years, and some money for surveys has been appropriated; but the protests of leading agricultural journals and organizations gave a check to the project, and it was hoped that the matter had been dismissed for a time, as the rule is that promoters of unpopular schemes that depend for their success upon legislative action, rest quiet for a time after opposition develops, waiting until the vigilance of the people is relaxed. Now that party exigency seems to demand the adoption of some scheme to placate a contingent of its supporters, there is more danger. Eastern voters are usually conservative, and have heretofore been held in line easily by appeals to old prejudices, and our politicians may throw the sop of proposed irrigation to the westerners who are sore about silver, believing that the mass of the party will not bolt it on that account.

Putting aside the question of injustice to present producers of agricultural products—one deserving of much consideration—I wish to point out one great evil that would follow any extensive irrigation of the nation's arid lands. This evil would affect the farmer first, but it would affect all the people just as surely, and within a short space of time after it was made possible by the partial completion of the proposed work. The owners of land now under cultivation have shown conclusively in late years that they are able to produce more food than can find a market at a fair price. Let the reader turn to his daily paper and note the depressed condition of the market for our chief cereals and meat-producing animals. For a number of years prices have been dangerously near the actual cost of production, not to say below it, and the element of profit is well-nigh eliminated. The men who own farms are compelled, as they think, to continue to cultivate or graze the fields, and yet the majority do this without reason for the hope that any profit may be derived therefrom. The result is that the demand for the products of the factory is not what it should be, and hence part of the increase in number of the unemployed in our towns and cities.

Four or five years ago, when the effect of low prices for agricultural products began to be seriously felt, the farmers, through their organizations, made much complaint of "hard times," and some of the thoughtless in town and city dismissed the whole matter with slighting reference to the habits of the modern farmer, alleging that he was too wasteful and had too great a gift for grumbling. The demand for the products of our factories continued, and both the merchant and employees in factories saw no ground for complaint. Then came the necessary retrenchment of expenses on farms that naturally follows when prices fall to a point near the actual cost of production, and within two years we have seen much of the "wailing" transferred to towns and cities. The farmers cut off luxuries and some seeming necessities of life, and were in no danger of starving; but lack of consumers of manufactured goods threw workingmen in the cities and towns out of employment and crippled capitalists, and the matter began to appear serious.

Now an alleged remedy for the condition of the idle laborer is proposed, and how preposterous it is! Increase the arable area by expenditure of the people's money, and then sell or give it to men to join in further accumulation of a surplus that bears the market price and decreases the purchasing ability of one third of our people. It is the homeopathic theory. Workingmen are out of employment because an agricultural people cannot buy as freely as formerly; therefore, put these men into competition with the producers of food, and further depress prices in order to cure the ills. This may be good theory in medicine, but how can it commend itself to thinking people as applied to present economic conditions?

The direct and immediate cause of the present condition of affairs in the commercial world may be found in the dearth

of profit in agriculture. When wheat was worth one dollar a bushel, and cattle and sheep commanded a correspondingly good price, there was profit from their production that induced free buying of the products of the factory. The old carpet was replaced by a new one, and new furniture and clothing took the place of the old. When wheat is sold for fifty cents a bushel in the central states, there is no profit from a crop, and old carpets are turned over for another year's wear, and the prospect of new furniture and clothing dismissed with a sigh and the expressed hope that another year will bring better prices. The least amount of money possible is paid out in all departments of the house and farm work. I speak whereof I know when I say that so it is in the home and on the farm in the chief agricultural sections of this country. Most farming is now done for subsistence only, and not in expectation of any profit accruing therefrom. There are exceptions that only prove the rule.

This condition of affairs has prevailed for several years. The country merchant became aware of it early; likewise the mechanics whose services were chiefly given to farmers. Within the last two years the effect of lessened profit in farming has been felt in the larger towns and cities, and the workingmen in the cities are effected in nearly the same degree as the man who draws the unprofitable grain or drives the low-priced cattle to his local market. Community of interest is so very great, we find that when any one class of producers and consumers are made to suffer, the influence is felt throughout the entire body.

The cause, or causes, of agricultural depression appears somewhat plain to thinking farmers who have studied the question in all honesty of purpose because they were directly and seriously affected by it; but that has nothing to do with the matter we now discuss. We see our markets depressed, and we know that any increase in volume of farm products will further depress prices. This depression has robbed farming of the profit that was formerly invested in the products of the factory, the manufacture of which gave employment to capital and labor everywhere. Any further depression in price can only be most disastrous to country and town alike. Politicians may be led by party exigency to adopt schemes that involve the use of public money for the increase of arable land when a surplus of agricultural products exists, but statesmen will never be guilty of such folly. The inevitable result would be to decrease the demand for the products of the factory, and thus to throw more men out of employment.

There is a popular cry for homes. If the government deem it within its province to provide them, these homes must be either sold to the needy or given to them. If they are sold, then are the needy not benefited, as land is cheap almost everywhere to-day, and millions of productive acres are for sale. If, on the other hand, homes are to be given the needy, it is wholly unnecessary to expend public money in the costly work of watering arid land, when farmers will gladly sell fertile land east of the arid region for much less per acre than they paid for it a few years ago. There is plenty of good land for sale cheap to provide homes for all. The lack on the part of the needy is that of money wherewith to buy. Those who have money can get homes, if they desire them; those who have no money can be benefited only by gift, and if our government is inclined to undertake a gift enterprise with the people's money, let it do so without increasing the arable territory in a costly and needless way.

The duty of the government, as I see it, is not to give away homes, but to keep the conditions for acquiring homes by the people as favorable as possible. The currency question and the tariff question affect all, and are proper subjects of legislation. If they were settled in the right way, this agricultural country would derive a profit from the production of food, and in turn there would be work for those in the cities, and an opportunity to acquire homes. If Congress expends money in increasing the arable land of this country while prices rule too low to afford profit to those now engaged in farming, matters will grow worse, and the cries of the unemployed in our cities will become louder than ever. Agricultural prosperity lies at the base of all prosperity in this country.

DAVID.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR HORSE RAISERS.

Horses are lower in price just now than ever known before in this country. Let us look about a little before concluding that the horse-breeding business is gone up. A writer in *Farm and Home* suggests a test of strength in the horse market. He says:

"Place one thousand dollars in the hands of a reliable, intelligent horse buyer and tell him to secure a horse for you, standing sixteen hands high, weighing 1,100 pounds, standard color, handsome and stylish, good disposition and fearless, with courage, endurance and action, that will allow him to go on the road naturally at a twelve-miles-an-hour gait, pulling you and a companion down the road at a better than 2:50 gait, and your buyer, if an honest man, will bring you back your money and tell you that he can't find such a horse for the money. Such a horse is the gentleman's ideal road horse, a type for which there is an enormous demand and no apparent supply."

A gentleman of this city, a county official, who uses a horse more or less every day, who has an eye for a good driving-horse, was telling yesterday of giving his family horse to a friend in the country, on conditions that it should be well cared for, and if at any time he did not want it to send it back, and the boy who brought it back should be paid for bringing it home.

"But," said he, "I have a new mare to take her place—a good one, too." He said he had in mind a certain well-to-do farmer who always had good horses. He went out, to find the farmer overstocked. He was offered the choice of ten head for fifty dollars, but there was a six-year-old mare, the mother of two of the finest colts that had ever been on the farm, sound, a dark bay in color, sixteen hands high, kind handler, safe with the women and children, would not scare at the cars, would meet a steam thrasher on the road and go by it quietly, was never known to take anybody's dust on the road—a beautiful, intelligent driving-horse—that it would take one hundred dollars to buy. My friend bought her without one word. The farmer said to him:

"I expect you could get more for this mare in the spring than you have paid me. I doubt if you would take one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the mare now?"

"No," said her new owner, "not twice that money, for she is just what I want for my wife and myself."

There is another point right here that must be noted. The farmer just referred to was induced to sell a tiptop brood-mare for the price of two real good horses. This was "killing the goose that laid the golden egg." This is going on all over the country. There is a horse buyer in this city buying horses for the New York market. Farmers are selling their best horses and keeping inferior stock! The work of years of breeding is going out of the country for a song; the cheap horses remain on the farms to reproduce cheap horses, which are already in over-supply.

Let us look further: The western and southern ranges are full of cheap horses, and can keep the horse market of the country crowded with low-priced things, such as they are, for years and years. The fact is, farmers cannot hope to compete with the cheapness of the ranges; they must excel in quality if they would make money at raising horses.

Worse yet: The Wilson tariff bill, if it becomes a law, will turn loose the cheap horses of Canada, which have been shut out by the present law, and the supply of horses will be overwhelming. To this add the Mexican avalanche of cheap horses that are waiting for an outlet when tariff restrictions are removed, and the breeding of cheap horses by American farmers will be snowed under completely and forever.

R. M. BELL.

MAKING BUTTER.

It is quite common to hear the good farm matrons say, "It does not pay to make butter in August." With the temperature above the one-hundred point, with pastures brown and bare, with flies pestering the cows from four in the morning till eight at night, with "the well gone dry," and not a cloud in the sky, and with none of the modern conveniences of the dairy to lighten the burden or improve the quality, it is not to be wondered at that the remark should be so commonly made, "It does not pay to make butter in August."

Only last week an old farmer said to me, "It does not pay to feed the cows at present prices of butter." But I have been feeding since the first of July, and think, yes, know that it does not pay not to feed them. He is selling his butter at ten cents per pound, and his cows failing fast in their flow of milk, so that by return of cold weather they will be nearly dry. I am selling my butter at more than twice as much per pound, and find the cows keeping up the flow of milk, so that when a return of cold weather brings a return of higher prices, I may expect to make near the maximum number of pounds.

Certain conditions are essential to profitable butter-making at all seasons of the year, and midsummer is especially exacting in its requirements. The cows must have a sufficient amount of succulent food, and if the pastures do not supply this, their deficiency must be made up from some soiling crop or the grain-bins, where a silo is not in use. The animals must have free access to an abundance of pure water. This is seldom the case when dependence is placed upon hand pumping. Unless one has springs or a running brook, the wind must be harnessed to the wind-wheel, and by this means the water supplied. The cows must not be permitted to suffer torture from the flies. Unless a good, darkened stable or covered barnyard is at their disposal during the heated portion of the day, it is well to have a close thicket of undergrowth, such as the forest provides, in which they may rest at will. On any farm where the separator is not in use, and where the gravity process is depended upon for securing the cream, it will be found essential to have ice or very cold water in which to set the milk-cans.

Just here it may be said that many who depend upon spring water do not secure the full benefit of such a treasure, simply because the spring itself is not inclosed within the walls of the milk-house, so as to protect it from the heated atmosphere without.

Not long ago I stopped at the place of a farmer, and noticed that although he had a remarkably strong spring of exceptionally good water, from which a two-inch pipe was flowing full, the milk-house was located fully ten feet north of the spring, and no roof or friendly tree afforded the least shelter for the spring. The result was that while the temperature of the water was fairly cold in the early morning, it was raised twenty degrees or more by two o'clock in the afternoon through exposure to the rays of the sun. Had a good stone or brick milk-house, or even a frame one with dead-air space in the walls, been located directly over that spring, the results would have been many times more satisfactory in connection with the milk, cream and butter produced on that farm.

Another item to be considered is the implements in use in the handling of the dairy products. They should always be the best that the circumstances of the owner will permit him to secure. If a sufficient number of cows are kept, it is certainly the height of economy to secure a separator at the earliest possible opportunity. Otherwise a good creamer will be found a great convenience, not only in the saving of labor, but in increasing the quantity and quality of the cream and butter. Then a tempering-vat or cream-ripenner is an important acquisition, inasmuch as it enables one to keep the cream at an even temperature until ready to churn.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

Distress in the Stomach

"I had trouble with my stomach for a long time and could not get anything that would do me any good. Last February I had

Inflammation of the stomach, and was so bad for a week, that even light food would cause

Great Distress

and vomiting. The doctor's medicine did me no good and so I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I could eat anything without having the least bit of distress. I have only taken five bottles and my general health is much better." MRS. ED. CHAMPLIN, Groton City, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Hood's Pills should be in every household.



Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

MUSHROOMS ONCE MORE.—I was not mistaken when, speaking in an earlier issue about "wild mushrooms" and the treatises on mushrooms, published by the Agricultural Department, I declared my belief that many of our readers would be interested in the subject. Among a number of letters received from readers, inquiring more particularly where these department publications can be obtained, I have one from J. H., of Buena Vista, Ohio, who says:

"I would like to get the bulletins spoken of in your article on mushrooms, as I wish to learn more about the edible kinds. I was surprised to read that the puff-ball is good to eat, as I have seen large quantities growing in different localities, and just kicked them over and left them. But since reading your article I have eaten two meals of the small kind, and am fond of them. I always liked mushrooms, but thought there were only two edible kinds—the common meadow mushroom with pink gills, and the morel."

Times are hard, yet tons upon tons of food material that for milk stews and other dishes is almost equal to oysters, is annually wasted, simply because people have not the information required to tell them what is good and what is not. These bulletins from the department are timely and valuable. But what a state of affairs is this, when so many intelligent farmers have to ask where to get them? The officers of the Agricultural Department, like those of all government institutions, are the servants of the farmers, and intended to help and aid them in every way possible. I can say that the department officers (and the station people, too) are only too glad and willing to be of service to the public. Whenever I get into a tight place, when I want information about the newer investigations and recent developments in agriculture or horticulture that I am unable to find in books and papers, I go straight to the Agricultural Department, or to the stations of my own state. If any such information is within reach, I get it, too. If I want light upon any dark point in regard to plant diseases, I address Prof. B. T. Galloway, chief of the section of pathology. If I need information about insects, I address Prof. L. O. Howard, chief of the section of entomology.

The many readers who are inquiring where they can get the bulletins, "Food Products, I., II. and III.," should write to Thomas Taylor, M.D., chief of the Division of Microscopy, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. A letter simply addressed to the department would undoubtedly be referred to the proper division or section, and in the end fine due consideration. It would be far better all around, no doubt, if people would maintain closer connection with the department, and go to it with all their troubles and wants of information. That is what the department is there for.

Of course, I cannot tell whether the department has a sufficient supply of the mushroom bulletins to go all around. The editions of especially valuable publications often run short. I often found myself "left" when I asked for a copy of a certain valuable bulletin or volume. I think there is a certain number printed and distributed, and this number is the same for all bulletins, whether they are wanted or not, or of especial or only of ordinary value. This seems to me wrong. The number ought to be varied according to value and demand. At any rate, be not afraid of going to the department and to the stations, and ask them for information and copy of bulletins, etc. You will get a great deal of good information free of cost.

PEA AND BEAN WEEVIL.—The bean-weevil gives us trouble sometimes, but not often. It is the pea-weevil which annoys us so much, for the idea of having to eat bug eggs and little larvae with our green peas is surely not any too pleasant, and our green peas are seldom entirely free from them. Shall we give up the green-pea crop? My earliest peas (Alaska) this year did not show a sign of weevil, but the later-planted ones (mostly Horsford's Market Garden) were badly smitten. I have just received the following communication:

Inquiry was made in another paper some months ago for a remedy for the pea-weevil. One person suggested scalding

the seed by pouring boiling water over them to kill the bug which is about ready to emerge from the pea. Another suggested putting the peas in a close box after they are harvested, place on top a saucer of bisulphide of carbon, then cover the box closely. The vapor of this volatile liquid will kill the insects in a few hours. Another party suggested planting peas for seed in June; having followed that plan for over twenty years, he has had no trouble with buggy peas.

Please allow a new subscriber to ask if there is any better remedy than the above, and if peas, beans, sweet corn, etc., planted late one year will be as good and as early, for seed the next year, as if they had been planted earlier the year it was raised? Also let me ask what there is to prevent beans from becoming buggy or wormy after being harvested, before they are eaten or waited for planting?

Middleboro, Mass. T. P. CARLETON.

The remedies suggested are all good enough. If we plant seed that is free from bugs, and plant it in a new location, and far enough from other peas that were buggy, we are likely to escape the weevil altogether. The bean and pea weevils, and some other of our garden pests, like the corn or boll worm, seem to come just at a certain time, or certain times of the year, and the peas or beans that are in bloom just at that time, or the corn that happens to be in the right state of development, will be attacked. If we plant very early, or very late, the crops may escape altogether without any effort on our part.

I have sometimes sprayed my pea-vines repeatedly, when in bloom and attacked by bugs in great numbers, with buhach in water, and imagined that the absence of bugs in these peas was due to this treatment. It promises good results, anyway, and should be tried more extensively. But I am not yet ready to say positively that it is a sure cure.

Of course, when peas, once grown, are free from bugs and bug eggs, they are safe enough afterward, for the weevil digs out, not in. Bean-weevils, however, I believe will eat and destroy dry beans.

EXIT POTATO-BEETLE.—Dry weather and potato-beetles and slugs, combined with blight (early or leaf blight) last year had nearly ruined my potato crop, when the rainy season came and the potato-bugs went, just in the nick of time to save at least a portion. This year the trouble is chiefly with dry weather. Potatoes are now suffering badly, and if rain does not come very soon, our crop will be very, very short. But the potato-bugs are gone, anyway. Last year I made the poisonous mixtures of regulation strength; namely, one pound to about one hundred and fifty or more gallons of water or Bordeaux mixture. This year I made up my mind to see quicker effects of the Paris green. Consequently I used a pound of green to about fifty gallons of liquid (mostly diluted Bordeaux mixture) put on easily and quickly with the Red Jacket (wheelbarrow) sprayer, and the beetles and slugs took their departure rather more precipitately than they were in the habit of doing as long as we used weaker applications of poisons. I have got tired of fooling with weak mixtures of adulterated Paris green. By using a pound to fifty gallons we can get the desired effect, and get it promptly, and when we combine it with Bordeaux mixture, or put a little lime into the spraying liquid, we will see less injury to the foliage from the caustic effects of the Paris green than we used to see when Paris green was put on more greatly diluted, but with more clumsy devices.

JOSEPH.

Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

TREE BORERS.

In Vol. IV. of "Insect Life," page 271, B. Ashton, of Kansas, gives a remedy for the borers that live in the sap-wood of apple and other trees, which he claims is effectual, inexpensive, does quick work, and causes no mutilation of the trees. The remedy consists in using unadulterated kerosene quite freely wherever the castings of the larvae are seen protruding through the bark. He says as soon as the kerosene comes in contact with these sawdust-like castings it is absorbed and carried by capillary attraction until it permeates the whole burrow and comes in contact with the larvae, which it soon leaves lifeless. It can be applied from the spout of a can. It is well worthy of a trial, and if it works as we think it will, a great

saving of time and an improvement over the common way of cutting into the tree and digging the borers out.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Grapes Blooming, but not Bearing.—R. W. H., South Meriden. Possibly the blossoms were eaten off by rose-bugs, but I cannot understand why they should attack these two and not the other vines of the same variety. It seems to me that they can hardly be true to name, as both Worden and Clinton are very sure to bear, but it may possibly be due to some local peculiarity of the situation.

Grapes for Wine-making.—O. S. Wine is made from every variety of grapes known, but some kinds are much better than others for the purpose, although there is far more in the proper handling of the fruit and juice than in the variety in making good wine. Different varieties of grapes make very different wines.—The ashes from spent tan is rather poorer than ordinary leached ashes, and almost worthless, though in the case of light land it might pay to apply it, if not much labor or other expense was involved.

Insects on Plum-trees.—J. W. S., Crofton, Pa. There are very many insects that attack the plum. The one that is most troublesome is the plum-curculio. This is a snout-beetle which punctures and lays its eggs in the fruit, the larvae from which causes the fruit to drop. Spraying the tree with weak Paris-green water early in the spring is quite effective, but a more common remedy is to take advantage of the dampish condition of the beetles in the early morning, and by jarring the trees catch them in sheets laid on the ground. A sticky substance placed on the trunk would be worthless, as the beetle flies readily during the middle of the day.

Black-rot in Grapes.—Mrs. L. S., Oxford, Ohio. Your grapes are probably affected with the ordinary black-rot, which seldom attacks the fruit until it is two thirds grown. It generally takes the most of the grapes in some sections. Where one has but few vines, the easiest remedy is covering the branches with common paper bags, such as can be obtained at any grocery-store. If this is done as soon as the fruit sets, there is little danger from rot, which is never abundant where the fruit is kept dry. On a large scale, the fruit should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture as soon as set, and again in two weeks, and then be sprayed with ammoniacal solution of carbonate of copper.

Apple-tree Borer.—W. S. F., Caro, Mich. The trees are injured by apple-tree borers, resulting from neglect of proper precautions to keep them out. Your best treatment now is to remove the borers with a knife or wire, cover the cut surface with clay or grafting-wax, and then put wire mosquito-netting around the trunks to keep the beetles from laying their eggs on the trunk. But the netting should go into the ground about two inches, and be packed with some material at the top to keep the borers from getting inside the netting. Another way, which is cheaper, and if attended to, just as good, is to paint the trunks with a wash made of soft soap, plaster of Paris, Paris green and water. This should be kept on the tree during the summer months, when the beetles are injurious.

Bag-worm.—G. W. B., Buffington, Ky. The "cocoons" received are those of the bag-worm, also called basket-worm. Properly speaking, they are not cocoons, but bags with which the larvae commence to cover themselves as soon as they are hatched from the egg. They carry them around with them until they are ready to undergo their changes, when they fasten their coverings to some branch. The female never leaves the bag that surrounds her. The male, however, becomes winged and fertilizes the female without her leaving her covering. After being fertilized the female lays her eggs and dies. The eggs remain in the bag all winter, and from them the young worms come some time the following May, and feed upon the young leaves. This insect, then, goes through the winter only in the egg stage, and on this account one of the best remedies is gathering and burning the bags in winter. When they are at work eating the foliage they may be destroyed by Paris green and water, in the proportion of one pound of poison to one hundred and fifty gallons of water, sprayed on the leaves. These insects spread very slowly, and are quite easily kept in check if reasonable precautions are used. It feeds on almost every kind of tree, whether deciduous or evergreen.

Apple-scab.—C. C. F., Muskegon, Michigan. The foliage of your apple-trees is affected with what is commonly called apple-scab (Fusicladium dendriticum). It is the same vegetable parasite which produces the scabby spots on the fruit. It is very destructive in many sections of the country, and lately has often rendered it impossible to raise many varieties that formerly were easily produced. It may be prevented by spraying as follows: Before buds start, spray the trees with a solution of one pound sulphate of copper to twenty-five gallons of water. After blossoms have formed, but before they are opened, apply Bordeaux mixture. Within a week after blossoms fall apply Bordeaux mixture, to which has been added one ounce of Paris green to each fifteen gallons. (This latter is added to kill the codling-moth.) In ten to fourteen days apply a fourth time. In ten to

fourteen days more use Bordeaux mixture, and perhaps even a later spraying will be beneficial. This treatment means a good deal of work, but by following it, clean fruit will be raised after the trees have recovered from their present unhealthy condition, and it is the almost unanimous opinion of careful observers that we have got to adopt some such treatment as this in order to raise apples at a profit.

Grape and Raspberry Cuttings.—O. L., Kansas City. Grape cuttings should be made up as soon as the wood is thoroughly ripe in autumn; tie in bunches of about one hundred each, with the butts all one way and even; bury the bunches in any dry soil, with the butts up, using great care to have the soil packed firmly around each bunch, covering about with six inches of earth and a foot of mulch. When the frost is out in the spring, take off the mulch and all but three inches of the earth, and put a foot of hot stable manure in place of them. The cuttings should remain there until they are calloused before being planted. If they are set at once in the field without first being calloused they have comparatively little chance of doing well.—Red and purple raspberries and blackberries may be grown from cuttings of the roots. These should be cut in the autumn into pieces about three inches long, packed in sand in boxes, and buried in the ground. In the spring they should be sown in drills in fine soil, covering them about two inches deep. There is quite a difference in the ease with which the various kinds grow from root cuttings. Any of them are made more certain if not allowed to get dry before starting into growth. I should be afraid to set berry-plants on new breaking, and think you had better use it one season for potatoes or some other hoed crop before setting berries or grapes. I always prefer to set red raspberry and blackberry plants in autumn, but protect them by covering with earth and mulch, which should, of course, be taken off in the spring.

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Our Farm.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

APPLES.



It seems strange to me that more attention among horticulturists and farmers in the Gulf states is not given to apple culture, since they can be raised so easily and cheaply. Especially do I refer to the late-maturing varieties, suitable for winter use and keeping. I am not "well up" in varieties and their several individual merits, but I have observed enough to be convinced that the Ben Davis and the Shockley are grown satisfactorily in the region named, and can be preserved through the winter. We should by all means encourage the planting of the best varieties of fall apples throughout the cotton states—such apples as are most easily preserved through the winter months, both for home use and for market. These apples will not only prove a luxury to the members of the farmer's family, but if any considerable quantity be grown, a great deal of money might be made from their sale.

Not one apple in a thousand eaten by our Gulf states' people during the winter and early spring months is of home production, but of northern and western growth. This ought not to be so. Can we, as a section, afford to buy even apples from the North and West, when we might raise them at home as cheaply as they are grown elsewhere? This is a subject well worthy of consideration and discussion among southern farmers and fruit growers.

DON'T DRAIN THE BARN-YARD.

Rather, obstruct drainage by using rails and logs in the yard and throwing up embankments. Make every effort to retain the water where it falls in the cow-lot or horse-lot. Don't let the rains wash out and carry away the valuable substance in the manure. This is an important matter. It is a good plan to keep the yard well supplied, littered with absorbents in the form of leaves, straw and refuse hay and chips, corn shucks, etc. Save the manure and apply it judiciously to your lands and you will find in it satisfaction and profit.

DIVERSIFIED AGRICULTURE.

To rest and strengthen and maintain a healthful condition of the mental man, the mind needs diversity of thought and must have it. To develop and maintain a uniform healthy condition of the corporeal body, there must needs be a constant diversity of exercise. And to attain any high degree of prosperity and wealth, as a farming section, we must practice a diversified agriculture. The one-crop system will, if long pursued, in time bankrupt any country or any people. In diversifying our crops we are enabled to practice intelligent and profitable systems of rotation of crops. It is this intelligent rotation that will maintain the fertility and productivity of our farms.

It is better to trust the market with several different crops than the one. The one may bring a price not above the cost of production, while it is not likely that this would prove so in the case of two or more crops in the same season. If one product is unusually low in price, another may be higher in the same ratio, and thus values and profits may, when all the products are combined, average well for the grower and seller. Several chances are better than one chance. It is a reckless farmer who will risk his fortune on one crop alone. The true plan is to make, as nearly as possible, all one's supplies on the farm, and besides, a surplus of each or many crops to sell for cash.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

If it were not for the birds, the worms and bugs would destroy nearly all our fruits. The birds consume some fruits, of course, and spoil a good deal that is not eaten entire, yet they do not average the great destructiveness that they usually get credit for. They have a right to a certain share of the crop by reason of compensating services, for they save for the owner far more than he would otherwise get as his share if it were not for them; in many instances entire crops would be destroyed by insects but for the services of the birds.

Spare the birds! Do not kill them maliciously or wantonly or just for fun and recreation. They are created by our Heavenly Father for a useful purpose and serve a useful purpose in the economy of nature. The birds are the farmers' friends, and are human benefactors the world over. They were created for a purpose, and they per-

form their natural mission well and with profit to the agriculturist. As the birds are decreased, in the same ratio will the destructive forces of insect life, that depend upon vegetation, be increased.

"BUYING CORN."

In the South "buying corn" by the farmer to make a crop is becoming to be almost synonymous with inviting bankruptcy. Buying corn! Buying western corn! Buying corn to feed mules and "niggers" to make six-cent cotton! What a commentary upon southern agriculture! Where is pride and judgment, common sense and experience? The amount of corn—western corn—sold in the cotton states annually, and bought by the farming class, is a reflection upon the intelligence of our people. Wipe out this stain by raising every grain of corn used in this fruitful Southland.

HAY AND GRASS.

Some time ago the New York experimental station published that as a result of investigation made at that station, there was 12.29 per cent less digestible albuminoid in hay that was turned a year or more than in new hay. The report further stated that bran and corn lose in digestibility with age.

It is well enough to make experiments along this line. But what farmers and purchasers of hay will be more interested in than the above, is the average nutritive quality of hay and its digestible quality, regardless of the length of time it has been cut. A plant may possess more nutritive value at a matured age, judged by chemical analysis, but in actual practical feeding value may possess less worth than a more immature crop, since the younger and more tender and less woody plant is much more digestible and more palatable. As a rule the very young grass is richer in nitrogen (albuminoid properties) than the fully-matured grass, and hence better feed for most kinds of stock, notably milk cows and young stock of all classes. But of course when grass is mowed early, it is not so heavy and the quantity of forage not so great as in the other case. But quality is better than quantity in this case.

Rich, fertile pasture-lands no doubt produce grass of higher nutritive quality than poor soils. And yet in the extreme South it has been almost the universal practice among stockmen and farmers to devote the poorest portions of their farms to pasture and to cultivate the richest. While they are of course fully cognizant of the fact that rich land will produce a greater yield of forage, yet they have not, as a rule, been imbued with the knowledge that the richer the soil the richer the feed stuff.

It is then not always best to pasture only poor land and cultivate only the richest portions. Would it not be better to devote some of the richer lands to grass and cultivate some of the poorer, using green crops to turn under to fertilize the latter in connection with stable manure and a limited use of commercial fertilizers, thus bringing up year by year its productive capacity? By proper management, in a very few years the poorer portions of the farm can be made rich enough to give good and nutritive grass.

Mississippi. EDWIN MONTGOMERY.

MERINO SHEEP AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The possibilities of the Merino sheep were well assured and more generally recognized by the American people who visited the Columbian world's fair. As a whole, the sheep show at Jackson Park was a grand success, surpassing in numbers, quality and variety anything that the world has ever seen. There were those who expected to have the opportunity of seeing English, Australian, French, German, Russian and South American exhibitors of sheep, and there would have been if the proper efforts had been made to get them there; but the best sheep of their kind were there, and in best form. All the breeds were represented. There were 1,118 sheep exhibited. Of these, 408 were of Merino blood, and 384 were bred in the United States by the best Merino breeders of the various types of this breed.

Merino sheep were classed thus: "A," "B," Delaines and French Merinos. In the "A" class there were 231; "B," 38; Delaine, 99; French, 40 head. "A" Merinos were judged on the basis of "form of carcass, with quality and weight of fleece to be considered." Merino "B" were judged for "size and form of carcass, with quality and weight of fleece to be considered." This rule was official and followed. This ruling may seem a little awkward to those who have not thought much on the

subject, but has been regarded with favor by Merino breeders for a good many years.

It is true that each of these classes of Merino sheep are exactly of the same blood, come out of the same flock. Sometimes an "A" ewe will produce a "B" lamb, perhaps may have twin lambs, showing two characteristics—an "A" and a "B" lamb, with perfect propriety; and again a "B" ewe will show equal variations in her breeding. There are flocks that run quite uniformly to one or the other of these types, but they are rare, especially with breeders of small experience, or who have bought rams out of the line, though of pure blood. To put the question down fine, it all hinges on size—a big Merino and a little one.

The term "Delaine" sheep, though less ambiguous than the two classes referred to, is not as yet so well defined in the general mind as it should be, or must be, before it can be regarded as a precise type. The question continually arises, what is a Delaine Merino? If the answer given is a Merino sheep with Delaine wool, the reply is, why are not all Merinos with long, fine wool Delaine Merinos?

Unfortunately, this question has not been considered in the past as it now is, but for a number of years there have been bred in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio a variety of large, pure-bred Merino sheep, under the name of Delaines. They have register associations and official standards of excellence, which we forbear to repeat here, but will later on for the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE. For present purposes and for convenience we will call all these sorts "mutton Merino sheep," since they have been carefully bred for mutton as to size, early maturity, good feeding qualities, and of the South-down form, the truest mutton type known. Nearly all of these varieties of Merinos were on exhibition at Chicago, and attracted the attention of sheep raisers.

The French Merinos, known as the Rambouillet sheep, were on exhibition. There were three flocks of Rambouillet Merinos exhibited at Chicago; namely, R. C. Moulton & Co., Woodstock, Ohio; Anson Howard, Fountain Park, Ohio, and Baron F. Von Homeyer, Rauzin, Prussia. For the present we will omit any extended description of these sheep, but as with the above Delaines, class them as mutton Merinos.

It will be observed that, as they are here classed, there were 139 mutton Merino sheep shown at the world's fair. These were as much mutton sheep as the Downs; in fact, they were Downs in size and form of carcass, with as good breeding qualities and as early development, but covered with as fine Delaine Merino wool as is grown on earth.

This opinion is not meant to disparage other mutton breeds in the least. The demand for mutton in this country has done marvelous things for the British mutton breeds, and it has done Merino sheep an inestimable good. The exhibition of these sheep at Chicago will be worth millions of dollars to the people of this country. It has been an eye-opener. They were object lessons for wide-open eyes that will give clearer conceptions and more perceptible features to the future possible mutton-sheep husbandry that it is plain now must prevail in this country.

British breeds of sheep are all mutton sheep, and they are good ones, but the Jackson Park sheep show has made us to see what a Merino can do as the American mutton sheep. In the past, the Merino has been the national wool sheep, and it has been found by a few years of experience that it could serve as the mutton and wool sheep; but now we know it can answer all the purposes of a mutton sheep with or without the fleece. There is no intention of discarding the fleece or losing sight of fleece qualities, for there is no need of doing so. The Merino sheep has taken a higher position in American agriculture than heretofore; it has proven its right to rank not only among the best mutton sheep, as well as to stand the acknowledged standard of a wool-producing sheep.

Visitors at the world's fair sheep-barns were amazed to learn the wonderful progress that has been made in American flocks during the last decade. They went away filled with admiration for Merino sheep, the sheep they have so long and well known, the sheep that seems well nigh side-tracked by narrow-sighted, vindictive, ignorant legislation, the sheep that they feared were to be eliminated from American farms and from the vast

ranges of the West and South. They went home from the great fair with the belief that the Merino sheep was able to meet every demand of the farmer and the ranchman, that a mutton Merino sheep was the very highest type of a sheep. In looking forward and forecasting the improvement that is sure to occur with the next decade, we conclude that a mutton Merino will find a place wherever suitable feeds and the demand for mutton exists; that the wool flocks will still be of pure Merino blood and occupy their own proper habitats with perfect ease and certain profits. There must ever be a place for Merinos which no other sheep can occupy.

R. M. BELL.

WHEAT FOR STOCK FEED.

Professor Henry, of the Wisconsin station, who is an ardent advocate of wheat for all stock, says in a recent number of the *Breeder's Gazette*:

"From twelve to fourteen pounds are what we may look for with fattening hogs under favorable conditions, the average being about twelve pounds of increased live weight from a bushel of wheat.

"We can feed whole wheat to sheep always, and to horses when their teeth are good, but generally it should be ground. For hogs it should be ground and soaked. Where one has ground wheat to feed, I strongly recommend mixing it with corn-meal or shorts—preferably corn-meal for fattening hogs, and shorts for growing pigs.

"As to the relative merits of wheat and corn, it is hard to draw any exact comparison, for we can only compare things that are alike. For growing animals I place wheat from ten to twenty-five per cent above corn; for simply fattening growing hogs I doubt if it will go any further, pound for pound. A mixture of wheat and corn, ground, will make more pork than either alone, I am quite sure.



FROM FLORIDA.—Archer, Alachua county, Florida, is a growing town. We have just moved here, but I know we will like it. The town has 800 inhabitants—nearly all from the North and Northwest. It is on the direct line from Tampa, Fla., to Savannah, Ga., has four lines daily, and is a good shipping point. Its greatest need is farmers. Corn grows well, and yields without fertilizer from ten to fifteen bushels per acre, yet corn is worth \$1 a bushel. Hay can be grown with very little expense, yet hay is \$22 a ton. This is the home of the pear and Peento peach. Large orchards of pears are now just coming into bearing. Oranges do well; also plums and other fruits, such as the banana, pineapple and strawberry. Gardens are planted in September and October, and continue to yield garden truck until July. Then the rainy season sets in. Flowers are in bloom the year around, and the winters are said to be most delightful—no ice or snow. The money crop is orange growing, but gardening comes next. This is a healthful place. There are disadvantages, however, as no place can be perfect. One of Florida's worst plagues is its sand spurs, a small bar that is in the grass. It can be got rid of by deep plowing. The water is warm, and not as refreshing as the springs of my Tennessee home. It is difficult to make butter, as we cannot have cellars, and the butter tastes old in no time. Since coming here I have thought how happy a life a man with a small pension could have here—no bills for firewood or coal, no heavy clothing to buy, and low taxes. Living expenses are cheap, except for breadstuffs. Farms with fruit in fifth or sixth year can be had for \$600 to \$1,500; a nice little town house, with some two acres of fruit, usually sells at \$500. E. L. Archer, Fla.

FROM ILLINOIS.—Southern Illinois is especially adapted to fruits, wheat, corn, oats and potatoes. However, the soil is capable of producing nearly all plants grown in the temperate zone. Jefferson county is rolling, and was originally heavily timbered with black oak, white oak, hickory, ash, persimmon, gum, etc. This timber has nearly all disappeared, and in its place are some very fine farms. Much of the land was badly treated by the early settlers, who were, as northerners term it, rather shiftless. They farmed the land to death, and then let it wash away. They are a very good people generally, and are adopting better modes of agriculture. Many northern people have moved here during the last few years, and the country is improving wonderfully. Mt. Vernon, our county-seat, contains about 6,000 inhabitants, has three school-buildings, a business college, a water-manufacturing works, electric lights, waterworks and many stores, and other lesser establishments. Saloons were voted out last spring. Three railroads cross the city, and another is being built. Land sells for from \$10 to \$60 an acre, according to quality and location.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

D. Z. A.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

KINDNESS AND FEEDING.

WHILE much ridicule is cast on those farmers who allow their birds to weather the storms of winter in the tree-tops, yet a greater loss prevails every year from too much food during the moderate seasons of the year. A flock soon begins to learn habits, and can be taught to come at a certain call, or to some particular place. A hen that has become familiar with a particular poultry-house or roosting-place, cannot easily be induced to change quarters. Fowls are creatures of habit in the strictest sense, and when once they form a habit, such as egg-eating, feather-pulling, or eating to excess, they will continue the faults as long as they have opportunities for so doing.

The farmer who begins to feed his flock at regular hours will find his hens at their posts on time always, and if he caters to their whims, by throwing down a little grain every time he goes where they are, he will soon discover that they will run to him whenever he appears, as if they had not been fed for a week. They will act as if always hungry, and this action will be construed by the farmer as something earnest, for he will then give them more food because they have indicated that they desire it, while at the same time the habit is being more strongly entrenched, and the hens will cease searching for food and wait for him to appear.

It is all kindness to do this on the part of the farmer, but his mistaken kindness is really an injury, for the hens will not attempt to scratch and exercise, and soon become excessively fat, and eggs will then be scarce. It is important to avoid making the hens fat if eggs are desired, and if they are to keep in good condition, they should have plenty of exercise and be really hungry when they demand food. Those who give their flocks good treatment also believe that the hens should have all their wants supplied, and they therefore provide a great variety of nearly everything the fowls will accept, especially if the birds are confined in yards and cannot be allowed outside, which method induces them to eat even more than they would if limited in variety; but as grain is more easily procured and fed than any other it is used lavishly, and the hens will become idle, indolent, sluggish, very fat and unprofitable. The point to observe is never to overfeed. Always have them rather hungry than to give too much. Never so feed as to have food left over, and keep in view the fact that when the hens are not laying they will then require less food, while in the summer season their wants are very few compared with winter.

CROUP OR CATARRH.

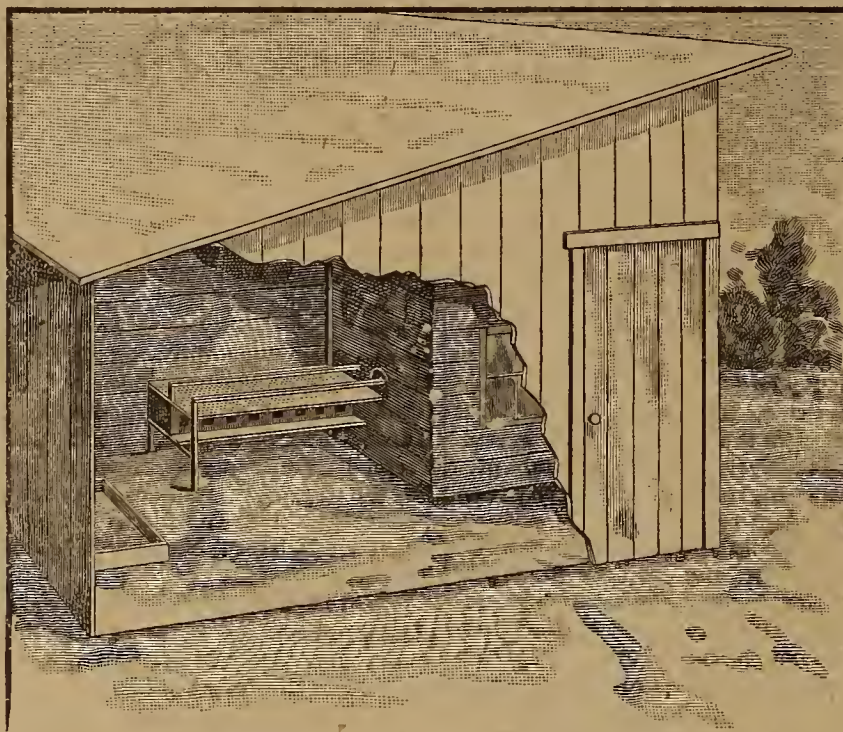
It is not infrequently the case that one or more of the hens, or perhaps all, will be found to have a difficulty very similar to the symptoms of croup in children. They will breathe with difficulty, the exertion of breathing producing a sound easily heard, and they frequently suffocate. It comes mostly from exposure to damp drafts of air on them from above while they are on the roost at night. The first thing to do is to close the source of the draft, which may be a ventilator or a crack in the wall, and place straw on the floor for them, removing the roosts. One of the best remedies for the complaint is spongia, a homeopathic remedy, which is used by dissolving twenty pellets or ten drops in a quart of clean water, giving no other water to drink. If this is not convenient, add a tablespoonful of chlorate of potash to a quart of the drinking-water. As a rule, we have found fat fowls more liable to succumb to the attacks of the trouble than the others, and it is fatal in a majority of cases, owing to the difficulty of treating the birds with remedies which would require handling. It is classed as catarrh, but in all cases that have come under our observation we may safely style it as croup, for under such a name the symptoms will be better understood. Any attempt to force remedies down the throat is dangerous, and usually results in strangling the bird by closing whatever small aperture is open for breathing. The windpipe becomes filled and the bird dies from suffocation.

LARGE BROILER FARMS.

There are a great many persons who go into the broiler business who should not do so, and the result is failure. Yet because of failure of the inexperienced, the supposition is that broiler farms cannot be made to pay. One of the largest broiler plants in the United States is that of Mr. H. M. Phillips, Hammonton, N. J., which has a capacity of 9,000 broilers at one time, and he has cleared as much as \$4,000 in one year by filling the house two or three times, yet the space of ground occupied by him does not exceed half an acre. He has not operated it this year, as he has large fruit interests, yet every time he has worked his broiler plant, which is usually in the winter season, he has made it pay him well. He has made it a study, and claims that broilers pay better than ducklings, though the supposition is that the latter give the largest profit.

INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF POULTRY-HOUSE.

The design is to show where to place the roosts and nests, with the view of having them away from the windows, and keeping the hens warm and comfortable. The roosts and nests may also be moved in summer to any other place on the floor. The space taken by the "cut-in" portion of the house, as shown at the window, may be used outside as a covered shed. The plan is from Mr. E. A. Hutchins, New York, who does not favor too much window



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF POULTRY-HOUSE.

space, and who states that the windows should be double for winter. For very cold climates windows should be close and not radiate the heat. The nests are shown under the platforms, the roosts being over them. The house may be of any preferred size, and a number of them may be together, divided with partitions. The object here is not so much to give a plan of a poultry-house as to present a snug and comfortable location for the roosts.

LICE AND LAYING.

The hens will not lay if they are tormented by lice. They cannot sleep, but lose appetite, and become exhausted. If the poultry-house is kept clean, lice may be prevented, but lice may exist even in a clean poultry-house if insecticides are not frequently used. On the bodies of the hens Persian insect-powder may be applied with advantage. In the nests the refuse of tobacco factories will serve admirably. Scotch snuff will drive lice away, and so will the free use of lime.

TO MAKE HENS LAY.

If the hens do not lay, cease giving grain and feed a pound of lean meat once a day to twenty hens. If they have a run, no other food will be necessary. Feed the meat at night. Condition powders should not be given unless the hens are sick, as anything that is given them while they are healthy may overstimulate them, and induce the eating of more than is necessary. Feed too little rather than too much when the hens can scratch and work.

GOOD SENSE.

It is good sense to keep your family supplied with good reading. One good thing about the Cincinnati Gazette is that it publishes nothing sensational, nothing impure, nothing hurtful to the best morals of society. Write to the Gazette Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free sample copy. Examine its news pages, its editorial pages, its story pages, its home and farm pages, its market pages, etc., etc. You can get it a whole year, twice a week, for only one dollar. It gives you all the best news of a metropolitan daily, and comes to you fresh from the press on the day it is printed.

FAIRS AND POULTRY SHOWS.

Farmers should take an interest in the poultry shows and fairs that may be held this coming season, as there is nothing that will assist them in comparing breeds and learning the characteristic and distinguishing points so well as to inspect them in their coops at the shows. As there are about seventy-five breeds, the differences between them may be better understood when they are side by side. It may also be stated that farmers should exhibit and encourage their local fairs. The poultry department is always an interesting one to visitors, and the farmer who has succeeded in producing choice market fowls, or plump carcasses of chicks, will find no better way of making the fact known than by displaying them, which will create a demand for his stock and enable him to secure better prices.

TURKEYS FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.

Of all poultry the turkey seems to be the easiest affected by inbreeding, and it is not wise to retain a gobbler more than one year. If the breed is to be kept pure, the gobbler should be bought from some source from which no previous purchase has been made. If the purity of the breed is not desirable, we advise the use of pure-bred males, and to make a change every season, by using a Bronze gobbler one year and a White Holland the next. It is true that the colors of the plumage will not be uniform, but greater hardiness and vigor

CORRESPONDENCE.

INSECT-POWDER AND GAPES.—I read your paper to profit by the many good things it contains, and would be glad to add an item of interest to its many readers. I have raised poultry for fifty years on my farm in Savannah, N. Y., and have never been troubled with gapes in chickens until this summer, when I had four taken. I tried various remedies recommended by those who had many trials with the pests, but with no good effect. I finally thought of the insect-powder I use on my cabbage, being a worm-destroyer. I took one of the chickens in my left hand, and my little bellows in my right, blew a good charge of the powder down both the openings to the lungs, and I had no occasion to repeat the dose, for in every case the cure was effectual. I believe thousands will thank the FARM AND FIRESIDE for this remedy. S. R.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Probably Head-lice.—E. F. S., Nebraska, writes: "My chicks commence to droop, and die in twenty-four hours; young turkeys also. They eat well, have no lice and have dry quarters. Fowls are not affected."

REPLY:—Probably due to the large lice on the heads, which are difficult to find. Anoint with a few drops of sweet-oil.

Catarrh.—Mrs. M. J. D., Elmwood Place, Ohio, writes: "My hens have difficulty in breathing, like asthma, and finally die."

REPLY:—It is probably due to a current of air coming down on them at night from a top ventilator. Close ventilator and add a teaspoonful of chlorate of potash to each quart of the drinking-water.

Overfeeding.—Mrs. R. H., Alta City, Utah, writes: "I have a flock of nine Buff Cochins, but they average two eggs a day only. I live in a high altitude. I feed a pint of wheat in the morning and the same quantity of potatoes, scraps and bran at night."

REPLY:—Buff Cochins are quiet in disposition, and should be fed carefully. The food mentioned is too much for such a small number, especially at this season. The hens are overfat, and in consequence do not lay.

Geese.—Subscriber writes: "I have ninety geese, and they are weak in the legs. They are on a pasture, no grain being allowed. Flat worms about three inches long pass from them. I have lost both old and young ones."

REPLY:—The cause is worms in the intestines, and weakness of the legs always results in such cases. Mix one tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine with a quart of cornmeal, moisten with milk, and feed to ten geese, twice a week. Once a day give a tablespoonful of sulphur, in a pint of meal, to the same number on dry days.

The number of those who live only to do good to others is constantly increasing, but none, as yet, outranks Alice B. Stockham, M. D., Chicago, Ill. Her personal ministrations have always been helpful, but when she wrote *Tokology* she multiplied her power immensely, for it goes where she cannot go and benefits multitudes she never can. That maternity need not be dreaded, that its pains are by no means unavoidable, thousands can testify who have proved it by following her printed instructions. Letters flow into her office constantly breathing benedictions for benefits received, and agents find it one of the best books to handle ever offered. We hope her success may extend to her newer venture, Koradine.

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Our Fireside.

TO SLEEP.

To sleep! to sleep! the long, bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.

To sleep! to sleep!

What'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
What'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away,

To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.

To sleep! to sleep!

—Tennyson.

Will-o'-the-wisps' Story

A TALE BY MARIE PETERSEN,

Authoress of "The Princess Ilse."

TRANSLATED BY MARY CHAPMAN.

IGNES FATUI.



WHEN a little flame, by far broader and fuller than the first, but calm and steady, glided in long circles forward from the further side of the moor. Sometimes it came to a stop and seemed doubtful whether to

approach the bank. The glow-worms grew impatient, and cried in imperious tones:

"Come on, will-o'-the-wisp, it is no time for affectations! Come on and speak up! We want to hear the story of your life!"

But that made trouble. The flame rose proudly up, shot a long ray of reddish-yellow light, as slender as the stalk of the sedge-blossoms, straight up into the air, puffed thick smoke contemptuously out, and turned away. Neither the glow-worms nor the owl could have coaxed out of it one mortal word had not the water-lily begged it, in the most sweetly-sad tone, to speak, adding:

"You must be the best of all the will-o'-the-wisps; surely, none of the rest will have so pretty a story to tell as you."

That seemed to please the little flame; it approached in narrowing circles, and at last stood still, three paces from the water's edge.

"That is no kind, lively Christmas candle," whispered the bat, which hung with outstretched wings on the charred limb of the oak where the young owl had settled herself. "That may have burned in some wretched candlestick, and the snuffers did not keep it in good training."

"I burn in a candlestick! I allow snuffers to meddle with me!" cried the flame, which had delicate ears. "Oh, what ignorance! I dwell under a smooth, white dome; a transparent tower protected me against my hereditary foe, a draft of wind. The lamp which supported me hung from the ceiling by long cords. There I sat on my soft wick, in the highest place in the room, letting my light shine over everything in it, and ruling all."

"You ruled everything!" laughed the young owl; "you were a prisoner yourself in a narrow tower."

"Oh, my glass tower was not a prison! Are those the walls of a prison that I can shatter with one hot breath?" cried the will-o'-the-wisp, and again shot up a thin, reddish-yellow flame in the air. "Puff, puff!"

"Oh, do not smoke, I beg you!" cried the owl, and hid her beak under her wing. "You make my head ache."

The little flame uttered a mocking hiss, but when the water-lily asked, "Did you then shatter your bright tower?" it answered:

"I let it stand. I carefully spared my bright tower. Oh, I was prudent; I might have taken a fatal cold in the drafts. A November storm raged outside the house, howled in the chimney, and shook the doors in the anteroom. The weary rain-elves rushed over the house in wild flights; they fluttered their wet veils against the window-panes. Lounging they pressed up against the glass; they could not cling there, but rolled off and fell sadly, flashing from the window-cornice down the steep walls into the stone-paved courtyard. The great tassels of the window-curtains privately practiced a little dance. The wind furnished them music. It forced its way through the narrowest cracks, and even beat against the door with its audacious hand. My lamp also swung gently. But I laughed at all this folly in the safe room; the house was solidly built of great blocks of stone, and the snug little room—filled with the light that streamed from me—lay right in the corner, where the long wing joined one side of the old main building. Round about and below me lay my quiet realm, where I reigned, watching over all with my bright eyes. My wild cousins in the stove, the firebrands and the flickering flames, I have always distrusted; they hate the calm lamp-light; they boast that they have light themselves, and try to shine with wild, distorted gleams. They cast a blood-red light into the room; crackling and whistling; they mocked at me. They breathed warmth through the

whole room; they rose in dancing waves toward me—where I shone, there were they also. 'Most respected lamplight glimmer, lives then still thy feeble shimmer?' hissed the flames in the stove.

"The flame on oil that feeds, destroys the wick it needs; when your oil begins to fail, then your light will quickly pale. Love, your wick is none to long, and your hope of life's not strong. Storm-wind, come with rush and shout! Blow her life out! Blow it out!" hissed the flames, and I looked proudly down upon them and showed my contempt by a little smoke."

"Since you ruled in the room, you should have punished them," cried the glow-worms. "Puff, I scorned to do so," said the will-o'-the-wisp; "yet I ruled. The housewife would never have intrusted her children to the wild flames; she put them in my care when she went out. How I cared for those children—the joy and hope of the house; how I watched over them, guarding them, shining for them, as I poured my mild radiance down upon them! The little girl sat by her doll's cradle; I showed her that her little Bessie was not yet asleep. She sat down on her little stool and began to sing again her cradle-song about the black and white sheep. By the round table in the middle of the room sat the boy, directly below me. Books and papers were spread before him. I helped him write—Greek exercises!"

"Oh, what a barbarous work!" sighed the water-lily. "Is it proper for pure, white flowers to speak of such things?"

The young owl flapped her wings pityingly and murmured something in her beak of prudery and childish ignorance, and the old forest trees shook their heads with a doubtful rustle. The expression struck them as hardly permissible, and they had as little idea as the gentle water-lily what the words meant; but the boy who sat listening under the maple-tree laughed aloud, rubbed his hands gaily, and looked more amused than at any time that evening. "One of the glow-worms asked:

"Where did you learn that queer word, lamp-flame?"

"He who is a light and looks around himself, illuminating all things, does not need to learn. We lights know and understand all that we shine upon. And as to me, the boy wrote the strange letters with little quirks, curls and apostrophies, and I furnished him with light. He uttered the word when the little girl came up to the table, looked at his book, and asked in surprise what he was doing, for writing ought not to look like that. Then he used the word, and made fun of the little girl for talking about writing of which she knew nothing."

"I can write a little bit already," said the child; "I can make ciphers and figure ones."

"Oh, how much you know!" cried the boy; "can you read, too?" and he took a sheet of paper, wrote a word on it, and handed it to the little girl.

"That is I!" cried she, delighted. "That is Hannah—Hannah, just as you wrote it in my lovely picture-book."

"Were they brother and sister?" asked the reads.

"Judge for yourself," said the will-o'-the-wisp. "This was the way they looked: The boy was tall and vigorous; his earnest eyes were dark brown, and in them shone a bold spirit. The soft, boyish lips were firmly shut. His dark hair fell over his forehead in luxuriant curls. The delicate little girl, half as tall as he, a lovely fairy, seemed molded of snowy blossoms. Her sweet, blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, were full of roguery. Golden locks were braided away from her forehead and fastened behind her head. Do brothers and sisters look like that?"

"Yes, indeed," cried the little daisy. "Blond and brunette—that would be a lovely pair." And the bat said:

"Didn't he tease her? Brothers always like to tease their little sisters."

"Puff," said the will-o'-the-wisp, "the little girl played with some apples which the mother had left for the children to eat. She rolled them over the table, set them out in couples, then laid them in a circle. The boy watched the child with a smile and said nothing. At last she put all the apples back into the basket and pushed it onto the table as far as her little arms would reach. 'Mama said we could eat them when you had done your work, not before,' said the child, and stood waiting."

"She rested her round chin on both hands and put her elbows on the table. How lovely the little creature was! Her delicate limbs, her fair, almost transparent skin, and her golden braids all in full radiance of my brightest light! A warm ray of heat flew toward her, flickering, as those flames always paint. But the firelight did not touch the little one, in the center of my circle of light. No, another ray, that of the fresh, young life beating in her heart, overspread her with a rosy glow. Impatience and longing for the apples dyed her cheeks more deeply. A little cloud of displeasure rose on her brow; on the long lashes stood a tear which they held fast and would not let go. 'Ulrich, it takes you a long time,' said the child. The boy looked up."

"Aha!" said the bat, "now it is coming! Now, like a true elder brother, he will put the apples out of her reach, or will fill his pockets with them and laugh at his little sister."

"Bats no doubt know a great deal about the ways of the world," hazarded one of the

glow-worms; "still it seems to me that when a will-o'-the-wisp is in the middle of a story—"

"Bats," interrupted the young owl pertly, "have very vague and indistinct ideas of the world and of man."

"Ah, I understand," said the glow-worm, bowing profoundly to the owl.

The flame said, "It is truly sad that nocturnal creatures will persist in interrupting when a light is speaking."

"The boy did nothing of the sort. He expressed great pity for the little one, and said that to-day he had a great deal to do; she might eat her apple and he would explain to the mother. But the child forced her little mouth to smile, and said quickly: 'No, no; I had rather wait, too. Do you think I cannot wait, Ulrich?' The boy looked at her with a strange smile; he took from the basket a great red apple and held it before her without saying a word. I, too, looked at her, the lovely little one, and my clear light fell on her face. I saw her cheeks grow redder and redder, till they were as deep a crimson as the apple itself. The color mounted to her forehead, and her head fell down in shame. The apple's smooth, red cheek showed deep wounds from two rows of little teeth which had pressed into it. The child said very softly she did not mean to bite it; it was the fault of the apple, it was too lovely; she had only given it a kiss. 'Oh,' cried the boy, laughing, 'then one must beware of your kisses. I must tell father what sharp teeth his little girl has.' 'Oh, you are horrid, Ulrich!' said the child, and sat down on her stool in the corner, pouting."

"The storm-wind howled in the chimney. It shook the fireboard all the time. The fierce flames in the stove were tumultuous; they mixed in all that was said; their wild words and jests made me hot with shame. But the children suspected nothing; they did not understand the crackling talk. Little Schabernack, the spark-spirit who lives in pine chips and damp alder-wood, and when it burns in open hearth-fires likes to spring out with a crack and pop to terrify man, was now the loudest of all. 'Knick, knack,' he sputtered, leaping up in the stove, mocking at the little girl, and calling her 'apple-nibbler.' But the wild banner-flames with the long, red tongues, had already reached out two or three times from the open stove-door, and I grew anxious for the children; for those flames are really wicked, they are of demon birth and bear no good will to men. They burned the pyres where hapless martyrs suffered an agonizing death in defense of their faith. Oh, the tales they tell are horrible!"

"The little girl had turned her head, and was gazing into the crackling fire. 'How gay they are!' she whispered. A splendid idea suddenly shone in her eyes; she ran quickly to the table, took one apple after another, and put them in her little apron. 'I will not eat these, truly I will not, Ulrich; don't turn around; don't! You will like what I am going to do.' Then I saw the child go to her doll's house, where her little china plates stood, and then she stood on her little stool before the fire. She put each apple on a little plate, and pushed it into the hot iron cover of the stove. So she stood there, watching her apples, and I watched the child. Oh, it was well that I watched her! The warmth from the stove and her happy anticipations crimsoned her cheeks deeper and deeper; her braids had fallen, and lay on her shoulders. She stretched out her white arm, and touched the apples cautiously with her small finger to see if they were warm already. 'Ho, ho, roast apples!' cried Little Schabernack in the stove; they will not come to anything, puff, puff! They shall burn up, shall crack apart, knick, knack! Again the flames stretched out through the stove-door, and threw a fierce light on the child's small feet, on her little dress."

"I tell you what, lamplight," interrupted one of the glow-worms, "it was high time to fulfil your guard duty and protect the child. What did you do then, most noble brilliant king of the room and guardian of the children?"

"Oh, I hissed, and warned them, and smoked till I almost lost my breath. But if children will not listen! Once the boy looked up at me and said: 'Have you grown silly, old lamp, and want to puff and gasp when the storm-wind gives a concert? It doesn't concern you; be still up above there, so that I can write in peace.'"

"The little one by the stove did not once look at me. 'Reach out and burn her; burn her,' hissed the flames. 'So soft and white! Make her glow, make her black, and burn her, burn her up!' they cried, louder and bolder, and stretched far out through the open door. The draft blew them back again, but a sudden and stronger blast rushed down the chimney and dashed wildly about in the stove, so that the flames covered and were forced to fly into the corners. The banner-flames with the long, red tongues rushed violently through the door. They seized the child's light apron, which hung loosely from her shoulders; they reached out greedily toward her long, golden braids. The child shrieked. The boy sprang up, a cry of horror rushed from his lips. He seized the burning child, tore off her apron, and trampled out the flames. He drew through his fingers the long braids, on which played little flames and sparks of fire. Part of the fair hair and a half-burned ribbon remained in his hand."

"The little one lay in the big arm-chair. He had carried her there, knelt before her, dried her tears, examined her arms and neck, and spoke comforting words, while tears ran over his own cheeks, pale with terror."

"The parents came; the child's scream reached their ears through all the howling of the storm. The little one sprang toward them and threw herself into her mother's arms. 'Dear, dear mama, don't be vexed! I am only a very little burned! It does not hurt much.' The mother sits in the arm-chair with the child in her lap; she takes off the little one's dress—the thick woolen has protected her—one little red spot on the shoulder, another on the elbow, that is all the damage done. The child chatters gaily on; how fortunate that she did not have on her new apron, how Ulrich grasped the burning one, tore it off, and put out all the sparks. The father embraces the boy tenderly; the mother seizes his hand with tears. She sees him start as if in pain, sees that his handkerchief is wrapped about his hand, and as she takes it off she turns pale."

"I saw from my height how they led the boy away. The mother had thrown her arm lovingly about him; the father carried the little girl. I was left alone. I was sorry that I could not have helped them, that the children paid no attention to my warnings. There was no longer any pleasure in shining, and I saw the wild flames that had done the mischief go to rest one after another. The spark-elves had leaped till they were tired—now they crept wearily through the ashes; only the wind howled about the house as violently as ever. The rain-elves had all rushed by; the rays of the moon fell through the scattered clouds into the room. The young maid-servant entered the room, shut up the stove, and raised her hand toward my lamp. She turned me around in circles till I was dizzy—I died."

"How fortunate it was that you were there in charge of everything!" said one of the glow-worms, sarcastically. But the will-o'-the-wisp had faded away."

"The poor boy!" sighed the water-lily; "what harm those wicked flames may have done him!"

A new will-o'-the-wisp danced toward them, more transparent than the others. As it shone with a blue light close by the water, leaping up or whirling about in circles, a low singing was heard, as monotonous and soft as a cradle song.

"Who is singing?" said the owl. "What does this whining mean? Have we a nurse-maid here?"

"Oh, be still!" said the water-lily, imploringly, and the little flame on the bank laughed aloud, sprang up and danced about, tried to speak, and could not utter a word for laughter and leaping."

"It is a water-sprite," chuckled the light at last, "a water-sprite is singing to me and welcoming me. It must be that some sweet fountain has run into the pond, and now recognizes me; it sings to me now the song that all spirits of fountains sing when I approach, when my hot breath touches them and sets them in commotion."

"Hussah, hussah! What a gay life was mine under the humming kettle! Dancing always in the confined space—always dancing to the same sweet melody, leaping and playing! And above me was a humming and hissing, while moist, blue vapor rose in the air. Then sometimes I stretched over the edge of my bowl; I was mirrored in bright silver dishes, reflected from clear crystal, from gay cups that stood on the white damask table-cover. The room was a comfortable, beautiful place, dark carpets, rich draperies, moldings on the ceiling and graceful gold ornamentations. On the polished oak doors were great round knobs which gleamed and shone—were they also lights? I bowed and nodded salutations to them. They looked coldly back at me—bah, mere miserable polished brass! How the parquet floor shone, how the flowers in the carpet glowed! Happy mortals live thus, and happy mortals love and cherish the gay and friendly house-sprite, the little flame under the tea-urn, the leaper, with fiery breath, with pricking, hot, restlessly beating pulses. At eventide he adorns his safe home on the round family board. And his heart pours itself out in gay and wise discourse, in delicate jestings, when the hot, steaming water bubbles over, when the kettle chirps and hums, hisses and whistles its little song; the flame laughs and leaps up—"

"Hold on, hold on!" cried a glow-worm, "rest a moment, wild, fluttering creature! With your leaps and your chatter you take away my breath."

"Have you lost your breath?" laughed the will-o'-the-wisp. "Come dance with me, bright creature. Have I not breath enough for two? Come, come, you are a gallant cavalier!" Quickly as the wind it whirled from the bank, and reached the stone where the old horned owl sat. "See, there are the brass knobs!" it cried, delighted, and leaping and flickering, it sprang toward the great spectacles the professor wore. "Wretched brass! There is no light, no soul there!"

The old bird, dazzled and provoked, uttered a screech, flapped his wings, and snapped at the audacious will-o'-the-wisp. But it had leaped away to the other side of the little cove, and the ivy called out to it:

"It must have been a long time since you lived with men, you wild thing. What good men love and cherish will not fly about at

night like a wild, mocking kobold, and these respectable old birds."

"Lirum, larum, a long time," hummed the light. "Are twenty years a long time? Ha, ha! Yes, twenty years ago and more—'twas then the kettle chirruped its water song, then I lived and burned one single, happy evening!"

"Why was the evening so happy?" asked the little grasses.

"Because I was so happy—I and the human creatures around me. You should have seen the happy faces that surrounded me at the tea-table! Even the pale face of the invalid lady on the sofa was radiant with joy. And how the father's eyes shone! He lounged comfortably in the great arm-chair, and drew long whiffs from his pipe."

"There was a father there, too?"

"Certainly, he and she were there."

"He and she! Ah, only two!" sighed the little grasses. "But who was he, and who was she?" asked the water-lily.

"Patience, patience! You must wait. I saw more than that; there was a girl's head, with deep blue, child-like eyes, full of roguery and happiness. The dark lashes fell, and when she again looked up, deep thoughtfulness, earnest questionings shone in the starry eyes."

"She sat by your tea-table?"

"She sat by my tea-table, and in her slender hand she held a silver knife; she was spreading butter on the bread, and when it was ready the young man cut off the thin slices for her."

"The young man! Ah, lively flame, stand still one moment! There was a young man, too? Who was he, then?"

"Ha, ha; you would like to know! The young man was the most important personage, the cause of all the joy. He had been away a long, long time, and to-day he had returned from his long journey. For him burned the domestic flame under the singing kettle, for him all hearts beat, all eyes sparkled with joy."

"Tell me, how did he behave?" asked the young owl; "it is not a matter of indifference how the chief personages behave."

"Oh, bah!" said the light, "chief personages do not care about that; my dear boy never thought of behaving at all. He sat and looked at the young girl, at her hands, at her sweet face. When her light steps moved about the table, he watched her—as earnestly and thoughtfully as though she were a sweet riddle which he would fain understand."

"What are riddles?" asked the water-lily.

"Buds are riddles," answered the ivy. "First is the young plant, small, curled up, thickly wrapped about with close, green leaves; then the stem rises higher and higher, and at last the perfect, lovely bud rocks gently on its stalk. You stand before it and ask, 'How will it look to-morrow as a full-blown flower, glowing with color and splendor, breathing out sweet fragrance?' Yes, sunlight and warm summer air resolve such flower riddles."

"Bravo, bravo!" laughed the flame, and threw gay, flickering gleams toward the ivy in greeting; "that is it! She was like that. A lovely girl-bud in full spring, growing, unfolding. 'What will she be when a full-blown flower?' That riddle shone in the earnest, dark eyes of the youth. Yes, I understood him well. He dreamingly recalled the little bud, wrapped in closely-folded leaves."

"Was he a dreamer?" asked the owl.

"No, indeed, far from it; he was a thinker," said the flame. "He had studied, was very learned, and a theologian—I don't know what all. No book was too thick, too old, too solemn for him; none were sealed to him by their foreign language or their profundity. Only, good youth, he did not know that children's shoes may be worn out or outgrown."

"He did not know that?" cried the little daisy, straightening itself up.

"Oh," laughed the will-o'-the-wisp, "when one spends one's time with the fathers of the church, and wherever one goes, looks first for old books, and not for young people, how can one learn how three or four years may change a little playmate. Ideas which rose in long-forgotten centuries are not at home in the sweet present. And it was a sweet and lovely day, hurrah!"

The flame whirled around rapidly, flickered and sang, and leaped about the meadow so wildly that sparks flew all about, and the water-lily feared it would not talk any more.

In the meantime Professor Uhu opened his beak and said: "You must have been a student yourself, wild romp, you know so much about your dear youth, and you speak of him as if he had been one of your own comrades, who vexed you by his earnestness."

"Ho, ho! I a student? Why not say a professor? I should not be the first will-o'-the-wisp to rise so high. I sit on a school-bench? I write great piles of exercises? Ha, ha! Ha, ha! The tea-table was my lecture-room, and what I know I learned from the conversation there."

"Did your grave young man speak?" asked the water-lily. "Ah! tell us what he said."

"A great, great deal. Much more than you would care to hear. He spoke of his travels, of England, whence he had just returned, of the brother whom he visited there, of his uncle and aunt and cousins—"

"Of nothing else?" asked the water-lily faintly.

"Oh, yes!" said the flame, and stopped a moment to recall it. "He once knew a little girl whom he loved very, very dearly; he was her faithful playmate. She learned many

useful things from him—how to jump rope, to roll hoop, to walk on stilts—and when he went away she sprang upon the garden bench to reach up to her big brother. He spoke of all this."

"Who was the little girl? Where was the garden, and where did the bench stand?" cried the little grasses and the wild thyme all together.

Hui! how quickly the light sprang among them, and seized the little grasses and flowers by their delicate leaves, shaking them violently. It flamed up in a passion.

"Will you keep quiet? Will you wait? How should I know all that? Was I there?"

The little flowers and grasses saw that the flame was not fierce, though it flared up so wildly; they laughed and said they would like very much to hear about the little girl.

"Be still, be still!" cried the flame; "listen to what the young man said. He spoke first of the farewell by the garden-bench, then of his return. He said he missed the child, his little sister. He found instead a slender young lady, in a long dress, speaking with dignity to the servants, demure, a steady little bousekeeper, carrying about the keys, busied at the table with plates and cups. It was all so new, so strange—it seemed all the time as if the disguise must fall, and his little sister emerge from it and spring upon his knee."

"The poor youth longed for his little sister," said the water-lily.

"Believe him, believe him, if that amuses you!" laughed the will-o'-the-wisp. "I did not believe him at all! Longing is pale. The rogue! He was beaming. His dark eyes shone with happiness; his grave mouth smiled as though smiling was invented on purpose for it."

"The young girl sprang quickly up; she would not be new and strange, she cried."

"The little girl on the garden-bench?"

"The girl-bud, I mean, who was buttering the bread. She sat down on the footstool by her mother, leaned her head with its luxuriant braids against the sofa, looked roguishly at the youth, and asked: 'Now, am I the old, dear old little Hannah?'"

"Had she bright golden locks?" asked a reed hastily.

"Tied up with ribbons?" cried the daisy, curiously.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried the light, dancing about. "You are all wrong. Brown locks, no ribbons. But wait—wait a moment." And the flame rocked from side to side, and humming softly and monotonously it said: "Yes, yes; that is it! The young man stroked back the hair from the girl's forehead; he spoke thoughtfully; he should not have recognized her hair, it had grown so dark, only the ends, and the hair by her forehead had kept a little of their old golden light. It must have been counterfeit gold, since it kept its color so poorly."

"Counterfeit gold! How ungallant!" cried a glow-worm. "Was the girl vexed?"

"Why shouldn't she be?" said the light. "The little girl, the dear little one, begged he would treat nicely-brushed hair more respectfully; such delicate things should be more considerately touched. And she drew away his hand and held it fast in both her own. I leaned over my little vase, I looked, flickering over the wee thing that did not deserve to be called a cream-jug, and on the young man's hand I saw a great, great scar. The lovely Hannah saw the scar, too; her white fingers passed over it caressingly. Alas for her happy smile! It vanished all at once. She leaned her forehead against his hand, and said softly: 'Poor, dear Ulrich! You have brought the horrid scar home with you. You bear the penalty of my fault, though you were my deliverer from a fiery death and deserved a royal reward.'"

"Ah—ah!" said the water-lily, and the reeds repeated: "Deliverer from a fiery death! Deliverer from a fiery death!" and thought themselves very wise and sharp-sighted.

"I know something about flames and burns!" cried the little daisy.

"Bah, children's tales!" said the will-o'-the-wisp. "Don't talk so much, you confuse me. Everything flickers, flutters and hums in my brain. You all want to know what else happened. The father spoke; it was such a medley. I did not understand him at all at first. It was high time to find some reward for Ulrich. Dear Hannah might hold fast the strong hand which had protected her so well and consider—only think—she might consider two years what she would give Ulrich. Some rare treasure—a chain, or best of all, a little gold ring, her father thought, for it was very suitable that the hand which had suffered so much for her should receive the reward."

Professor Uhu said, "Did the daughter think so, too?"

[To be continued.]

A COOK BOOK FREE.

On page 10 you will find an offer of the Royal Baking Powder Co. to send a cook book free to all lady readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE. The cook book contains 1,000 tried recipes for every kind of cooking, and it is written by the famous Prof. Rudmani, of the New York Cooking School. This is an unusual opportunity for housekeepers and others interested in cooking, and you should not miss it. All that is necessary is to send the Royal Baking Powder Co. a postal-card, giving your name and address in full, asking for the cook book, which they send free to the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE.

A BRAKEMAN'S HOLD.

It had been a bad week all around. The baby had been sick, and I'd lost such little sleep as I could've got, and Molly had been restless and worried and cross. I had been, too—there's no use o' thinkin' I hadn't—when I'd been later'n I ought to be at the train a couple o' mornin's, I got hauled over the coals for it, and that didn't make me feel any better. Then I lost a few dollars through countin' my pay in the street; felt so sure I could handle it, when whiff, the wind had taken one of my bills' way out of sight. Well, chasin' a thing don't always mean catchin' it, and I was out a suit of clothes, or a new dress for Molly, or the money for the doctor's bills.

So I went home, and Molly was tired and impatient. I didn't think of how she'd had to bear somethin', but I just blurted out about my own loss. My, but she did blaze up!

"No use to save a few pennies, for me to throw away dollars! No use tryin' to be careful of ten cents when I could let ten dollars blow away like a puff of smoke!"

I didn't answer back much, but got my supper and had a nap, though by this time I was so mad I didn't want to look at her—my Molly!

When I woke up, it was gettin' to train-time, and I went over and looked at the youngster, who was gettin' on fine by this time. I bent over and kissed him, and stood a minute and looked at Molly, and then I said—ugly, I s'pose—"Good-night!"

"It'll be a good night if you don't spend or waste any more money!" she said.

Jove, the mad I'd felt before was nothin' to the rage that seized hold o' me! I didn't scuse myself, but I've always had a little more sympathy for the people that do terrible things in a rage. I know the blood rushed to my head and face, and I fairly trembled. My voice was sort o' coked as I said, "It'd be a good night if it'd rid me o' you and your waggin' tongue!" and slammed the door as I went out.

The breeze was comin' up cool and damp, but it didn't cool my temper. Our little house was only a few blocks from the station, and sometimes the boys would make it easy for me, if I was late, by startin' on time and slowin' up a little till I swung on. Of course, I mean when I was late, and hadn't time to report, for they knew they could always rely on my bein' on hand.

We made the trip. I was on the local then, and the return and all was made in about two and a half hours. We used to get back about midnight, so I could always depend upon havin' half a night's sleep, anyhow. Bein' so lucky as to live near the station gave me more than most of the other boys.

Well, my temper hadn't cooled on the return one bit. No, I got worse—a good deal worse. I'd thought of how hard I'd worked, and the things I'd done to make Molly's life comfortable, and the ways I'd tried to help her. But I didn't think o' the way she'd worked for me, and tried to help and encourage me. No, I wasn't on that tack just then. And I thought more and more o' her temper, and her always waggin' tongue, and I got so far as to think if it wasn't for the young un it'd be best to make a misstep some night like this—in the dark like this.

Just then the whistle came for 'down brakes,' and as I leaned over I saw the draw was open, and in a minute I thought how easy it'd be to drop down and have it all over in an instant—if it wasn't for the baby. When we started again I got down on the step and leaned out just in a kind o' curious way. I never knew how it happened, but my feet slipped, and there I was clingin' by one hand, and the train gettin' along faster every moment.

Over the draw, over the bridge, and thinkin' I was goin' to drop, till I managed to get my other hand up and hold on with all my life's strength, doublin' my feet under 'till I thought they'd snap off with the tryin' to keep 'em up from the rails. You see, I couldn't touch anything to steady 'em, and couldn't pull myself up. I just hung there 'till it seemed as if I must let go.

Then of a sudden I seemed to see Molly and the baby left all alone. I saw Molly, with her tired body and achin' heart, a-takiu' care o' the little one, and always rememb'rin' those last cruel words o' mine, and a-blamin' herself for her last words to me. I tell you—I can't—I don't dare to think over again all the thoughts I had as I clung there between life—the little hold I had on life—an' the death so near if I let go; for there was no stoppin' 'till we reached the ferry, and no chance o' bein' discovered. Once or twice the conductor or some one came through, and I thought I called, but my voice wasn't a whisper. All my strength was just in my hands. If ever a livin' man can seem to feel as if heaven was near, I did when the whirr'n' o' the brakes and the clankin' o' the rails showed we was gettin' in. Then, o' course, I was all right. One o' the boys got off to help the passengers just in time to catch me as I dropped.

I didn't know anythin' more till I found myself in the office, a-lyin' on the bench, with Molly—at that time o' night—a-holdin' my hand, and cryin'.

"Oh, Jack," she whispered, "are you better, dear? Oh, I thought you'd left me—for good! I couldn't rest, and I left the baby next door and come down to wait for your train. I wanted to say I was sorry. Oh, Jack, forgive me for my cruel tongue, and I'll try to mind it more."

"Stop there, my girl," I whispered. I found

I was terrible weak, and the tears came to my eyes. "Forgive me, too," was all I could say.

But right there before all the boys—and some o' 'em a-grinnin'—I drew my wife down to me and kissed her.—Minnie C. Hale, in Harper's Bazar.

THE ALMANAC AND ITS SIGNS—WHAT DO THEY STAND FOR?

If you will turn to your almanac you will find a peculiar figure for each month. The figure for each month was taken from the group of stars that appeared at sunset in that month. In March the constellation of the Ram, in April that of the Bull, in May that of the Twins appeared, so the Ram, the Bull and the Twins were the figures for March, April and May.

But how did the stars get the names Ram, Bull, Twins, and so on through the twelve months of the year? It is now known that the Chaldeans gave these names to the twelve sections of the starry sphere through which the sun seems to pass each year. They chose names for the stars to correspond with the chief event of each month upon earth. In each month the sun produced different results upon the earth. There were wet months and dry months, hot months and cold months, clear months and cloudy months, a month when the sun mounted highest toward the zenith, and another when it kept low near to the equator. Each month had its own story to tell about the King of Day, and each story was recalled by the figure for the month.

The year opened in March, the month of the Ram. As a ram leads a flock of sheep, so March led the months of the year. The story for April, the month of the fickle sun, recalls Taurus, the Bull, that heaven sent to compel the sun to be more constant, and to do its duty. These stories represent the sun as a hero on earth, one Gilgames, who was accompanied by a centaur, half man and half bull. In May Gilgames and the Centaur were tempted by Pleasure and Lust to go to the city of Erech. May was the month of pleasures, and Gemini, the Twins, the figures for the month, recalled these two tempters.

In June occurred the solstice, when the sun reached its highest point in the sky, and then began to crawl backward, like a crab, toward the equator. The figure for June in the calendar was a Cancer, or crab. July was the month of blazing heat, when the sun destroys like a lion. Its name was fire, and its figure was Leo, the lion.

August was the month of Istar, the virgin queen of heaven, and was represented by the figure of Virgo, the virgin.

In September and October Gilgames went to the desert west of Babylon to a garden which was covered with fruit and jewels and guarded by two men who looked like scorpions. "Their crown was the threshold of heaven, and their footing was the under-world; their faces burned with terribleness, and their presence was death." The old figure for the month was a scorpion, but the Greeks took the claws and made Libra, the balance, out of them.

In November Gilgames fought against the storm cloud, and the Centaur, who was a famous archer, was slain. The figure for November was Sagittarius, the archer.

In December Gilgames (the sun) was afflicted with leprosy, lost his hair, waned in power, and may have been wounded by a horned goat. At all events, a horned goat, Capricorn, was the figure for December.

January was marked by the figure of the water-urn, now called Aquarius, the water-man. It was the month of rains.

February was known by the Fishes. There were two fishes, because the Chaldeans interjected an extra month after February, as we do an extra day, in order to keep up with the sun. The sun was called a fish in February, because at that time it seemed to be taken right out of the Persian gulf, as it arose from the equator to the spring equinox.

Thus we trace the familiar figures of the farmer's almanac to the sun legends of Chaldea, 3,000 years old.—Baptist Union.

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

The value of co-operation in the problem of domestic economy is practically illustrated in one of the suburbs of Boston. A wealthy and energetic citizen has organized and is carrying out a scheme of co-operative housekeeping which, as it has proved a practical success, is well worth the attention of the world at large. About a dozen years ago he purchased a large tract of land in Brookline, and he has erected from time to time a number of rows of houses of handsome appearance and solidly built. Those in the same row resemble each other outwardly, but the inside of no two is alike; each house is distinct and individual in this respect, so that each householder can feel that he has a house that is not duplicated. The collection of houses is known as the "Beaconsfield Terraces." Each house has its own little yard, but back of these is a park of about six acres of land, beautifully laid out with walks, shade-trees, driveways, tennis-courts, children's play-ground, and so forth. This park belongs to the tenants and owners in common for fifteen years; at the expiration of which the tenants will be able to obtain permanent possession of the grounds.

HOW ABOUT THE PRUDENCE of allowing a Cough to run on, rasping the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs, when that approved and speedy remedy, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, can be obtained from any Apothecary?

A MAN WITH GRIT IN HIM.

He likes to be around when a victory is to be won.
He talks that he may get a chance to do.
He is not afraid of any man too big for store clothes.
He is not scared by the largeness of any undertaking.
He undertakes what no one else dares tackle.
He asks questions with a bold, stout heart.
He can stand the frown of a relative.
He acts not upon impulse, but mature forethought.
He never takes for granted that because one man says a thing that it is so.
He meets argument with well-founded reasons.
He is resourceful when emergencies arise.
He does not rely simply on himself, but very much on another.
He never tries to be like or unlike another man.
He does his best work in his every-day way of doing things.
He is the aggressor in the conflicts he wages.
He hides from his opponents the secret of his power.
He does not lose his head because of small talk cast at him.
He tells what he is going to do, and then proceeds to do it.
He does not lose his head because he had grit.
He puts prevailing arguments into the heads of others.
He proves that an enemy's greatest defeat is due to himself.
He never does valiant things for the sake of gain.—*Young Men's Era.*

FOR PROSPECTIVE GUESTS.

Most women are socially inclined, and no doubt the pleasure of having one's own house is enhanced by a judicious amount of entertaining; but the way in which one does it makes a vast difference to the hostess and the guest.

Where there is much entertaining, it is absolutely necessary to comfort of mind to know when one's friends are coming to stay, and it is not only perfectly proper, but by far the best way, to send an invitation for a definite time. You wish to invite Cousin Abby in June, when the roses are out, and you know her usual visit is two weeks, so you write and ask her to come at a certain date, and you let her know that at such a date two weeks later you have planned to invite your dear friend, Mrs. A., from the city, who can come at no other time. Cousin Abby realizes the situation, and comes when she is asked. All these arrangements have to be calculated beforehand, for in that way only can one comfortably invite the number of guests she wishes to entertain during the summer.

It is fairly exasperating to receive a letter from some thoughtless relative, saying, "I am coming pretty soon to stay a few days with you." What does it mean? How soon? How many days? You were just planning for a little trip yourself, and while you await this indefinite visitor, who perhaps changes her mind and does not come at all, the days are rapidly flitting by, and your chance for an outing is gone.

Relatives often take liberties with each other that they would never think of taking with friends, and it seems hard, sometimes, to make them understand that, while at one time they would be gladly welcomed, at another their visit may prove a great inconvenience.—*Domestic Monthly.*

A DISTINCTION.

"Yes, I suppose you may call Eben a successful man. He does a good business, but in my mind he isn't prosperous." So said Mrs. Tracy to her sister, who had congratulated her on the purchase by her husband of a mill which he was thought to have bought at a bargain.

"Well," returned her sister, "it seems to me everything he touches comes out just right. He's the busiest man in town."

"That's just it," retorted Mrs. Tracy. "He's busy, and he succeeds in his doings, but that isn't prospering—not as I understand it. You see," she continued, "when we were first married he leased the little woolen-mill down on the stream, and got along first-rate. He wasn't over-busy, and we used to ride around together every afternoon, and have lots of company and good times. But he began to make money and buy more wool, and more mills to take care of it, and more storehouses to put it in, until it takes about all his time to get from one mill to the other. Sometimes I see him on a Sunday, but he's generally busy resting up to start again. He's about as much a slave as if he were chained in a galley."

"Yes, but he does make money," said one.
"Well, perhaps so; but it all goes to buy more wool. If anybody hankers for lots of wool in this world, that's one thing. Eben has any amount of wool, but when it comes to getting the real solid goodness out of life and enjoying it, he's forgotten how to do it. Really, as I look at it, Eben is the most unprosperous man in town."

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A lady who suffered for years with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhoea and other irregularities, finally found a safe and simple home treatment that completely cured her without the aid of medical attendance. She will send it free with full instructions how to use it to any suffering woman who will send her name and address to Mrs. Dr. L. Orme, South Bend, Ind.

AN IDEAL CHINA-CLOSET.

It should be built between the dining-room and the kitchen, so that it can be entered unobserved when guests are at the table.

The shelves should not be more than fourteen inches wide and about nineteen inches apart. Where they are wider than this the tendency is to pile too many dishes upon them, and they are apt to give way. This is no reason why we should cling to tradition and cover these shelves with white paper or muslin. Why should not corrugated rubber, such as has already found its way at the side of kitchen sinks, be introduced? There is a slight odor about this material, but china does not take it, and the chances of dishes slipping and breaking by falling upon the shelf would be decreased fifty per cent.

A serviceable device for use when plates are stood on end is to use a rope instead of a cleat to hold them, and to fasten it at the corners and in the center by double-headed tacks driven down tightly into the shelves. Being slightly yielding, the plate is less apt to fall over from a sudden jar or slight blow.

Where possible, glass should be stored by itself. In the most modern houses cabinets are built in the dining-room for this purpose. The narrow side shelves found in most china-closets are best for glasses. All drinking-glasses should be arranged in groups, and far enough apart so that there will be no confusion on bringing them out when needed.

Where plates and saucers are piled one upon the other, they should have rounds of felt or Canton flannel placed between them. There is an art in cutting these rounds, so much so that one man in New York finds steady employment in supplying them. He is known to all the dealers, who recommend him to their customers. The rounds should never come above the hollow of the plate.

Hooks on which cups are hung should not be screwed on the edge of the second shelf, but well underneath it. They should be tested from time to time, lest by the settling of the house and of the shelves they might become loose.

The second shelf should be about three inches narrower than the one beneath it, to admit of large dishes being lifted out safely. The upper shelves, usually used for large dishes, may be flush with the second.

MAKING PUTTY.

Pure putty is made of whiting and linseed-oil. Whiting is made of chalk which is imported from England and ground in this country. Barytes, mixed with the whiting, is used as an adulterant of putty, and cotton-seed oil is mixed with linseed-oil, says a writer in the *New York Sun*. Cotton-seed oil is cheaper, and a slower dryer than linseed; its use is advantageous to small consumers, as putty mixed with part cotton-seed oil keeps in order longer. Linseed-oil putty is used more by decorators and painters and other large consumers who use up putty quickly. Putty sells at wholesale at from one and one half to two cents a pound. It is put up for the trade in barrels of eight hundred pounds, kegs of three hundred pounds, tubs of one hundred to one hundred and ten pounds, in cans of one to one hundred pounds, and in bladders. It keeps best in bladders, and the bulk of the putty exported goes in that form. Putty made in the eastern cities of the United States is sold on the Atlantic seaboard and in the south, but not much eastern putty is sold in the West, for there are putty factories in the northern and western cities. We export putty to Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, South America and the Sandwich islands. Manufacturers make colored putties to order, and white, brown and black putties are kept in stock. Putty has a variety of uses besides those already mentioned, and the very familiar one is setting glass. Brown putty is used to point brownstone buildings, and putty is sometimes used in pointing up brick buildings. Black putty is used in stove-foundries. Plumbers use putty. Sometimes scene painters reduce it and put it on canvas to paint over. There are three or four putty manufactories in New York, and more in Brooklyn. A single firm of manufacturers in this city has sold more than 17,000 tons in a year. These seem like large-figures, but they are less surprising from the fact that there are few articles of more common use.

DUST.

It would be well if we could examine enough specimens of air under the microscope to be able to call up ever afterward vivid pictures of its contents. We would then see the cloud of dust arising from every footfall in a carpet, springing up from every cushioned chair when its occupant leaves it, and flying out from unbrushed clothes and dirty boots. Had we these microscopic eyes to see our real surroundings, certain reforms in our households would not be so delayed. There would soon be an end of nailed-down carpets that are taken up and beaten but once a year. We would buy very little upholstered furniture, and what we had would be beaten and brushed out of doors much oftener than it now is. We would have no heavy hangings to catch the dust, and, unseen, foul the air at every movement. Our furniture, especially of bedrooms, would be smoother of outline, with fewer dust-catchers. We would more intelligently direct our house-builders, requiring for one thing perfectly fitting floors, and for another, fewer moldings and projections too high to

be conveniently cleaned every day, but sure to send down upon us their accumulations at every closing of the door. We should learn that a sweeping is not to be indoors, but outdoors, the floor-covering to be removed for the purpose, and that the removal of dust does not consist in stirring it up only to settle again, but in wiping it up with slightly dampened cloth, which shall carry the dust with it out of the room.

And it is really true, good housewife, that this system, once set running in your house, requires no more labor, take the whole year together, than your present way, and you will be clean all the time, instead of once or twice a year.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

GOING TO BED HUNGRY.

Fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness so often met with. It is well known that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is, therefore, natural to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those in whom the vitality is lowered. As bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result.

All animals except man eat before sleep, and there is no reason why man should form an exception to the rule. I am satisfied that were the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless nightly to take a light meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed, for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby raised to a better standard of health. He has found that after digesting a bowl of bread and milk, or a saucer of oatmeal and cream, before going to bed, for a few months, a surprising increase in weight, strength and general tone has resulted. Persons who are stout and plethoric are recommended to follow an opposite course.—*Dr. W. T. Cathell.*

LAUGHTER A REMEDIAL AGENT.

The remedial effects of laughter are really wonderful. Cases have been known where a hearty laugh has banished disease and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus, the eminent theologian, laughed so heartily at a satirical remark that he broke a tumor and recovered his health. In a singular treatment on "Laughter," Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room jumped up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness in the dissolved manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion that, after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he ground his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health.

CHOOSING CURTAINS.

In choosing curtains, it is well to remember that a bright yellow fabric will light up a north room as nothing else can. Curtains in a dull shade of light green are most suitable for a room furnished in rose color or yellow, as a green light will soften the bright tintings and is always pleasant to the eye. Curtains for bookcases add much to the appearance of a room, and are an absolute necessity on a low bookcase containing volumes with unattractive bindings. Inexpensive curtains may be made of the heavy, repped cretonne which is now offered in such beautiful colorings. Blue deuin, which is made softer than the old-fashioned blue jean, and is, therefore, more suitable for embroidery, is also an excellent material for this purpose, provided the other furnishings of the room will permit its use.

A WONDERFUL TREE.

The most wonderful tree of all that grows is the cocoa palm. Before the nut is ripe, fresh and clear water can be procured from it; when the nut is ripe it is very nutritious, and the milk from it is a good substitute for that of the cow; wine is made from the sap and flower stalks, its fermentation and distillation producing vinegar and brandy; the young huds make good cabbage and greens; nutshells furnish utensils, and from the fibers are made all sorts of clothing, textile fabrics, and even the sails, ropes and other cordage of ships; the juices of the tree furnish ink, its leaves pens and paper.

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Our Household.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go:
Whatever things be sweet or fair
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nestling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word—

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From work, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

—Alice Cary.

NOVELTIES.

AMONG the pretty new things for fall are odd pieces in silver.

Buckles to use in various ways, as a trimming on hats, as belt buckles, as an ornament for the collar of a dress—

all these are imitated in silver on white metal, or a kind of gilt imitation of gold. Now, while it is desirable to have something solid and true in the little toilet accessories that are so evanescent, it is needless to put money into them just to accumulate on one's hands as old-fashioned things do. If they are not so good, you will not be so careful to hoard them, and can give them away to persons whom they will please when you are done with them.

This has truly been a ribbon summer, and all ladies welcome the graceful, flow-

and at the piquant face that looked out from a big leghorn hat laden with white feathers; no one of them would have been willing to see her in anything but the most feminine attire.

There are many dainty bits of toilet one doesn't hear of except in quite large places.

Did you know that for marking your clothing you could have your entire name woven upon a strip of material, or just your initials, as you prefer?

If the full skirts remain in style, I think there might be a return to pockets. Somewhere in the seams of a five-gored skirt a place could certainly be found for one. Cannot some one start up the idea? We've certainly been doomed to carry everything in our hands long enough.

The exquisitely plain garments we illustrate would make up in any of the pretty heavy wools, making the plastron of silk, either white or like the dress. The full sleeve in one piece is such a favorite it is likely to remain.

The blouse waist has become a settled favorite; fitted loosely over a close-fitting lining, they keep their shape better and always set nicely.

Black insertion will do nicely for wools, and make a very effective trimming.

The lace patterns we give can be transferred to paper muslin, and then carefully traced in ink for working patterns.

L. L. C.

PAYING OUR DEBTS.

It isn't always an easy thing to do, is it, to meet one's obligations promptly, and know that our debts are all discharged? Many a housewife with no financial debts to meet sighs over her social obligations, and finds it harder to pay off these than many a bread-winner harassed by many cares.

So often the trouble in meeting these social obligations lies in poor accommodations, for one cannot successfully entertain a large number of people in a small house. Many a small house is surrounded by a large yard, and what is more enjoyable for late summer evenings than a lawn fete, where the soft moonlight bathes all nature in a silvery radiance, and objects that by day seem rough and commonplace assume softer, even more beautiful outlines in the dim light? Flowers are never so attractive or so fragrant as in the evening, and was ever music so sweet as when sounding through the soft, dewy air of a moonlight night? But if a moonlight party, with the organ or other instrument on porch or lawn, with supper served on small tables or lap-boards scattered about in the moonlight, and lanterns lighting up the shaded places, is not practicable, the matron or maid with numerous obligations unmet need not despair, for there is the picnic, which if properly arranged for, will prove more enjoyable to the majority of people than any "at-home" affair that can be thought of.

If one invites friends who have conveyances of their own, they will, of course, use them, but if friends from village or town are included, the means of going and returning comfortably must be provided. The transportation provided for, folding cots—if there are small children or elderly people of the party—hammocks and swings must be the next consideration, for while not absolutely necessary, these latter add much to the comfort and enjoyment of a picnic. These things planned for—by borrowing from one's neighbors, if necessary—the bill of fare is the next thing. This should be substantial and abundant, for people develop most wonderful

ing styles of this summer, the return of full skirts necessitating white skirts, and all the accessories of lace and furbelows.

"I think," said a lady at my left at dinner, "it will be better when the women dress more like men, it is so healthy."

"The saints forbid," says another woman, and I could see the gentlemen look with admiring eyes upon the young lady at the table dressed so sweetly womanly in silk,

appetites when picnicking; but not elaborate, for if one has many debts to pay, consequently must give a large picnic, it will be work enough to provide eatables of plain character for them without fussing over fancy dishes, that after all are not a success unless carefully served, and that, we know, cannot always be done at a picnic. Sometimes two or more families whose social obligations are much the same

may unite in giving a picnic, and thus lighten the work of preparation by dividing it.

The most delightful picnic the writer ever knew of, and her knowledge of such things is not so very limited, was the joining of two families, each having company from town. The objective point was the bank of a small river about three miles distant. The trip was made in the early afternoon in easy carriages, where there was plenty of room for grown folks, children and babies, as well as hammocks, lunch-baskets and fishing-poles. The "bait" they hoped to get after the destination was reached, so happily it was not carried along.

Of course, it rained, but there was an old mill close by, where the whole party sought shelter, and by the time the friendly miller had shown them about and explained the process of flour-making, the shower was over and the bright sun soon dried the grass, and the rain, instead of spoiling the fun, only heightened it. A rowboat was soon discovered, and while some of the party sat on the bank to fish, others went out for a row up the river. By and by the children began clamoring for supper. So the cloth was quickly spread on the clean grass, in the shade of some great hickory-trees, and the company one and all declared they never tasted anything so good as the ham sandwiches, buttered rolls, cold chicken, succotash, potato salad, cucumber pickles, tapioca cream and cake. There was lemon pie when we started, but the less said about that pie the better, unless it is to advise all picnickers to take warning and not try to carry pie unless they have some kind of a patent warranted not to break, mash or spill.

After supper came another row on the river when the last, long rays of the sun cast a mellow light on hill and dale, turning the river into limped gold, and kissing cheek and brow of matron and maid and transforming the yellow curls of one precious baby into spun gold. 'Twas just the hour for love-making, and tell it not in Gath, but one staid and dignified married man was discovered with one arm about his wife, while with the other hand he tenderly held the little golden-haired girlie. Then came the ride home in the gloaming, and when the sleepy heads had found a comfortable resting-place, the clear voices of the elders rang out in old-time songs, as a fitting finale to a happy afternoon.

One more word about the supper. The succotash was made at noon, and while boiling hot put into self-sealing glass jars and set on the stove, where they kept hot until the party was ready to start. The jars were then well wrapped in woolen cloths, then heavy paper, and set in a basket, covered with a blanket, and when served was appetizingly warm. The tapioca cream was also carried in glass jars, and in that way was no trouble.

Another jolly picnic that paid up the debts of a brother and sister who had a friend visiting them from the city, was so quickly planned and executed as to deserve mention.

About nine o'clock in the morning Charlie came in from the field, saying they had finished digging potatoes, and as he had no more work for the day, suggested that they have a picnic. At first the "women folks" said "no," for there was no time to prepare a lunch, but after a hurried consultation they decided that as there was plenty of good, sweet, fresh, light bread in the house they could manage. After killing three young chickens, Charlie started off to invite their guests, while Nell began to prepare the fowls for frying, and their guest hastily stirred up a great sponge-cake. On Charlie's return he executed some orders from the girls, then fixed up the farm-wagon with seats along the sides, and at two o'clock there started off as jolly a load of sixteen young people as one often sees. Passing through the village they stopped at the grocer's and secured a goodly supply of wooden dishes,



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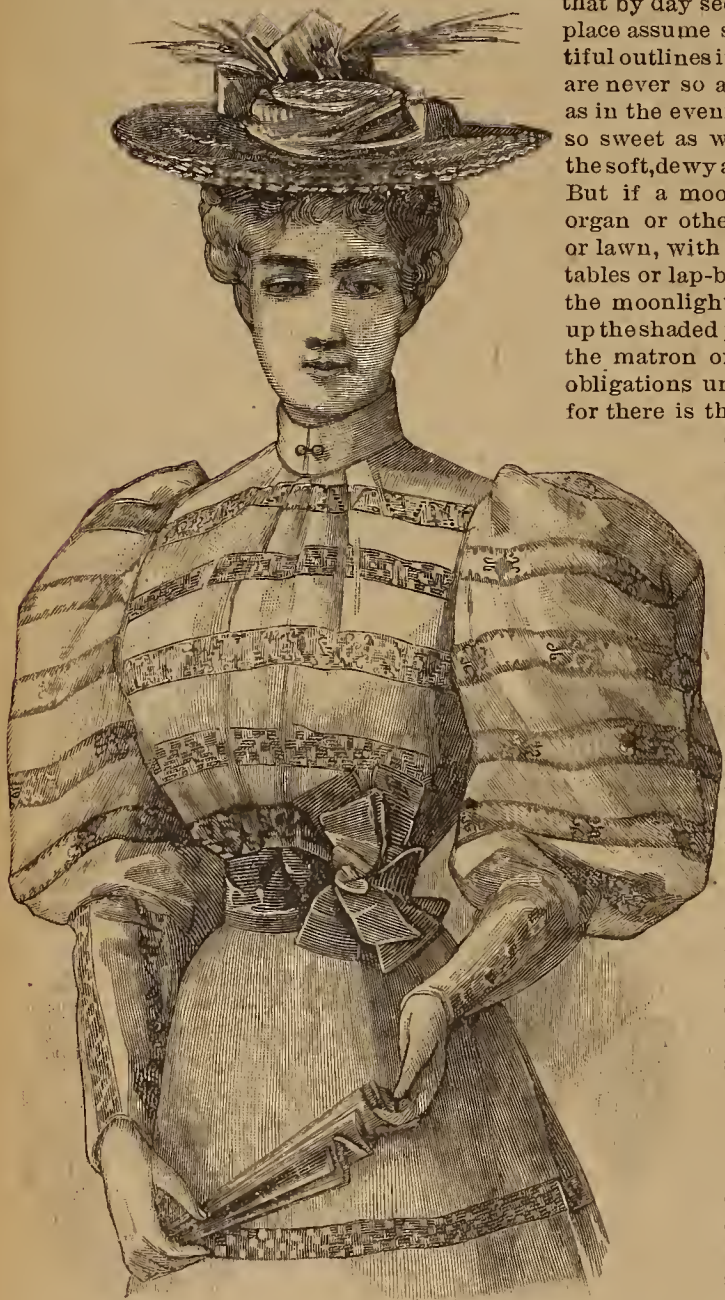
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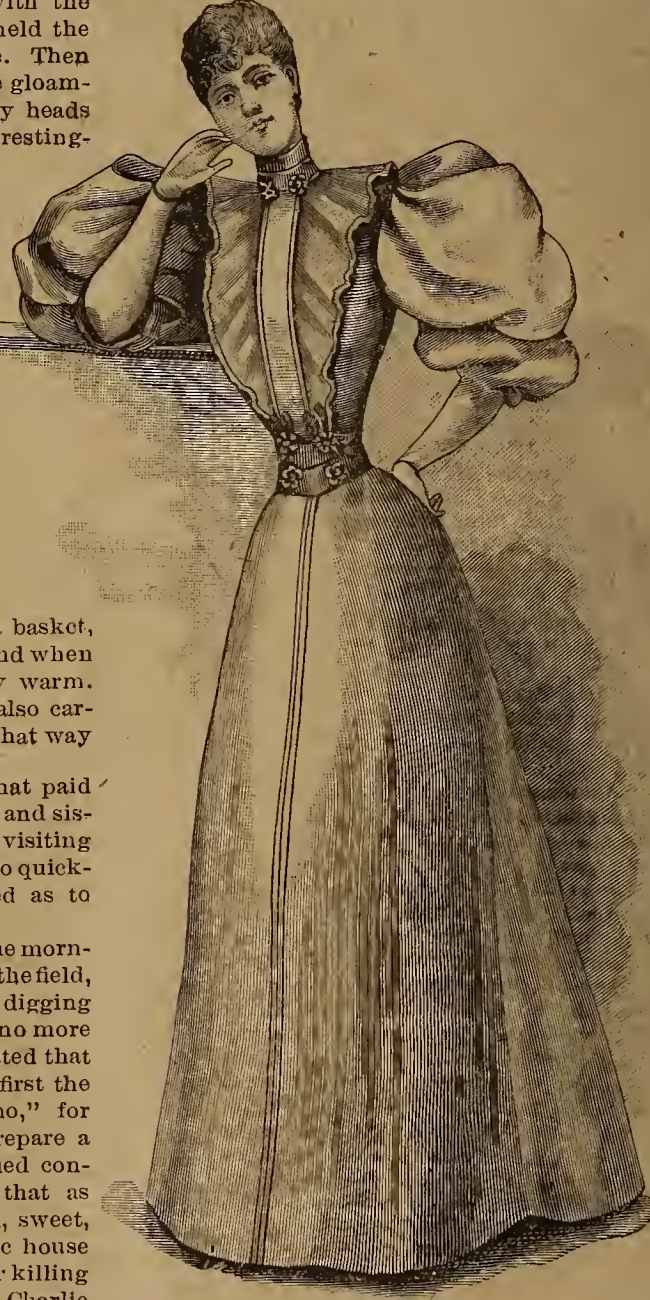
By PROF. RUDMAN, New York Cooking School

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such as he delivered butter, etc., on to his customers. At supper-time the boys were bidden to make two fires; over one a great pot of coffee was soon steeping, while at the other, all hands not needed to set the table were soon busily roasting ears of corn that had been brought along for that purpose. With plenty of good bread and butter, cold fried chicken, pickles, roasting-cars and coffee—for which a jar of rich cream had been provided—with great luscious watermelons and spicy muskmelons and sponge-cake for dessert, they had a supper fit for the gods, and but very little work for any one. As each guest had been asked to provide themselves with a tin cup for coffee, and as the wooden plates took the place of all other dishes,



INSERTION BLOUSE.



HOUSE DRESS.

there was little to "fuss" with or pack but forks, knives and spoons.

The party returned by the light of the September moon, declaring it one of the best of the many good times they had had this summer.

So I would repeat, if you have social obligations to discharge, or want to pleasantly entertain a few friends, just get up a picnic party and have a good time, free from the conventionalities that sometimes hamper other gatherings.

CLARA SENSBAUGH EVERTS.

A MEMORY.

A soft little hand in mine,
Two tender eyes that shine
With star-glow bright,
A sweet voice, rich and low
As the fountain's silver flow.
Whispers "Good-night,
Good-night."

Ah, God! it was long ago—
That musical voice so low,
And the little palm
Touching mine, so calm!
But still in the evening light,
Or at the deep midnight,
I can hear that whisper, clear,
From spirit lips, so near,
"My love, good-night,
Good-night!"

—Horatio Mills, in the Chicago Graphic.

A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MOTHERS.

"Can you help me a little, Marion?"

"I should like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you cannot help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this. Through at last," said Marion, wearily,



AFTERNOON DRESS.

giving a finishing touch to "The Development of Religious Ideas Among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the other.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I allow them?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs come from overwork and anxiety to save money for music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worries of every-day life. That sigh comes because their mother feels neglected and lonely while the girls are working for the women of India; that tired look comes from getting up so early while the poor, exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk."

"Surely, the girls help, too?"

"What they can. But their feet get weary enough going around begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and the sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is, indeed, sad—loving, industrious girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded!" said Life, wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much time in bringing them up."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No, no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat. "I will take care of her if you will only stay!"

"Daughter, you must have nightmare. Wake up, dear; I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mama; I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those buttonholes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll send word to the guild professor that I must be excused to-day, for I am going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I dislike to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me any time; now go to sleep, mama, dear, as I did, and do not worry about me. You are of more consequence than all of the languages or classes in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from her daughter—usually too busy for such demonstrations—Mrs. Hensen fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquized, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time she does not need I shall devote to out-

side work and study. Until she gets well restored I will take charge of the house, and give up all the societies except one—that I'll have by myself, if the other girls will not join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later, one of the Woman's Progressive League members said to her:

"We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters. I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M." —*Jenness-Miller Monthly.*

HOME TOPICS.

A dessert which can be prepared in the early morning and be ready for dinner, is very acceptable these busy days. The following recipes for apple desserts are much liked at our house:

APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare and grate six apples and the rind of one lemon; add the

yolks of three eggs, sweeten to taste and bake ten to fifteen minutes in a quick oven. When done, spread over the top a meringue made by beating the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and teaspoonful of lemon extract. Put the custard back in the oven for a minute or two, just long enough to tinge the meringue a delicate yellow.

APPLE FLOAT.—Pare and core one dozen large, ripe apples. Put them in a steamer and cook until they are tender enough to be pierced with a straw. Remove them from the fire and beat until perfectly smooth; sweeten to taste, and beat in lightly the whites of four eggs, previously beaten to a stiff froth. Set the float where it will become very cold. When ready to serve, put it in a glass dish and put little dots of red jelly over the top. This is a very pretty dish for luncheon or for tea.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Butter a pudding-dish and line it with slices of buttered bread with the crusts removed. Put in a layer of sliced tart, juicy apples and sprinkle over sufficient sugar to sweeten—about a tablespoonful—and a little cinnamon or allspice. Alternate these layers of bread and apples until the dish is full, having a layer of bread on the top. Put a plate over the top, to keep the bread pressed down close to the apple. Bake slowly two hours, removing the plate for the last half hour, that the top may brown slightly. Apple charlotte may be eaten warm, but in hot weather it is nice if baked early in the morning and eaten cold for dinner. It is very good served plain, but for most people, cream improves it.

NAGGING.—"Mary, if you do that again I will send you up-stairs." "Don't touch that." "Ada, stop tipping your chair." "If you don't keep still, I will make you go to bed and stay until lunch-time." "There never were such bad children; I shall tell your papa if you do that again." And so it went on day after day. I did not wonder that the poor little mother, who had come to the country to rest and recuperate, needed rest, and I almost felt like agreeing with her, that "there never were such bad children." But after being with them a few days, I came to the conclusion that she was, in a measure, responsible for much of her own trouble with her children—two girls of seven and nine and a boy of three. In the first place, she was tired out and nervous, and was constantly finding fault and threatening punishment, often when the children were really doing nothing wrong. This had gone on so long that it would not have been surprising if they had been like the little boy who thought his name was "Tommy Don't."

I sometimes think there is nothing we are so inconsiderate in as in the management of our children, and that, too, in the face of the fact that there is nothing of so much importance as their early training, and that we would give our very lives, if need be, for them. We are so apt to let our moods control our actions, and when tired and nervous, to be impatient and censure too harshly for little faults. Children must be busy about something, and as in the case of the mother mentioned, she would have been spared much worry and vexation if she had helped them to some innocent amusement instead of merely repeating, "You must not do that," until the children grew restive under the constant restraint, and were at last wilfully disobedient. Constant fretting and fault-finding will sour a disposition which would otherwise have been bright and cheerful, and time nor aught else will ever wholly eradicate from a character the effect of constant nagging and fault-finding during childhood. Be patient, but firm, and do not constantly threaten. When a child has once been told to do or not to do a thing, see that they obey, even if the matter is not important.

In the training of children, parents often do not give them credit for their



LACE PATTERN.

powers of reasoning. When very young, they observe and draw conclusions for themselves, which sometimes color all their after lives. Again, parents are too apt to be so busy with business, the care of the house and looking after the bodily needs of the children, that no time is left to become acquainted with their mental and moral natures. Nothing is so dear to you as the well-being of your children. Then let nothing take the time and strength that should be given to them. It is but a few years at most that they are with us as children, and nothing else that we may give them can compensate for lack of patient, prayerful, sympathetic care during the early years of their lives.

MAIDA McL.

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

GREAT ADVANCES MADE IN THE LAST FEW YEARS—THE STORY OF A MAN WHO HAS LATELY BEEN CURED OF THAT TERRIBLE DISEASE, LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

Very little is heard by the general public of the great discoveries in medicine, and the countless scores of lives that are saved by the advancing knowledge of medical science. Diseases, which a few years ago baffled the most eminent physicians and were believed to be absolutely incurable, succumb to-day as readily as the most trifling ailment. No one, perhaps, has better cause to appreciate this than Richard A. Willian, of Bustleton, Pa. Mr. Willian is a retired calico print manufacturer, and before his health began to trouble him he carried on an extensive business, both in Bustleton and Holmesburg. He is fifty-three years of age, has traveled widely, and is a man of more than ordinary education and intelligence. A reporter who visited him found him strolling leisurely through the grounds surrounding his pleasant home. Mr. Willian was at first decidedly averse to the unwelcome publicity which he felt would follow the story of his case in the newspapers. Realizing, however, that it might be the means of bringing relief to others who were suffering as he had suffered he finally consented.

"If it had not been for one of the recent discoveries of medical science, I believe I would be lying helpless in bed instead of enjoying this stroll," he began. "My troubles really date back to several severe falls I received when a young man, but I suffered no great inconvenience until 1888. My first sensation was great difficulty in walking. As this feeling grew more intense I finally called in a well-known physician of Holmesburg, who immediately told me that I had locomotor ataxia, and placed me under active treatment. Instead of getting better I seemed to grow worse, and I was scarcely able to get around. A year after I became his patient he told me that he would have to give me up. He gave me to understand that I must resign myself to a condition of utter helplessness until death came to my relief. At last I got so that I could not walk at all; my limbs went back on me entirely, and I was just able to sit up. I then called in Dr. Bull, then in Philadelphia, and now a resident of Chicago. He recommended sun-baths, and I had a sun-parlor erected for the purpose, but my trouble did not yield to such treatment, and finally I abandoned it. In April last I received a letter from a Mr. Grantier, a friend of mine in Elmira, N. Y., telling me how a new medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was performing astonishing cures in the severest nerve diseases, and advising me to give them a trial. Not knowing the scientific nature of Dr. Williams' remedy, and believing that it was an ordinary medicine, I was at first inclined not to bother with it. But I reflected that in my miserable condition it could do me no harm at least, and I sent to the drug store and purchased one box. After the third box I began to feel some benefit. My whole system seemed better. I kept taking the pills, and one day to my great joy I discovered that I could walk a little. From that time on my recovery has been rapid. Now, after using Pink Pills for five months, from a condition of utter helplessness I am able to walk one mile every day without inconvenience. I take my one-mile spin around the house every day now. I haven't walked that distance before for three years. I find that I can ascend the hilly road which leads to our house with ease. I noticed a general improvement in my health from week to week, and my feet no longer feel as though they were weighted down with lead. I ascribe this wonderful change solely to Pink Pills. My mother is very enthusiastic over the pills, and thinks Dr. Williams ought to have his great discovery proclaimed from the house-tops."

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont.

Our Household.

A MAN-OF-LEISURE CREED.

I live, I live to fill up space
No other substance fills up;
I live to carry around my face;
I live to run my bills up.
I live to fill up time between
Last evening and to-morrow;
I live to keep my memory green
And see what I can borrow.

I live for one who loves me
And dowers me with pelf,
Through pleasant places shoves me,
My one true love—myself.
I live that I may still exist
And still keep on existing;
I live the dinner-bell to list
And still keep on a-list'ning.

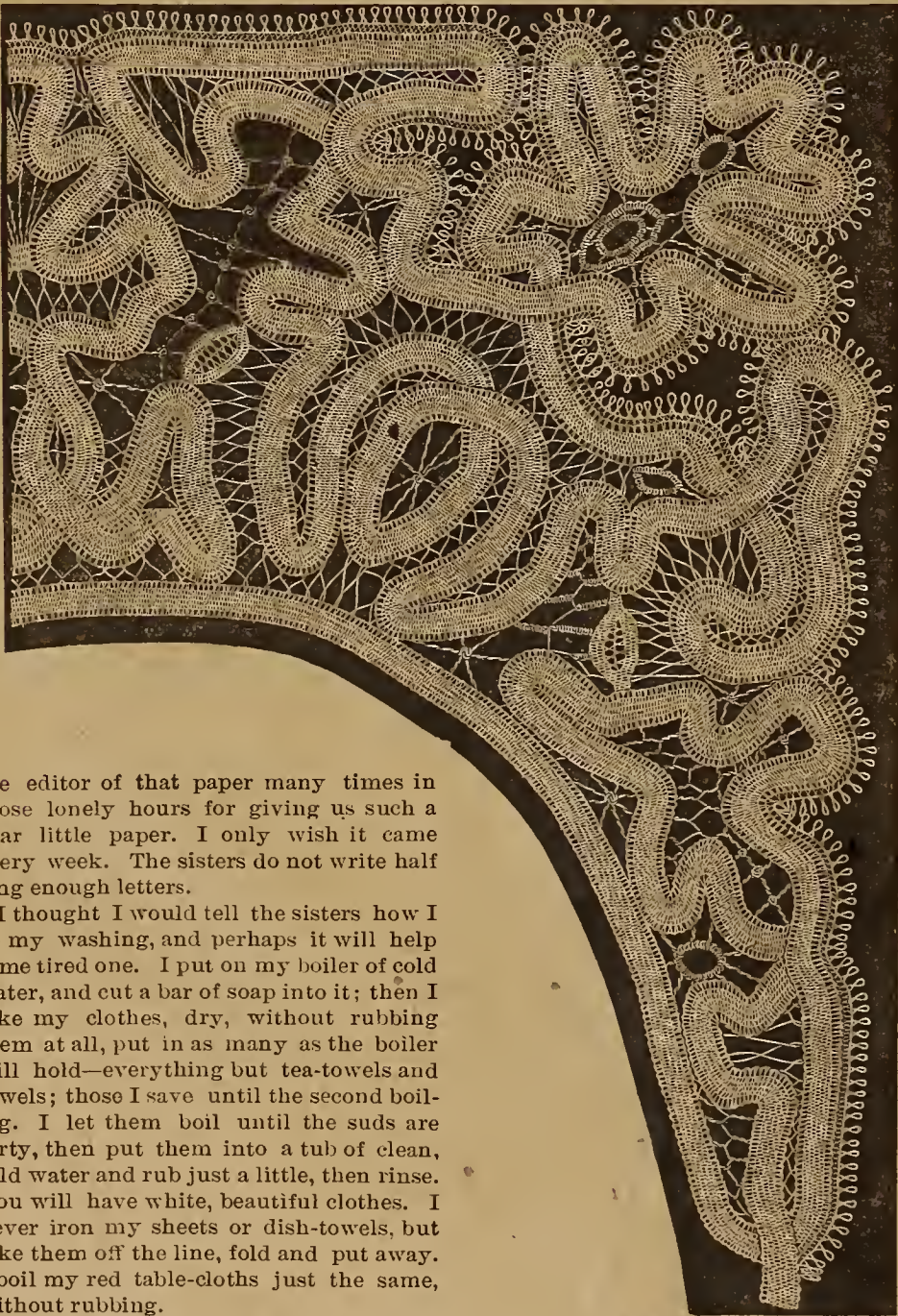
I do not live to toil and seethe
As other folks are seething,
But 'cause it's easier to breathe
Than to refrain from breathing.
I live, I live to wear my clo'es
And get myself admired,
To hold myself from work and woes
And keep from getting tired.

I live, I live to daily get
Whatever I am getting,
And sit and sit and sit and sit,
Because I'm fond of sitting.
I live because it's work that kills—
The world owes me a living—
And while my good wife pays my bills
I render up thanksgiving.

—S. W. Foss.

AN EASY WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

DEAR sisters, as I have been a reader of the FARM AND FIRESIDE for twelve years, and have sat in silence and enjoyed your dear letters, I thought I would write a few words. I have never seen anything in the paper from the valley of the silvery Sioux. I would say to Maida McL. and Christie Irving that I have enjoyed their letters many an hour. I was in Oregon eight years ago in the big woods, and if it had not been for the FARM AND FIRESIDE that my mother had saved and sewed together in books, I don't know what I would have done. I read them by the hour. I blessed



LACE PATTERN.

the editor of that paper many times in those lonely hours for giving us such a dear little paper. I only wish it came every week. The sisters do not write half long enough letters.

I thought I would tell the sisters how I do my washing, and perhaps it will help some tired one. I put on my boiler of cold water, and cut a bar of soap into it; then I take my clothes, dry, without rubbing them at all, put in as many as the boiler will hold—everything but tea-towels and towels; those I save until the second boiling. I let them boil until the suds are dirty, then put them into a tub of clean, cold water and rub just a little, then rinse. You will have white, beautiful clothes. I never iron my sheets or dish-towels, but take them off the line, fold and put away. I boil my red table-cloths just the same, without rubbing.

I think if we can lighten one another's work, it is right to do so. If any of the sisters try this way of washing, I would like to hear how they like it. We have nine in the family, and I get my white clothes on the line by ten o'clock. While waiting for the clothes to boil one can do all the bed-making, sweeping and other work. I would not wash any other way.

My friends praise the whiteness of my clothes, and they now wash as I do.
South Dakota. MRS. BRUCE OLIVER.

USEFUL RECIPES FOR INVALIDS.

OATMEAL CREAM.—Use oatmeal flake. Pour boiling water on the meal, and let it boil slowly one hour. Run through a wire sieve with a spoon, adding salt if desired, and thin with milk, water or broth.

SCALLOPED RICE.—Take boiled rice and season with salt. Place it in a pudding-dish, with a layer of tomatoes on top and with cheese. Let it heat through and brown well.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Boil the day before, and when cold, chop and add pepper, salt and cream, and bake from one half to three quarters of an hour.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Pick smooth, ripe tomatoes. Wipe them carefully and bake as you would apples. Salt, pepper and butter can be added to taste. The flavor is very delicate and appetizing.

BAKED BANANAS.—Bake in the skins slowly any length of time. Then peel and spread with Mellin's food. This delicacy a baby could digest.

GEMS OF GLUTEN FLOUR.—One large cupful of milk, one egg, beaten light, one and one half cupfuls of gluten flour. Add a pinch of salt and beat hard for five minutes. Put in hot, buttered gem-pans and bake in a slow oven five or ten minutes, then in a quick oven for five minutes.

CANNED GRAPE-JUICE.—Cook the grapes one hour, or until soft. Strain through a fine strainer and cook the juice once more, adding one cupful of sugar to one cupful of juice. Boil well and can in glass jars.

F. B. C.

RAISING PLANTS.

Having been a reader of the FARM AND FIRESIDE several years, I have found many things which are really helpful, and often tell my friends that it is a general-purpose paper. In the June 15th issue George Appleton suggests willows for wind-breaks and shade. Now, this one hint is worth more than the price of the paper for a whole year. So many people are in need of more shade, not only for the comfort of the

cans, barrels, kegs, or something of this kind, and near the well, so they can be watered freely. Nearly all of our northern plants need shade a part of the day, so I grow them by the east and north sides of the house, and keep them moist all the time.

Cucumbers keep growing and bearing nicely planted in barrels filled partly full of trash and then with good dirt. Any one having room for a few barrels can have tomatoes and peppers, though they have no room for a garden. I always have the nicest petunias, pansies, phlox and pinks of any one near me. Let some one try my way and report results.

Michigan.

MRS. H. HINKLEY.

INSTEAD OF SKIRTS.

For several winters, little girls I have known have worn, instead of skirts, knickerbockers made of flannel. Instead of a regular pattern, take three breadths



of flannel, measuring from the hips to the ankle. Sew it all together and then divide it into two equal parts, leaving a portion of the top uncut, measuring to have it exact. Then sew into the spring in the seat a gusset seven inches square; then sew up each leg, hem them and run a rubber band through them. Put the top to a wide waistband.

These are much more comfortable than skirts, as more freedom is given to the limbs. The cut shows the appearance of them when finished.

L. L. C.

APRONS.

The appearance of silk aprons, hand-painted, in the large stores of New York, indicates a general adoption of the sensible English fashion of wearing aprons in one's own house on all but state occasions. They may be as elegant as desired. Some are of Liberty silk heavily trimmed with lace, or merely a sash of silk with an entire lace front for the apron itself. Valenciennes and watered ribbon are admirable for a young girl, while old ladies indulge in black satin, richly embroidered.

A serviceable and pretty morning apron often seen in England is of black silesia, one breadth being used for the skirt, which is gathered on a band to which is attached a short, straight bib. The bib and bottom of the apron are scalloped and buttonhole-stitched, and there is smocking or Russian cross-stitch in silks or cottons to a depth of three inches. An effective design is done in red marking-cotton, a simple pattern in cross-stitch, with cat-stitching separating the different rows. These aprons will wash like linen, and keep clean much longer.

A garden apron, which we should find equally convenient, is made of ticking,

preferably the narrow stripe. It should have at least two, if not three, deep pockets low down, so as to be convenient for carrying twine, tacks, and even a small hammer. The material is practically water-proof, and its frequent use in fancy work suggests various ways of making it look pretty.

\$1,000 in PRIZES WALL PAPER

Send 2c. for complete detail information. Designs must be entered before Nov. 15, 1894. Designs not awarded prizes will be returned, or bought at private sale. No matter where you live, don't pay retail prices for wall paper. We make a specialty of the mail order business and sell direct to consumers at factory prices. SPECIAL FALL PRICES: Good Paper 3c. and up. Gold Paper 4c. and up. At these prices you can paper a small room for 50c. Send 10c for postage on samples of our new fall paper and our book "How to Paper and Economy in Home Decoration," will be sent at once, showing how to get 50c effect for \$5 investment. If you want paper next spring send 10c postage, now, and we will send samples of these prize designs March 1st, '95. Explain what you want. Send to nearest address.

ALFRED PEATS, DEPT. 14.
30-32 W. 13th St., NEW YORK. 136-138 W. Madison St., CHICAGO.

Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper. The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package. THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO. 39 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

Gearhart's Family Knitter

Knits a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Knits everything required in the household from homespun or factory, wool or cotton yarns. Most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address J. E. GEARHART, Clearfield, Pa. PRICE \$8.00

SAVE 1/2 YOUR FUEL

By using our (stove pipe) RADIATOR. It has 120 Cross Tubes where 4866 sq. in. of iron get intensely hot, thus making ONE stove or furnace do the work of TWO. Send postal for proofs from prominent men. To introduce our Radiator, the first order from each neighborhood filled at WHOLESALE price, thus securing an agency. Write at once. ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Alaska Stove Lifter.

NICKEL PLATED. ALWAYS COLD. COLD HANDLE. even if left in lid. Price 15c. at all Stove, Hardware, and House Furnishing Dealers, or mailed postpaid for 30 cts. TROY NICKEL WORKS, Troy, N. Y.

Newcomb Fly-Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM. Weaves 100 yards per day. Catalogue free. C. N. NEWCOMB, 311 W. St. Davenport, Iowa.

C.O.D. \$2.98

FREE! An EXTRAORDINARY OFFER! \$10.00 FOR \$2.98

CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you by express, C. O. D., a box of our Very Finest Cigars, retail price \$5.00, and this beautiful 14 Karat Gold Finished Watch for only \$2.98. We send the watch and box of cigars together. You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the express agent our Special Extraordinary Price, \$2.98, and they are yours. The watch is beautifully engraved and is equal in appearance to a \$25.00 gold filled watch and a perfect time keeper. We make this extraordinary offer to introduce this special brand of cigars and only one watch and one box of cigars will be sold to each person at this price. Write to-day. THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water

TOKOLOGY. A complete ladies' guide in health and disease, is written by ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D., who practiced as a physician over twenty-five years. Prepaid, \$2.75. Sample pages free. BEST TERMS TO AGENTS. ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison Street, Chicago.

TRY ONE.

Seeing is believing. Have you seen one of our cut-paper patterns? If not, please order one, examine it, try it. Remember, if it is not exactly as we claim, you can send it back and we will cheerfully refund your money. We are furnishing these patterns at a wholesale price as an accommodation to our readers. It is subscribers that we want. We know that by furnishing these patterns at this remarkably low price we make our paper more valuable than ever. Thousands upon thousands of ladies subscribe for our paper in order to get the patterns. Now, do you see why we are willing to furnish these patterns to you at such a low price?

We want you to order one. You will be delighted with it. You will tell your neighbor, and she will borrow your paper and order one for herself. She will like that one so well that she will send 50 cents for four patterns and the Farm and Fireside one year, and so it goes all around the neighborhood until we have many new subscribers. Some ladies have ordered dozens of patterns.

You will notice that in our advertisement we say that we think these are the best patterns manufactured, but if our lady readers continue sending us such praise for our patterns, we will feel like saying we know they are the best. We have a little space left here and will publish a few extracts from letters.

I received the patterns all right. I find them perfect, and am able to do my own dressmaking this spring by using them.

MRS. C. J. JEFFERSON, Sugar Hill, N. H.

Your patterns fit as well as if they were cut especially for me.

MRS. S. P. HENSON, Rockville, Minn.

I am well pleased with your patterns. They save me hiring my dresses made. I don't see how you can afford to sell them so cheap. They are plainer than Butterick's patterns.

MRS. JAS. SEAL, College Corners, Ohio.

I also wish to thank you for the other pattern I got some time ago. I never had a pattern that fit as nice, with as little trouble, in my life. I will always be ready to speak a good word for your patterns.

CORA HENDERSON, Londonville, Ohio.

I have used several of your patterns, and find that they give a perfect fit, not having had to alter a single one of them.

MRS. A. R. WARNER, Dayton, Ohio.

I received the outing-shirt pattern. I have used your patterns before, and like them very much.

MRS. L. D. CHAMBERS, Island, Pa.

I cut a dress by one of your patterns and got a perfect fit. I inclose the money for another.

MRS. W. C. HEBNER, Cedar Lake, Mich.

I don't see how you can furnish us with patterns at such low rates. I consider it the grandest treat possible, and will do all I can for you in this vicinity.

ELLEN GINDRATT, Point Blank, Texas.

I am highly pleased with the "Princess Pattern" that I ordered for my daughter. It gave a perfect fit.

MRS. R. M. KERR, LaRose, Ill.

I received one pattern from you, and was very much pleased with it. Inclosed you will find money for three more.

MRS. ED. PRATT, Gilman, Ill.

Your patterns are very nice indeed, and are greatly prized.

MRS. S. J. BRONSON, Elston, Ind.



No. 6158.—LADIES' WAIST. 11 cents.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

No. 4036.—LADIES' SKIRT. 11 cents.

Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.



No. 6152.—LADIES' ETON JACKET. 11 cents.

This style of jacket is one of the most valuable accessories to a lady's toilet. The whole back and cut-away fronts are closely adjusted by shoulder and under-arm seams. The modified Medici collar rounds away from the front and flares becomingly around the neck. An entire absence of revers distinguishes this latest of the Eton styles. The rounded double sleeve-caps drop becomingly from the fashionably lengthened shoulders, the handsome silk lining being displayed with every motion. Jackets of this kind are worn with everything—street costumes, house gowns, evening, dinner and reception toilets—and are made of every style of material and color.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

40 CENT PATTERNS FOR 10 CENTS.

Any FOUR Patterns and the Farm and Fireside one year, 50 cents.

(Present subscribers accepting this offer will have their time advanced one year.)

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand for our paper among strangers, and to make it more valuable than ever to our old friends, we decided to offer them to the lady readers of the Farm and Fireside for the remarkably low price of only 10 Cents Each. Postage one cent extra.

These Patterns are cut for us by the oldest, and we think, the best Pattern Manufacturers of New York City.

The patterns are all of the very latest New York styles, and are unequalled for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy.

For twenty-four years these patterns have been used the country over. Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received. You can order any of the patterns which

have been offered in the back numbers of the Farm and Fireside. Order by the number.

Do not fail to give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls and children. Order patterns by their number.

We guarantee every pattern to be perfect and exactly as represented. To get BUST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

Price of each pattern, 10 cents.

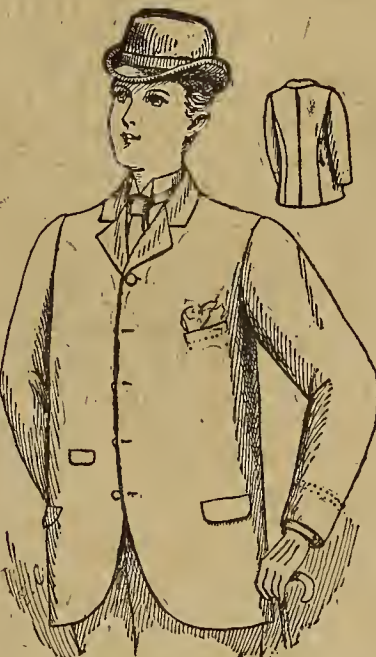
Postage one cent extra on EACH pattern.



No. 6177.—MISSSES' WAIST. 11 cents.

The full front is shirred to form a frill head- ing, and put on at square yoke depth, the full back extending to the neck and inclosed in the center. The stylish bretelles are broad at the shoulders, gradually narrowing to points at the waist line, back and front. Picturesque puffs with frills at their lower edges are encir- cled above the elbow with bands of insertion, the tight-fitting sleeves being trimmed at the wrist to correspond.

Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 6168.—BOY'S COAT. 11 cents.
No. 6169.—VEST AND TROUSERS. 11 cents.

Patterns of these garments are welcomed by many mothers and guardians of growing boys, as when made at home, a better and more durable garment can be produced for one third of the cost. The styles will be found exactly like those produced by the best merchant tailors, and attention to pressing all seams and edges will insure a finish equal to that of a tailor.

Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 6181.—LADIES' CAPE. 11 cents.

This cape is one of the advance fall styles, designed more for service than for show. The large Capuchen hood, lined with the plaid surah, is attached under the rolling collar, which can be worn standing if preferred. The closing in center front is affected invisibly by means of a fly. Straps are attached to the neck near the shoulder, crossed in front and secured behind, to keep the cape in position when left unbuttoned, as it is very often worn.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

I have used about fifteen different styles of your patterns, and can recommend them to all as giving elegance in fit and perfect satisfac- tion in every particular.

MRS. C. MORGAN, Springfield, Ohio.



No. 4037.—CHILD'S COAT. 11 cents.

Sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

No. 4038.—MISSSES' JACKET. 11 cents.

Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

The above illustration shows two patterns that are in demand now by mothers who have daughters to get ready for school. Both garments are simple in construction and stylish in effect. One or both of the capes on the misses' jacket can be worn, or they can be left all together if preferred.



No. 4058.—LADIES' TEA-GOWN. 12 cents.

This pattern is so large and heavy that it re- quires 2 cents extra to cover postage.

This is a simple yet stylish house-gown, and well adapted to any of the material used for house-gowns. If preferred, the girdle can be dispensed with, the soft folds allowed to fall to the bottom of the skirt, being held in place by the fitted waist lining, which defines the graceful hip curves.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.



No. 6179.—GIRLS' DRESS. 11 cents.

Sizes, 8, 10 and 12 years.



No. 6145.—THREE LADIES' SLEEVES.
Sizes, 32, 36 and 40 inches bust measure.
All three patterns for 11 cents.



No. 6176.—LADIES' SURPLICE WAIST. 11 cents.

The full reversed fronts are gathered at the top and arranged on the front edges of the broad, rolling collar. Waists in this style will be worn for informal evenings at home all the coming season. A frill of the material can be made to take the place of the lace here shown, the shaping being provided by the pattern.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

PATTERN ORDER BLANK

Inserted for the convenience of those who wish to use it in ordering patterns.

Send 11 cents for each pattern wanted. Give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls or children. Postage paid by us.

PATTERN No.	BUST MEASURE.	WAIST MEASURE.	AGE IN YEARS.
No.....inches.inches.years.
No.....inches.inches.years.
No.....inches.inches.years.
No.....inches.inches.years.

Silver dimes and clean postage-stamps, in small amounts, will come safely by mail.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE HINDU SKEPTIC.

"I think, till I weary with thinking,"
Said the sad-eyed Hindu king;
"And I see hut shadows around me,
Illusion in everything."

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of his favor or his wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the eagle thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search?
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throb of the brain in the bars?

For aught my eye can discover,
Your God is what you think good—
Yourself flashed back from the glass
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;
And this is his realm, you say;
And the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that he loveth mercy,
And the famine is not yet gone;
That he hateth the shedder of blood,
And he slayeth us everyone.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die—
If he were content when I was not,
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning—
So must dirt, and its meaning is flowers;
What if our souls are but nurture
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thought may transcend man's knowl-
edge,

And your God be no reflex of you."

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

WHATEVER our tastes or talents, there are two kinds of reading essential to all, for men as well as women, for old as well as young. Of course you know that one of these is poetry. Sooner or later we must all know Shakspeare and Milton, Dante and Homer, and parts of Goethe by heart. These great poets rank with the Bible and with bibles of other races in their influence upon us. And we cannot spare the lesser poets, either.

Poetry cannot be translated, and yet the women who do not read Greek cannot afford to miss what even a translation can give of Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripides. The character of their dramas and the high thought and action, cannot be disguised even in the prose of another language.

But after all, in poetry itself, what we read is not the important thing. We should read poetry to give us a certain attitude of mind, a habit of thinking of noble things, of keeping our spirits in harmony with beauty and goodness, and strength and love, that "All the dreary intercourse of daily life shall (not) prevail against us." "Poetry is the fact," says Matthew Arnold, in his wonderful essay at the beginning of Ward's "English Poets."

The other kind of reading which is essential is the news. This is not because we need to know the daily gossip of the whole world to save ourselves from daily mortification on account of our ignorance, but for a very different reason. The great object of our reading is to keep our mind in a certain state. Now, if we should read nothing but poetry, we should lose touch with common, every-day life about us, and with all our fine thoughts we might grow weak and selfish. We want to know how the whole world is living and acting. If we are to help to make it better, we must know its sorrows, faults, even its crimes. How could we help anybody if we only gathered up our robes out of the mire our fellow-creatures have fallen into? That kind of virtue is so weak that it is almost sure to give way in the moment of pressure. Of course, I do not mean that we want to spend much time every day over a newspaper. A newspaper almost always dissipates the mind. That is the reason I cannot look with favor on Sunday papers. We ought to save Sunday for the higher life.

"Sundays the pillars are
On which heav'n's palace arched lies.
The week were dark, but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way."

I should be very sorry if American women should ever form the habit, which is becoming so pernicious among American men, of depending on newspapers for their chief mental food. There is not much danger at present; girls, at least,

not caring much for business or politics, find newspapers very dull. Nevertheless, a girl who wishes to develop into a well-balanced woman must supplement her reading of great poetry with a little reading of a dry newspaper.—From "Chats with Girls on Self-culture."

ONE TOUCH OF WOMANHOOD.

A lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales told a friend the following touching little incident, which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence:

The princess, with her usual gentle reticence, tried to hide the grief for her first born. It was shown only in her failing health and increased tender consideration for all around her. One day, while walking with one of her ladies in the quiet lanes near Sandringham, she met an old woman weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry, it appeared that she was a carrier and made her living by shopping and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess.

"Yes. You're right, ma'am. I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy—ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack? He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The princess, without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face to hide her tears.

A few days later a neat little cart with a stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and has never been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.

THE TRUE LIFE.

"Is life worth living?" It entirely depends what the life is. Some lives are not worth living as they are; but the fault rests with the men who live them. The drunkard's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The sensualist's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The blasphemer's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The thief's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold-hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Is such a life worth living? No, for the beast does that. "Let us study dress and appearance." And is such a life worth living? No, for the peacock does that. "Let us laugh our sorrows out of the world." And is such a life worth living? No, for the chattering ape does that. A godless life is a worthless life; but a godly life is a always worth living.

And what is it that makes life worth living? The presence of Christ in the heart. "He that hath the Son hath life." Where do we find the noblest life? Where the gospel is best lived. It is in Christ that we find the life which is life indeed. "He came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—Rev. J. Ossian Davies.

WAITING.

Few words in the English language have so great significance as the word waiting, and few whose significance is so universally felt. It touches the loftiest intellect, and is felt no less by the humblest and most ignorant.

Life is made up of waiting. We wait with tired brain and weary body for the falling of the shades of night which shut out the turmoil of day, and wrap the world in peaceful slumbers. Watching by the sick-bed of a friend, or racked by suffering, we wait for the rosy dawn which shall dispel the shadows that grow more weird as the night wanes. We wait for tidings from our absent ones; we wait for their return, sending far out our anxious gaze to catch the first glimpse of their familiar forms. We wait for the development of infancy into intelligent childhood, and we wait for the fruition of our hopes in the perfect manhood or womanhood of the child we nurtured in our bosom. We wait for success in our undertakings; we wait while the wheel of time, slowly and surely turning, brings us the good we have striven for.

The Gearheart Family Knitter advertised in this issue is well adapted to the requirements of every household. It is simple in mechanism, durable in construction, easy of operation, cheap in price. Notice adv. in another column and address J. E. Gearheart, Clearfield, Pa., for descriptive circulars, etc. Mention this paper.

OHIO NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

The Largest and Most Prosperous School in Ohio. Last Annual Enrollment, 2,744.

Departments: Literary, Military, Civil Engineering, Commercial, Pharmacy, Law, Phonographic, Music, Fine Art, Elocution and Telegraphic.

The Literary Department embraces Preparatory, Teachers', Scientific, Literature, Classical and University courses. Teachers all specialists. Teachers' course offers unexcelled advantages; the Commercial course is complete in all of its departments; the same can be said of the school as a whole.

In Literary, Military, Engineering, Commercial and Phonographic departments, we furnish tuition, and room and board in private families, ten weeks for \$28; forty-nine weeks, \$118. Tuition in above departments, \$8 for ten weeks; \$33 for school year. Tuition per term in Law department, \$10; in Pharmacy, \$16; in Music, \$12, and Fine Art, \$10.

Students can enter at any time and select their studies. First Fall term begins Aug. 7th, 1894.

If everything is not as advertised, will pay traveling expenses. Send for catalogue.

H. S. LEHR, A. M., Pres., Ada, O.

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And establish yourself in a paying business, by securing our set of tools and instruction Book. All first-class Jeweler's tools, which cost at wholesale \$6.60. Book tells you how to use them—makes success easy.

Book and Tools \$4.75. (see picture). Sent by express on receipt of price; \$4.75 or C. O. D. where \$1.00 accompanies the order. Send for our price lists. **HOFFMAN SUPPLY CO.,** Wholesale Dealers in

WATCHMAKERS' TOOLS AND SUPPLIES, 154 Bay St., Columbus, Ohio.

Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms and catalogues, 400 illustrations. Lyon & Healy, Chicago.

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WONDER CABINET FREE. Pack Trick Cards, 2 Magic Keys, Devil's Bottle, Pocket Camera, Latest Wire Fender, Book of Sleight of Hand, Total Value 60c. Sent free with immense catalogue of 1000 Bargains for 10c. for postage. **INGERSOLL & BRO.,** 65 Cortlandt Street N. Y.

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\$2.75 Buys our \$9 Natural Finish Baby Carriage complete with plated steel wheels, axle, springs, and one piece steam bent handle. Made of best material, daily finished, reliable, and guaranteed for 3 years. Shipped on 10 days' trial. **FREEHOLD PAID;** no money required in advance. 75,000 in use. We are the oldest and best known concern of our kind, reliable and responsible. Reference furnished at any time. Make and sell nothing but what we guarantee to be as represented, sold at the lowest factory prices. **WRITE TO-DAY** for our large FREE illustrated catalogue of latest designs and styles published.

OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



No. 2.—"That's a little better. Well, I'll try and catch something bigger with this sucker."

FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address **THE NATIONAL M.F.C. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

Get a Plenty While You're Gittin'.

If we had done that, 2,000 people would not have had to wait for their copies of "GEMS FROM THE POETS" and the "PEOPLE'S ATLAS." Everybody wants THE ALTRUISTIC REVIEW, for it is full of good, wholesome reading. We knew our special offer would catch the wise ones, and our premiums went like hot cakes. Giant presses are grinding out 10,000 more of that magnificent work of art of 400 poems and illustrations, and as many more of the "People's Atlas," and we can now fill all orders. **NO SUCH BARGAIN CAN EVER BE OFFERED AGAIN.** We want to introduce THE Altruistic into every home in the land, and we shall. Our sacrifice is your gain.

THE ALTRUISTIC REVIEW is \$2.00 a year, or 20 cents a number. But we are going to GIVE AWAY, during the next 30 DAYS,

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A million people will read this offer, so send at once and get your name on the list. The premiums are ready now.

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To me it is delightful.

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It has the right ring.

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I am delighted with it.

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It is well worth any one's subscription.

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Indeed a most refreshing mouthful of good things.

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The spirit of your Review is excellent.

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THE ALTRUISTIC REVIEW, Springfield, Ohio.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the querist should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Smutty Wheat.—L. G., New Dover, Ohio, writes: "Will smut in seed-wheat grow and damage next year's crop. Our wheat had a good deal of smut in it this year."

REPLY.—Yes. Do not sow smutty wheat without destroying the smut spores. See note on second page in August 15th number.

Prickly Lettuce.—A. S., Tecumseh, Mich. The specimen you send for name is prickly or wild lettuce, a foreign weed which was introduced not many years ago, and which has been widely scattered over this country. It is an annual. With clean cultivation of cultivated crops and cutting off all weeds in the fence corners before they bloom, you have little to fear from this weed.

Tanning Hides for Thongs.—G. K. W., Britton, Oklahoma. Scrape all the flesh and fat off of the skin; bury it, well spread out, in wet ashes for a day or two, or until the hair starts readily. Remove the hair and wash thoroughly. Make a tanning solution by dissolving a large handful of pulverized alum and two handfuls of common salt in a gallon of water. Soak the skin in this solution for two weeks, then rinse thoroughly and pull. Rub and stretch while drying. The leather will be soft, and will make good lashes as long as kept dry.

Alfalfa.—W. T., Vermontville, Michigan, writes: "Will alfalfa do well on sandy soil? How much to sow to the acre? Where can I get the seed, what is the price, and when is the time to sow?"

REPLY.—Alfalfa requires a deep, porous subsoil. The surface soil may be sandy, loam or clay. Alfalfa may not be hardy in your latitude. Experiment on a small scale. The seed is larger than common red clover seed, and from twelve to twenty pounds are required per acre. Sow it alone on well-prepared ground in the spring, about or a little earlier than corn-planting time. When the weeds are a foot high, mow them off, and repeat every few weeks. By August the alfalfa ought to be in full possession and make a crop of hay. Any large seedsmen can furnish seed. Prices vary.

Fertilizer Questions.—G. N. I., Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "Can you give me a 'working formula' for making fertilizer? I see from the analysis of the brand I am using that it contains, moisture, 15 per cent; available phosphoric acid, 12 per cent; potash, 1 per cent; but fails to state of what the balance of the one hundred parts is composed. The idea is to save freight."

REPLY BY JOSEPH.—This fertilizer is simply a low-grade superphosphate, with a little potash added. From its analysis I should estimate its value at from \$15 to \$18 per ton. I would prefer to buy a straight superphosphate, such as dissolved South Carolina bone (acid phosphate), which has a far higher percentage of available phosphoric acid, and can be purchased at about the price mentioned. Then, if you want a little potash, you can supply it in ashes or in muriate of potash or kainite. Feed your crops of clover or other leguminous plants with these mineral plant-foods, giving more potash than your fertilizer contains, especially if on light soils, and let the leguminous crops gather the nitrogen for you.

Potash for Wheat.—J. L. P., Perry county, Pa., writes: "Please tell me from what source it is best to obtain potash for wheat. How much potash should a fertilizer contain that has 12 to 14 per cent of phosphoric acid? It is for light soil."

REPLY BY JOSEPH.—The best source of potash for wheat or any other crop that I know of is wood ashes—unleached, of course, to be preferred. If you do not have this material, or cannot get it cheaply enough, use muriate of potash or kainite, putting it on your clover in the fall. How much potash will be required in your particular case, neither I or anybody else can say. It depends on the supply that is already in the soil. Some soils that have been cropped with cereals for long periods, and only been manured with stable manures, may contain all the potash that is needed, and only require the application of phosphatic manures to produce good crops. If run in the usual style, however, the chances are that you can use some potash with profit, say fifty to one hundred pounds of muriate of potash, or several hundred pounds of kainite per acre. If you purchase mixed fertilizers, use one containing four or five per cent of potash.

Osage Orange Culture.—B. H., Fredericktown, Ohio. It is a difficult matter to raise Osage plants from seed, and it is usually better to buy one-year-old plants from reliable nurserymen. They are catalogued at \$3 a thousand. However, if you wish to raise the seedlings, the following methods of raising plants and growing the hedge, from D. M. Ferry & Co.'s catalogue, are recommended: "The ground should be thoroughly pulverized before the seed is planted. The surest way to sprout the seed before planting is putting it in to a vessel and covering it with warm (not hot) water. Keep in a warm place and change the water once a day. Let the seed soak about five or six days; then pour off the water and cover the vessel with a cloth. Keep in a warm room and stir the seed occasionally. In a few days more the seed will begin to sprout and be ready for planting. A pound of seed, if properly managed, will produce about five thousand plants. Sow in April or May, with twelve seeds to the foot, in drills twenty inches apart, keeping free from weeds until from three to five inches high. Set out in permanent hedges, the following spring, in rows, placing them six inches apart in the row, but they should be cut back within an inch of the ground before they are set out. To make a thick hedge it will be necessary the first three years to cut back, leaving about eight inches of each season's growth. This system must be pursued every season until the hedge is of the desired height and form."

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D. O. IVES,

G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

So-called Sweeney.—Mrs. J. G., Prairie Depot, Ohio. Please consult the numerous answers to similar inquiries about sweeney and radial paralysis. You will find at least one in nearly every number of this paper, the last included.

Garget.—M. C. M., Mauckport, Ind. Milk often (every two hours) and in a most thorough manner. This is the only way to remove the clotted milk, and as long as that is not removed, a restoration to a healthy condition is impossible.

Refuses to Part With Her Milk.—N. L. McC., Pataha, Wash. Yes, your cow endeavors to save the milk for her calf. Separate her and her calf, then milk crosswise, and what you then cannot get, let the calf take. By doing this you will hardly succeed in breaking the cow of her tricks, but you will prevent garget.

A Cribber.—G. B., Pincy, Pa. If your mare is a confirmed cribber, there is no remedy. Devices to temporarily prevent such horses from exercising their bad habit are numerous, but all of them are more or less injurious or a torture to the animal. If a horse is merely a beginner, constant and steady work may possibly break him of his habit. Otherwise a cure for what you ask does not exist.

Pumiced Hoofs.—T. V. V., Mattawan, N. Y. Hoofs pumiced or degenerated by chronic founder or laminitis, can never be restored to a normal condition. But unless the degeneration is excessive, the horse may be made useful by proper shoeing with good bar-shoes, such as will protect the tender and thin sole as much as possible against any pressure, and will make the usually healthy frog bear a considerable part of the weight of the animal. It is best, though, to use such horses exclusively on soft ground (for farm work), and not on paved streets or stony roads.

Infectious Inflammation of the Eye.—D. N., Chandlerville, Ill., writes: "My cows took the pink-eye about three weeks ago. One cow and calf are blind in both eyes. Could anything be done for them? Does the disease injure them for beef?"

ANSWER.—The disease you complain of is an infectious and epizootic inflammation of the eye (keratitis). If new cases occur, you may use an eye-water composed of corrosive sublimate, one part, and distilled water, 500 to 1,000 parts, to be applied by means of a so-called dropper, two or three times a day. The disease does not disqualify the animals for beef.

Grease-heel.—D. W. S., Tiger, Ohio, writes: "I have a valuable mare that is troubled with grease-heel. Have used various remedies which healed it for a time, but it still remains somewhat swollen and is inclined to break open and run again. The case seems to be an obstinate one. Please give me course of treatment."

ANSWER.—If the case is not too inveterate, you will effect a healing if you apply, two or three times a day, a liberal quantity of a mixture composed of liquid plumbi subacetate, one part, and pure sweet-oil, three parts, provided you keep the affected foot free from mud, filth and water. The swelling is best reduced, after a healing has been effected, by exercise during the day and bandages during the night. See answer to "Incipient Elephantiasis."

Signs of Pregnancy.—F. W., Bryan, Texas. Yes, there are several signs of pregnancy in a mare, but none except feeling the colt either by external or internal examination are reliable, unless correctly interpreted by an expert. An internal examination, however, should under no circumstances be made, except by an expert veterinarian. During the first five months, however, all signs are rather insufficiently developed, and therefore uncertain. It is not at all uncommon that a mare four or five months with foal shows symptoms of being in heat, but the same are spurious, and no attention should be paid to them. Since you live so near the Agricultural and Mechanical college of Texas, I would advise you, if similar cases occur, to consult the professor of veterinary science, Dr. M. Francis, of that college.

Incipient Elephantiasis.—A. M. S., Riceville, Tenn. The chronic swelling of your mare's hind leg can be permanently reduced just as much as you are able to reduce it temporarily by exercise, if immediately after the exercise the swelled leg receives a good rubbing with the hands, or with a woollen rag, and is then judiciously bandaged, and the bandage is kept on over night. The bandaging must be commenced at the hoof, and a bandage of woollen flannel is the best, because it is elastic, and can be put on smooth and even. The bandage you need should be about six yards long, and not more than three inches wide. If possible, it should be without a seam. When the bandage is removed in the morning, the leg again should receive a good rubbing. This treatment, exercise during the day and bandages during the night, must be continued until no more reduction is effected, and no increase takes place over night while the bandage is off, or during the day if the exercise is omitted.

Chicken-mange.—J. A. M., Robertsville, Conn., writes: "Please tell me what to do for my year-old hens. Their feet commence swelling on the bottom, and grow very large. The toes are not swollen, but puffed up between the toes, making them quite lame. They are perfectly well, lay well, have a nice, dry house, but flat roosts. Do the roosts have anything to do with the cause of swollen feet? Is it catching?"

ANSWER.—The disease you describe seems to be chicken-mange, a contagious disease caused by a mite, called *Dermatophytes mutans* (Ehlers), *Sarcoptes mutans* (Robin), *Sarcoptes avium* (Gerlach), or *Knemidocoptes viviparus* (Fuerstenberg). A cure is not impossible, but whether it will pay to subject chickens to the treatment required is another question. If a cure is to be attempted, the crusts must first be softened with glycerin, lard or soft soap, and then be removed before the mite-killing applications can have any effect. After the crusts have been removed, a carbolic acid or creosote ointment, in the strength of one part of either one of the former to fifteen parts of lard, may be applied to all the affected parts, but at the same time the chickens must be

transferred to another non-infested place. Meanwhile the chicken-house must undergo a most thorough cleaning and disinfection, and then be whitewashed. The roosts and nests should be taken out and be burned. In about five days another application of carbolic acid or creosote ointment must be made, and after this has been done, the chickens may be transferred to their old place. Instead of the ointment, either Peru balsam (rather high-priced), styrax or even tar may be used, and probably repeated washings with a three-per-cent solution of creoline will have the same effect. It seems that the large Asiatic chickens suffer the most from this disease. If you conclude to destroy your chickens, and buy new ones, the cleansing and disinfection of the chicken-house, etc., must be the same, and then it will be safest, even if the above has been complied with, to wait some time before other chickens are bought.

Bloody Urine.—H. A. H., Victoria, Fla. The source of the blood in bloody urine is by no means always the same. Admixed blood may come from the kidneys, the urethras or the bladder; it depends upon which one of the organs named has become injured or inflamed, either by the presence of a stone or concrement, by some morbid growth, or by other inflammation-producing processes. If the urine is dark colored by containing dissolved coloring matter of the blood, and not by an admixture of real blood—the latter will sink to the bottom if some of the urine is put into a test-tube, and left undisturbed for several hours—the cause usually consists in a morbid condition, or rather, decomposition, of the blood caused by an invasion of pathogenic bacteria. It will appear from the above that it is impossible to prescribe for a case like yours where no particulars are given, and therefore the only advice I can give you is to have your mule examined by a competent man (physician or veterinarian), to whom the above will indicate what to look for.

Heaves.—G. C. W., Smithfield, Ohio. What is called "heaves" is not a distinct disease, but merely a term applied to certain functional disorders, caused by morbid conditions resulting from various diseases and from different causes. "Heaves" may be defined as "a chronic, feverish and incurable difficulty of breathing." In our country the most frequent cause is of a mycotic nature, and introduced with dusty timothy hay or clover hay. If this is the cause, the principal morbid changes consist in a loss of contractility in the walls of the air-vesicles, and the difficulty of breathing is manifested at the expiration. As another frequent cause of so-called heaves I will mention a chronic catarrhal inflammation of the respiratory passages, if it leads to a thickening of the walls of the finer bronchi. Although "heaves," as I defined it, is incurable, the difficulty of breathing may be alleviated, if the affected horse does not receive any bulky food, which expands the intestines, and necessarily interferes with the free movements of the diaphragm. Dusty hay in particular must be avoided. Besides that, costiveness must be prevented, and the animal, under all circumstances, must have pure air to breathe, and not be kept too warm. For further information I have to refer you to the numerous answers already given to inquiries about heaves.

Chronic Tympanitis.—J. T. A., Fleming, Col., writes: "I have a three-year-old cow that is bloated all the time. She is almost as large in the morning as in the evening. I have never yet seen her chew her cud. She does not follow the herd well, but hangs back, stands with her head down, eyes fixed, and does not drink much water. The buffalo-grass on the range this year is very dry, and has been more or less all the season. Her left side is higher than the right and is puffy. Would it do to open her or paunch her? I gave her saleratus and water several times, but did not see much change."

ANSWER.—The chronic tympanitis, or bloating, in your case is undoubtedly due to some chronic obstruction somewhere between the pharynx and the third or fourth stomach. There are, however, a great many possibilities, but whatever it may be, the removal of the obstruction is either impossible, or, at least, difficult. Among the possibilities I will mention: Compression of the esophagus by new formations (tumors), tuberculous degeneration of the mediastinal lymphatic glands (very often), tumors (polype, fibrina, papilloma or sarcoma) in one of the two first stomachs, hair-balls, or accumulations of sand or other indigestible substances (very well possible in your case) in the paunch, and also adhesions between the stomachs and the walls of the abdominal cavity. Such adhesions, often the consequence of a traumatic inflammation, caused by sharp bodies that have been swallowed, by repeated applications of the trocar, or by other injuries, prevent the peristaltic motion, and thus the passing on of the contents of the stomach until the latter is filled up to the utmost. Finally, chronic tympanitis may also be produced by a vent in the diaphragm through which a portion of the second stomach has prolapsed into the chest, and it has also been observed where large numbers of tapeworms (*Tania denticulata*) were present in the intestinal canal. You will readily see that hardly anything can be done, no matter what may constitute the cause, except where tapeworms should constitute the same, but that is very rarely the case.

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A HEALTHY MAN

In the accompanying illustration is seen the picture of a healthy man.—Every facial feature indicates a sound physical condition. Dissipation holds no place here. With sparkling eyes, ruddy complexion and rotund cheeks, this man betrays no evidence of ever being wheeled and charmed by unholy pleasures. Many a "wild out" has he sown, however, but his present healthy condition was restored through the aid of a remarkable and most effective prescription which I send absolutely free of charge. There is no humbug or advertising catch about this. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you may do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me, as this remedy restored me to the condition shown in illustration after everything else had failed. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose stamp if convenient. Address **E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A329, Albion, Mich.**

Our Miscellany.

HIGH wheels are still seen occasionally among bicycles. They attract almost as much attention now as the safeties did a few years ago.

RESIDENT—"Healthy? I should say so. In ten years there has been only one death."

"Who died?" asked the tourist.

"The doctor, of starvation."

A MAN who used to keep a cigar-store recently went into the butter business. He staggered his first customer by asking if he would have it "medium, mild or stroug."

A MAN who answered an advertisement for foreman on a farm in Hampshire, England, recently, found out that he was expected to oversee all the labor on a farm of 2,000 acres, on which were thirty-six cart-horses and 800 sheep, to get them up early in the morning, and keep them at work all day, to look after the carts and tools, keep accounts, and so on. In payment for this he was to receive the use of a cottage and eighteen shillings (\$4.50) a week.

A WRITER in the Chicago *Advance*, referring to the humiliating condition of that city under martial law, lays the blame of it chiefly to the anarchistic classes that land upon our shores, hostile to our Christian institutions. He says: "The plain fact seems to be that our city has been quietly gathering a class of people that are more fit for stratagem, treasons and riots than for American citizenship. 'Be's there a givenment here?' asked an immigrant when he landed at Castle Garden. 'There is,' was the reply. 'Thin I'm agin it.'"

SUCH frauds as that recently perpetrated on Italian laborers, who were swindled by means of a pretended need of their labor in Florida, are easy because the most mobile labor in this country is the Italian. Thousands of these men are here without ties of home, and are ready at a moment's notice to pick up their poor belongings and take themselves off to whatever region promises employment. They commonly have money saved up for just such emergencies. The village that issues bonds for public improvements soon has a considerable Italian population, which settles down and remains there until the work is exhausted and there is promise of more work elsewhere. The Italian laborer is the true modern unskilled journeyman, who can work his way around the world by the aid of naught but his own strong arms.

NEVER INDORSE ANY MORE.

I had both money and a friend.

I lent my credit to my friend;

I lost my money and my friend.

—Old Story Revised.

Oh, no, we'll never indorse any more.

—New Song.

Chauncey M. Depew has been associated all his life, from the very day he left Yale college, with rich men. He was one of Commodore Vanderbilt's "boys," and has been the intimate of the commodore's sons. The Garretts, the Scotts, the Morgans, and all the kings of the railroad and banking world for twenty years and more have been among Mr. Depew's friends.

All of these gentlemen have been tackled by the fellows who are proverbially "short." There is a class of borrowers who want to exchange checks; that is, the borrower wants the check of a sound man to use immediately, and in return gives a check dated ten or more days ahead, when he expects that his own bank account will be rich enough to meet it. There is in this fraternity a set of downright swindlers, whose checks are returned with that exasperating stamp, "no funds." As Solomon said:

"My son, if thou be surety for thy friend, if thou hast stricken thy hand with a stranger, thou art snared with the words of thy mouth, thou art taken with the words of thy mouth."

Solomon evidently knew something about "hand-shakers." Dr. Depew has come to some conclusions also, and here they are:

"Never indorse an accommodation note. If you wish to help your friend, make up your mind how much you can afford to lose, and lend him that. He will consider seriously the repayment of this money, while your name on his paper will not receive a second thought. If his venture is a failure and your money is gone, you will not be greatly disappointed, and your compensation will be an approving conscience, and the satisfaction of having done the best you could for one whose appreciation of your effort you value. But your indorsement he regards as a mere formality. He believes in himself and has great contempt for your fears. At each renewal of the note he will want the amount increased or an additional note, on the plea of increasing business and opportunities. When you have become frightened at the sum for which he has made you responsible, and find that you must stop or be ruined, he will say that unless you aid him further he will be forced into bankruptcy, and you will be the cause. When he fails, as he inevitably will, you find that the money raised on your notes has paid enemies and strangers who insisted on his dealing with them on business principles, and that you are his largest, and perhaps his sole creditor. You are crippled financially for a time, and perhaps for life, by meeting the maturing obligations which you have indorsed, and your

former friend, now your bitter foe, is loudly proclaiming in his own justification that you are the author of his ruin. The result of your excursion in the careless lending of your name will be that you have lost both friend and fortune, and have discovered, perhaps, too late, that you are a fool. I have had in greater or less degree several such experiences."

It is said on good authority that Dr. Depew lost \$40,000 last year by indorsing notes. He'll never do it again, he says.—*New York Sun*.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

The preliminary work, incident to taking down the Ferris wheel on the Midway Plaisance, consisted of placing false work, engines and hoisting apparatus.

It will take ten weeks to take the wheel to pieces. The car that was used for carrying the Krupp gun will be used for carrying the seventy-ton axle. The material will be taken in five trains of thirty cars each to New York City. There are 3,000 tons of metal in the wheel, and 500,000 feet of timber is needed for the false work. Taking the wheel down will be more dangerous than putting it up. Only one life was lost in erecting the big attraction.

The expense of taking down, moving and rebuilding the wheel will be \$150,000. In New York it is to be placed at Thirty-seventh street and Broadway. Old Vienna will be reproduced around it. Here the wheel had 3,000 electric lights; in New York the number will be doubled. The old Ferris Wheel Company goes out of existence, and a new company, composed of New York men, has been formed. Superintendent L. V. Rice has charge of the removal.

During the fair the wheel went around 10,000 times and carried 2,000,000 passengers. The largest single load was carried October 19th, when at half-past twelve o'clock 1,768 people were in the cars. The largest day's business was October 10th, when 38,000 people were carried. October 9th, 10th and 11th there were 114,000 passengers, the largest average for any three days.—*Chicago Daily Tribune*.

A TRADITION OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Like all familiar customs whose origin is lost in antiquity, the wearing of orange blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following pretty legend from Spain:

An African prince presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange-tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair.

The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dot which the family considered necessary in a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily ambassador promptly offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she give him the branch and say nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on the way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of the daughter's treachery, the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding-day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

THE SENATOR'S DEFENSE.

"Senator, did you speculate in sugar stock?"

"I did not."

"Then how do you explain these telegrams in our possession, which show that you purchased 1,000 shares, and sold them at a profit of \$30 a share?"

"You asked if I speculated, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Webster's dictionary defines 'speculation' as a business venture involving unusual risks."

"Well?"

"Well, there was no speculation about my deal. It was a dead sure thing."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

RETURNED TO CANNIBALISM.

The natives of one of the Fiji islands have returned to cannibalism after abstinence from the practice for eighteen years. Times are hard in Fiji, and white man's provisions scarce. Christian missionaries have preached with good effect against the disgusting barbarism, but now the missionaries are likely to leave the savages to themselves for a time. It has been discovered that "missionary for dinner" on the Fiji invitation-card is more attractive than "missionary at dinner."

"DON'T TOBACCO SPIT OR SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Sold by all druggists. Book at druggist, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 Randolph St.; New York, 10 Spruce St.

SUGAR AND MUSCLE.

The fact that sugar is sweet is not its only recommendation as an article of diet. Recent scientific investigation has tended to increase our respect for it as an important factor in the development and nourishment of bodily strength and activity. Indeed, Dr. Vaughan Hardy has lately reported to the Royal Society in London the results of experiments which have led him to the belief that sugar is "the principal factor in the production of muscular energy."

He finds that sugar not only greatly increases the amount of muscular work that can be done, but also postpones the effects of fatigue.

When two hundred and fifty grams of sugar were added to the meals consumed during a day, the work accomplished in eight hours was increased between twenty-two and thirty-six per cent.

It should not be forgotten, however, that these experiments tell us nothing of the other effects of sugar, and therefore they cannot be quoted as scientific authority for overindulgence in the use of sweets. Use without abuse will always remain the great law of health.

MISREAD BY THE OPERATOR.

A Detroit drummer was made the victim of a cruel error recently, and he could scarcely be persuaded not to sue the telegraph company for irreparable, exemplary and punitive damages, besides going to the office with a club. It seems that while he was away on a trip a boy had come to his house, and the glad tidings were wired him on the spot. In response this telegram was received:

"Halleluah! I am experiencing the greatest joy of my life."

The fact that he does "celebrate" occasionally was against him, and such an open confession as this was dreadful, and the entire family was almost thrown into hysterics. Two days later he came home, and was pained by the reception he received. Explanations were demanded, and he showed a copy of the original telegram, which read:

"Halleluah! I am experiencing the greatest joy of my life."—*Detroit Free Press*.

PRESERVES THAT WILL KEEP.

A chemist of this city, who has been making a special study for the life and growth of ferment plants, says the remedy for this is double boiling. This must be done with a certain reason and system. If proper precautions are not observed, he says, you might keep right on boiling the things, time and again, all the year round, and still they would spoil. Boiling will kill all the ferment plants that are developed from the spores, but it will not kill the spores.

Spores of ferment plants require only from eight to twelve hours to develop. If they are left longer than this time the spores will have become new plants, and in turn have deposited new spores. To get rid of plants and spores, therefore, the preserves should have first a good boiling, and be set away in sealed vessels, and then about eight hours later be brought again just to a boiling heat. Treated in this way, the chemist says, no further trouble can occur unless new ferments get in from outside sources.—*New York Sun*.

TO SUPERSEDE THE COMPASS.

Very wonderful things are told of the solarometer, the instrument which is intended to take the place of a compass on shipboard, and give more accurate results than can possibly be obtained from that instrument. Without attempting to describe its construction, we may say that from a single observation of a heavenly body, the exact position of the ship in latitude and longitude may be determined. It has two great advantages over the compass. One lies in its furnishing the exact position of the ship, while the compass can indicate only the course, leaving the position to be worked out by dead reckoning or observation. The other is that it is not affected by the magnetism of an iron or steel vessel. The adjustment of a compass on such a ship has to be corrected frequently on account of polarization of the hull by the earth's currents.—*Hartford Courant*.

ORIGIN OF A FAMOUS PHRASE.

The Boston *Transcript* says that the phrase, "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute," did not originate in the popular determination to pay no more money to Barbary pirates to secure protection for American vessels, and that the word "penny" did not appear in the original.

"Charles Cotesworth Pinckney," it says, "minister of the United States sent to France to settle our differences with the directory, when approached by a French agent with an intimation that peace could be had only by the United States paying for it, retorted, 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.' Afterward, his words were adopted as our war-cry in the contest against the Tripoli pirates."

TOUGH TIMES.

Baker (disconsolately)—"I never saw times so hard."

Wife—"You have plenty of trade."

Baker—"Y-e-s; but flour has got so cheap that I will either have to stop baking bread or lower the price."—*New York Weekly*.

POWER OF STANDING STRAIGHT.

The Infanta Eulalie, who is at present staying in England for economy's sake, has uttered a great truth. She said:

"People meeting me casually sometimes fancy I am proud. I can only imagine it must be because I am so erect. Now, my sister sometimes laughingly complains that no one minds her. I always say, 'Then hold yourself straight.'"

And therein lies the secret of power. An erect carriage and a haughtily-held head avail more in commanding obedience than ancient lineage and large rent rolls.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Two improved farms. For particulars inquire of W. E. KNIGHT, Athens, Tenn.

LADIES Wanted to Write at Home. \$15 weekly. No canvassing. Reply with stamp. MISS FANNIE FELKNOR, South Bend, Ind.

80 Rods Fence for \$20.00. Men wanted to put up fence and sell fence tools. Big wages. Write T. J. ANDRE, Wauseon, Ohio.

EVERY FAMILY MUST HAVE IT.

MEN AND WOMEN MAKE \$500 TO \$1000 DAILY IN ITS SALE.

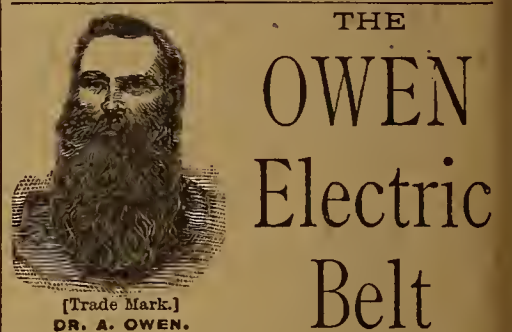
A MONOPOLY.—A substitute for an article as staple as flour. Finer in quality. Lower in price. Exclusive territory. Goods on consignment to be paid for when sold. Free samples for trial. Valuable premiums to canvassers and consumers. Kennedy Co. 291 W. Monroe St. Chicago.

FOUNTAIN DISH-WASHER.

Simplest on Earth. No labor to operate it. None but clean hot water touches the dishes. It washes, it rinses, it dries the dishes for family of 10 in 3 minutes' time, without wetting the hands. Ladies, it saves labor 365 days in the year. Send your address for circulars to C. D. DANIELS, Manufacturer and Prop., Agents Wanted. Madison, Ohio.



No. 4.—"Ha, ha! At last!"



[Trade Mark.] DR. A. OWEN.

Can Be Depended Upon to Do as Recommended Every Time.

A Sufferer from Epilepsy from Childhood Tries Many Different Doctors and Remedies Without Relief—Is Finally Cured with the

OWEN ELECTRIC BELT. WINDSOR, ILL., June 7, 1893.

DR. A. OWEN: Dear Sir.—I am 48 years old. Ever since childhood I have been ailing with epilepsy, and have tried different doctors and many remedies, but could not get cured. Seeing your advertisement in our newspaper I wrote to you for a catalogue, and nearly four years ago sent for one of your best \$20 belts. From the first time of applying the belt I got relief, and after a few weeks felt like a new being. I have not been troubled with epilepsy since then, and have not an ache or pain. I do not take cold like I used to do, and consider the Owen Electric Belts and Appliances the best remedy on the market. Upon my recommendation many of my friends have bought the Owen Belt, and always got the best results. Yours truly, MRS. M. E. TULL.

Persons making inquiries of the writers of testimonials will please inclose self-addressed stamped envelope to insure a prompt reply.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE Contains fullest information, list of diseases, cut of Belt and Appliances, prices, sworn testimonials and portraits of people who have been cured, etc. Published in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This valuable catalogue will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cents postage or free at our office.

THE OWEN Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

Main office and Only Factory, THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BUILDING, 201-211 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Largest Electric Belt Establishment in the world. When writing please mention this paper.

HELPING the OTHER FELLOW

Is the terse definition of altruism. Being an earnest disciple of this ethical principle, I offer a helping hand to all who through youthful folly or unhallowed pleasures have been caught in the maelstrom of mental and physical suffering, and whose fears and pains have been prolonged by unprincipled quacks. To all such I will send sealed free, a recipe of a simple remedy which restored me to mental health after everything else had failed. It will do the same for you. Address, C. H. MULLER, Box 1227, Kalamazoo, Mich.



CONDUCTED BY MRS. ELIZA R. PARKER,
AUTHOR OF "ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING."

SWEEPING AND SWEEPING.

It seems that very few people, even among those who are considered accomplished cleaners, ever sweep thoroughly; that is, according to the laws of hygiene as well as those of surface immaculateness, and some ideas on the subject were lately elicited that seem worth putting into practice.

From time immemorial woman has waged an incessant warfare against her natural enemy, dust; but instead of extinguishing it, or banishing it to the four winds, she usually succeeds only in driving it into corners or under carpets. Bridget does this in nearly all cases, and seldom fails to select for her objective point the very spot that by all the rules of common sense she should avoid. A door or a corner is her invariable selection for the guidance of the dust, and she usually begins with the broom, leaving what should be preliminaries to be settled afterward. But the thorough sweeper changes all this, and proceeds with her weekly cleaning in a systematic fashion that robs the six months' clearance of half its terrors.

First, she looks into the closets that open into the room, and puts to rout not the ancient dust, for of this it would be impossible to find any trace, but the moderate amount which has accumulated since the last sweeping, the hanging garments having been removed, and shelves and drawers put in order. Every movable article is then thoroughly dusted and placed in an adjoining room or hall; the bed well protected with a calico cover made for the purpose, and which is far nicer than a soiled sheet, while sofa or lounge and heavy chairs are protected in the same way.

It is now time for the step-ladder exercises, which consist of the careful wiping of the cornice, when that somewhat inaccessible point can be reached, pictures, curtain-poles and all other objects on the walls. The windows should be evenly opened top and bottom, and the inside blinds well dusted. By this time the air is well charged with dust, and so is the carpet, but the mistress of ceremonies knows that she has now gotten it just where she can manage it.

She now begins to sweep from the outer edges of the room toward the center, and takes the dust up there with a small broom and dust-pan. When this is disposed of, she dampens the long broom and goes over the floor again, thus removing every stray particle of dust, and brightening the carpet or matting wonderfully. Wet tea-leaves are often used for this purpose, as well as salt or wet pieces of paper, but the damp broom is less trouble and nearly, if not quite, as satisfactory.

An ordinary servant, one who takes no interest in her work except to get it done, and be herself free for some prospective outing, considers that her legitimate sweeping duties are confined to the use of the broom in its natural state. Small patience has she, therefore, with the "fussiness" of the mistress who demands such preparations, and she usually revenges herself by wearing out the broom as fast as possible. Patience and perseverance, however, will in the end succeed, and there comes a time when the exile of Erin no longer marshals a whirlwind of dust toward door or corner.

When the atmosphere is unmistakably free from the almost invisible particles that filled it, the banished articles of furniture can be replaced and the other ones uncovered, with the comfortable feeling that the lately dismantled room is now thoroughly clean and fit for human occupancy.

It is pleasant, unless the change seems

decidedly for the worse, to let various movable articles play "puss-in-the-corner" on sweeping-day, and try the effect of a little novelty. This gives a still fresher look to the room, and sometimes a great improvement. Curtains and portieres, which have, of course, been thoroughly shaken both before pinning them up and on taking them down, should have their folds spread apart as far as possible, to keep them from stringing, and if of plush or velours, they need to be gone over carefully with a soft brush. On these occasions, too, the maliciously elusive moth should be traced to its haunts and its future progeny destroyed.

Thorough work demands labor, and sweeping is not exactly a recreation; even the most forbearing can view it only in the light of the small boy's whipping, "it feels so good when the smart is over."

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

BILL OF FARE FOR SEPTEMBER.

CREAM TOAST.—Cut slices from a loaf of stale bread, toast brown; put a pint of cream in a quart cup and set on the fire to heat, add a teaspoonful of butter and a pinch of salt, pour over the toast, and serve hot.

STEWED SPRING CHICKEN.—Cut up two tender, young chickens, put in a saucepan, cover with hot water, add a little salt, and let boil until tender; season with five drops of onion-juice, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, with salt and pepper; rub a tablespoonful of butter and flour together, stir in a saucepan, let boil up once, take up and serve.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Take firm, ripe tomatoes, slice, sprinkle with salt, dip in very

SEPTEMBER BILL OF FARE.

BREAKFAST.

Melons.	
Rolls Wheat, Sugar and Cream.	
Graham Bread.	Stewed Chicken.
Cream Toast.	Fried Apples.
	Fried Tomatoes.
Coffee.	Tea.

DINNER.

Vegetable Soup.	
Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.	
Salmon Croquettes.	Currant Jelly.
Pickles.	Cabbage Salad.
Fried Cucumbers.	Lima Beans.
Boiled Onions.	Cheese.
Wafers.	Apple Dumplings.
	Hot Coffee.

SUPPER.

Thinly-sliced Bread and Butter.	
Cold Sliced Mutton.	Sardines.
Spiced Tomatoes.	Stewed Pears.
Sweet Cake.	Tea.

thin batter, and fry in boiling cottolene. Serve very hot.

FRIED APPLES.—Slice ripe, tart apples, drop in hot butter, turn until brown on both sides, sprinkle with sugar and powdered cinnamon.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Cut up one large onion, one turnip, one potato, two tomatoes and half a dozen pods of okra; fry in butter until brown, turn into a soup-kettle, pour over two quarts of cold water. Let boil slowly one hour, season with salt and pepper and serve.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—Wipe a leg of mutton with a damp towel. Dust a cloth with flour, and wrap the leg up in it, put it in a kettle, cover with boiling water, and let simmer gently fifteen minutes for every pound, add a teaspoonful of salt; when the mutton is done, remove the towel carefully, lay on a dish, garnish with parsley and serve with caper sauce.

CAPER SAUCE.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour to a smooth paste in a bowl, set in a pan of boiling water; thin the mixture with a large cupful of water, stir until smooth, add half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of capers, take from the fire.

SALMON CROQUETTES.—Open a can of salmon, chop fine, season with a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Mix. Put a teaspoonful of rich milk on to boil. Rub a teaspoonful of butter and three teaspoonfuls of flour together until smooth, and stir into the boiling milk; let cook ten minutes, add the salmon, stir until well mixed, and turn out on a dish to cool. When cold, form into

croquettes, dip first in beaten egg, then in grated bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat. Serve on a napkin garnished with parsley.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Cut up half a head of cabbage, put into a salad-bowl, sprinkle with salt, pour over half a pint of plain salad dressing. Set on ice until very cold.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—Pare three large cucumbers, slice thick, and soak in salt-water for ten minutes. Drain and press out the water. Roll each slice in grated cracker; fry in boiling fat and serve very hot.

LIMA BEANS.—Shell the beans, wash in cold water, put in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt. Let boil until tender. Take up, put in a heated dish, pour over melted butter and serve hot.

BOILED ONIONS.—Peel half a dozen onions, put them in a saucepan of boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt, set on the fire to boil until done. Take up carefully in a heated vegetable-dish, pour over cream sauce.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Peel and core tart, ripe apples. Make rich puff paste, roll out thin, cut in squares, lay an apple on each, and fold the dough over. Lay in a baking-pan, sprinkle the dumplings freely with sugar and flour, lay bits of butter over, and pour a teacupful of boiling water in the bottom of the pan. Bake in a very hot oven. Serve with the sauce in the pan.

COLD, SLICED MUTTON.—Cut thin slices from the cold mutton, trim free from gristle and fat. Arrange on a dish, garnish with cress and currant jelly.

STEWED PEARS.—Peel and core ripe pears, put in a preserve-kettle, cover with water and cook until tender; take up carefully, drop in thin syrup and cook until clear. Take up in a glass dish and set to cool.

SWEET CAKES.—Mix two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter and four beaten eggs well, add half a cupful of sweet milk, with flour to make soft dough, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Flavor with almond extract, roll thin, cut in little cakes, and bake in a very hot oven.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

A GROWLERY.

Women do not always realize that a man's sanctum is as dear to him as her own pet room is to his wife. A man needs a den of his own where he can hide, if he wishes, from the rest of the household. It adds to his happiness if he can have a place where he can shut himself in for a smoke and talk with a chosen friend, where he can make all the litter he wishes, leave the newspapers on the floor if he pleases, make all the muss his soul delights in without let or hindrance, and be happy in his own way. Even a very small room will serve for the master's den, if a large one cannot be spared.

As a general thing a man is grateful if even a hall bedroom is given him for exclusive use. Of course, it is harder to fit up such a room than one of generous size, and fanciful decoration is not possible.

A sofa of ample width is the first necessity, a table the next, and for the sake of saving space, a hanging frame for pipes and other smokers' appliances. There should be a comfortable chair in which to seat a friend, and hanging shelving for books. If desk-room is necessary, what is called a flap or leaf desk can be substituted. This is merely a square of thin wood, secured to the wall with hinges. When not in use it hangs closely against the wall like a panel. When needed for writing it is lifted and a leg, which is hidden in a groove in the under side, drops forward and forms a support.

If a large room can be appropriated for the purpose, the "growlery" may be made into a most attractive spot. It is seldom that a man will assume the responsibility of fitting up the room himself, but he generally reserves the right to criticize the results of his wife's efforts in that line.

To ward off adverse criticism, the furnisher must bear in mind that the dainty properties which abound on shelf and table in a woman's room, are generally disliked by a man. He agrees that they are pretty enough in a drawing-room, but believes them very detrimental to ease and comfort in his quarters, and he is quite right as regards himself. Something that won't break and never requires dusting would be a man's description of the only tolerable bric-a-brac to be used in his quarters. As such ideal ornaments have not yet come into market, Spartan simplicity in movable decoration had better be followed.

Men as a rule like positive color. Blue or red in the wall-paper will be effective if the room is amply lighted. If the

aspect is dark, a pale cream cartridge-paper may be agreeably used, with a frieze of real or imitation leather on which a Greek or festoon pattern is made with double lines of small, brass nails.

The floor should be stained and supplied with a good-sized single center rug rather than with several smaller ones dotted about. The latter are apt to be kicked about and tumbled over in a way that produces the confusion that a man likes to make, but hates to see.

Both beauty and utility should be considered in the hangings for door and windows. The colors and materials that are pleasing in a library are suitable in this position. Although some one has said with a certain amount of truth, that no material with a pile, or nap, should ever be used in a room devoted to smokers' use. Probably such fabrics absorb and retain the odor of stale tobacco more than those of smooth surface.

The walls, where strict economy is not an eminent consideration, afford a fine ground for the exercise of taste. Antlers, silver-mounted hoofs of large and small, fleet-footed animals and other trophies of the chase cannot be too abundant. Oil-paintings or engravings of animals of the kinds that are shot, hunted or caught, are also interesting to most men. If there is still unoccupied space, it may be filled with racks for holding fishing and shooting paraphernalia. The shrine dedicated to my Lady Nicotine may be a set of hanging book-shelves of superior character, with curtains half their height, to contain some of the less beautiful appurtenances, the two upper shelves being exposed to allow the exhibition of infrequently-used show-pipes and fanciful jars. If an air of mystery is a desideratum with the owner of the den, a capacious hanging cabinet with beveled glass doors, obscured by shirred silk fastened on the back of them, will be highly approved of by the master of the place.

There are crusades enough against tobacco, and I am not writing in defense of its use; but if one is preparing a man's room, and that man is a smoker, one may as well arrange for the accommodation of his favorite fancy. It is better to provide a place for the neat and orderly keeping of a smoker's paraphernalia than to have the table littered with them, and an air of unsettled discomfort thus given to the whole room.

It may be that the housekeeper's purse will not allow much luxury in fitting up the "growlery," but she can surely "crib" a stand from one room, a chair from another, and even a rag-carpet rug and modest cheese-cloth curtains will be gratefully received as furnishings by a man who has never before had a little den of his own to which he could "steal awhile away" at times.

An English authority on decoration, speaking of a man's library or reading-room, or indeed of any apartment dedicated especially to the use of one of the sterner sex, says, "Please the eye by hanging on the wall pictures of the chase, of notable horses and of favorite actresses." With due deference to this expert's opinion, I should advise substituting for the distinguished actresses, a well-framed photograph of the woman who fitted up the growlery for the occupant's comfort.

M. C. HUNGERFORD.

THE SNAIL'S MOUTH.

"It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with a devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant-looking snail's mouth, for that animal could outdevour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle, that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation."

"Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clear-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as thirty thousand of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp, and only a few of them are used at a time. Not exactly only a few of them, but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have four thousand or five thousand of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight.

"By use the teeth wear off or become dulled. When the snail finds that this tool is becoming blunted, he uncoils another section and works that out until he has come to the end of his coil. Then he coils the tongue up again, and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon, the teeth have grown in again in the idle portions—the saw has been filed and reset, so to speak—and while he is using them the teeth in the back part of the coil are renewed. So I think I am right in saying that if any large beast of prey was fitted up with such a devouring apparatus as the snail has, it would go hard with the rest of the animal kingdom."

Care and Culture of Flowers

CONDUCTED BY

GEO. W. PARK, B. Sc., LIBONIA, PA.

To whom all communications on Floriculture should be addressed.

All who love flowers are invited to write for this department. Questions, reports of successes or failures, and everything of interest to the amateur florist will have the editor's timely and careful attention. Letters requesting information by mail must contain stamps for return postage.

SOME GOOD, HARDY CLIMBERS.

If you have any unsightly outbuildings, cover them with vines. Plant them near the porch, or train over trellises in the yard. Nothing adds more to the looks of a home than a few vines rightly placed and cared for. The clematis is a good vine. The roots are perfectly hardy, but the tops die down to the ground every winter. They are rapid growers. The earth where they are to be planted, should be dug deeply and made quite rich. Water should be given often during hot, dry weather. Clematis Jackmanii has blossoms of a rich, velvety purple. They are often from four to six inches in diameter, and the vine is literally covered from July till frost. Coccinea has small, bell-shaped blossoms. They are very attractive, being bright, rosy scarlet. Crispa is fine, deep blue with a white border. Fragrant Lady Caroline Neville produces blossoms from six to seven inches in diameter. They are delicate bluish-white, with a purplish lilac band through the center of each sepal. Clematis may be grown from seeds, but they often lie in the ground one year or more before they germinate.

Among the honeysuckles we have the Halliana, a new white monthly sort. The foliage remains green all winter. It is perfectly hardy, fragrant, a rapid grower and a constant bloomer, never being without blossoms from June until October. Lonicera sempervirens, or coral honeysuckle, is a native of Florida. The flowers are scarlet outside and yellow within, tub-shaped, and followed by red, currant-like berries.

Wistaria is a fine climber introduced from China in 1818. There are two varieties, blue and white. The vines grow thirty or more feet during the season. The blossoms are borne in racemes often more than a foot in length.

The old trumpet-creeper is a good climber for covering walls or old buildings. It will cling to anything with a tenacity that defies the wildest tempest. The foliage is very pretty, the blossoms bright red, orange and trumpet-shaped. It is a rapid grower and hardy anywhere.

Apios tuberosa is a new climber that is highly spoken of.

J. A. L.

Tillamook county, Oregon.

[NOTE.—Hall's honeysuckle, above recommended, is evergreen only in mild climates, or mild winters in severe climates. It is, however, a first-class vine, and the best of all vines for forming a hedge. Apios tuberosa is a native vine, rather pretty when in bloom, but the flowers are not of a brilliant color, and they last but a short time when in bloom. As a rule it is a vine that causes disappointment, partly on account of the overpraise of florists who offer it for sale.—Ed.]

THE DOUBLE PETUNIA.

I have never seen any mention made in this department of the value of the double petunia as a bedding plant. We consider it one of the prettiest of flowers, and one that is also easily raised. The double white and double pink, slightly fringed, are both beautiful, almost as pretty as roses.

The white seems inclined to grow taller, and not so compact and bushy as the pink variety, and therefore, when bedding, should be put in the center of the bed. The double petunia is very hardy when used as a house-plant, and will endure more ill treatment than most plants. With us it has never been troubled with insects, and requires but ordinary care. One old plant of each color, kept through the winter, will often bloom profusely, and in early spring can be cut into slips for bedding purposes.

Last spring I cut a number of slips from a pink petunia, and rooted them in a pan of dirt. I gave away several slips, and when the weather became warm enough, set about half a dozen in one bed, and now, the middle of July, they are a mass of flowers and buds. I would not undertake to count the buds. It is a plant which the more you pick the flowers the better it will blossom. Like pansies, the flowers are fine when cut and arranged in a low dish, and they retain their freshness longer than most other flowers.

My old plant I placed in the center of a flower-tub, made by using the lower half of a barrel which had been sawed in two. This tub was filled with dirt, and ground-ivy planted around the edge. The plant grows luxuriantly, and covers the tub.

Wright county, Minn. Mrs. O. W. C.

[NOTE.—Young plants of double petunia, started from cuttings in August or early September, bloom well in winter in a south window.—Ed.]

A BEAUTIFUL CUPHEA.

So many new flowers are overpraised that a really handsome and desirable one may be advertised in a modest way without attracting any special attention. The new Cuphea tricolor is one of these. It is of the easiest culture, branches freely and forms a symmetrical head, each branch terminating in a cluster of brilliant, showy flowers which spring from the axils of the leaves. As the branches grow, new buds are produced, and consequently the plant is always in bloom. The banner petals of the flowers are of the most intense scarlet, and the central and lower parts are royal purple and white, making the most attractive combination and striking contrast imaginable. For winter blooming this exquisite flower is highly recommended, and its beauty as well as ease of culture commends it to all who have a window garden. It will doubtless soon become popular, and those who want a novelty the coming winter, one that is inexpensive, yet will excite the wonder and admiration of their flower-loving friends, should not fail to get a plant of this new cuphea this autumn. It will prove a source of unbounded pleasure and satisfaction.

SOLANUM RACEMIGERUM.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been taking the LADIES HOME COMPANION for nearly two years, and think it a very nice paper. I would not care to be without it. I read all about the treatment of plants. I have a currant house-plant which has red currants on, and I would be glad to exchange some seeds with any of the writers.

ETHELLE LOOMIS.

Adams, Mass., Box 1142.

[NOTE.—The "currant house-plant" is probably Solanum racemigerum, which bears currant-like racemes of scarlet fruit.—Ed.]

A TULIP FREAK.

A sister sends a pressed specimen of a tulip of the variety known as Titian, which ordinarily bears a showy double flower of



A TULIP FREAK.

deep crimson with yellow margin. This specimen contained a leaf which was beautifully variegated green and yellow and crimson, as represented in the sketch at a. Above this was the flower (b) in its gorgeous colors, and from the center of the flower issued a stem bearing a petal-like leaf, indicated at c, the stem terminating in a flower-like tuft, as represented at d. It is not uncommon for the Titian tulip to show several colored bracts along the stem, but the specimen illustrated is a novelty—a monstrosity not often found.

POPPIES.

While the professionals are urging the amateurs to plant Holland bulbs for spring, I would like to say a few words for the poppy. By all means have all the spring-flowering bulbs you can procure, but do not neglect a packet of poppy seed at the same time. I would advise you to get three or four packets of different kinds, or if not able to do that, get one packet of mixed seeds. My poppy-bed was a thing of beauty from the first of May to the last of summer. I planted my seed the last of September, in a large, square bed, and the small plants commenced to peep up with the crocuses in the spring, and oh, how they did grow! I had mixed seed, and after the plants commenced to bloom, I found some new color nearly every morning.

My bed was on a kind of hillock, where they had excellent drainage, and not one single plant rotted. I find they are very apt to rot if not provided with the best of drainage, and they must have the full rays of the sun. The ones sown in September will give an abundance of bloom from the first of May until the latter part of July. I always sow fresh seeds in April, in the same bed, so when the old ones give out the new ones are ready to take their places. They must be watched, and all the faded flowers picked off and not allowed to form seed-pods, as that wastes the plants, and I find that by pinching back the young plants it makes them stronger, and you will get more flowers than if they were left to themselves. A handful of the flowers thrown loosely into a vase, will brighten

up a room wonderfully, but they should never be mixed with other flowers. A few sprays of ferns for a background makes their brilliant flowers show off to better advantage. The Shirley strain seems the hardiest, and the flowers are beautiful. The Rosebud poppies are beautiful, but do not seem so hardy or easily grown as the Shirley.

LAURA JONES.

Lincoln county, Ky.

ABOUT THE CARE OF WATER-HYACINTH.

MR. EDITOR:—Why don't my water-hyacinth grow? It swims on the top of the water, and won't stay down in the mud like the one I had last summer. It has not grown one bit, although it has the same treatment the other had.

Mrs. W.

Licking county, Ohio.

ANSWER.—It is possible that the water is too deep for the plant. The leaves should be above the water, while the roots must be imbedded either in soil or in moss or in other material. When it is desired to grow water-hyacinth in deep water, a mass of rooting material, such as sphagnum moss, should be placed about the roots. This material will float, and especially when aided by the inflated stems of the plant. In shallow water the plants grow and bloom well when the roots are imbedded in rich earth. But they will do equally as well in decaying moss or garbage floating upon deep water. When so grown, the plants bloom freely in a sunny exposure. In a shady place the growth is more vigorous, but the spikes of bloom are not so generously produced.

LOTUS FROM SEED.

MR. EDITOR:—I see in your issue of July 1st that lotus can be grown from seed. Can you inform me where I can obtain the seeds, and at what time it is best to plant them? Will the tubers live in a tub in this cold country, as spoken of in the magazine? Please give me the information necessary. Also, where can I get the lily spoken of in the same article as "beautiful native lily."

Scott county, Iowa.

Mrs. A. M.

ANSWER:—Most of the popular seedsmen can supply the seeds of Egyptian lotus. They are usually sown in the spring. The tubers will live in a tub placed in the cellar during the winter. The native water-lily can be had of florists, and should be obtained early in spring to get the best results. Both these aquatics like a boggy soil in summer. In winter they are quite as well satisfied in a dryer soil, with less watering.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES.

The Eschscholtzia is very free-blooming, and a bed of them in the garden is much admired, as it lies not far from the road. Many people exclaim, "What is that satiny blazo over yonder?" I planted one packet of mixed seed, and have about thirty plants; part of the plants were killed by the March "norther." There are three shades—a deep saffron yellow, very large; a paler yellow, with dark center, and a cream-white one. I have a few ripe seed-pods already (June 13th), but the plants show no sign of overbearing or maturity. The foliage, being a pea-green, is lovely for foliage to go with the cut flowers. I have never before known how much more lovely flowers were grown in masses, but shall hereafter grow the California poppy in that way.

LISSA GARDNER BOWMAN.

Texas.

A NEAT BASKET-PLANT.

A neat little basket-plant is Othonna crassifolia. The foliage is of a light green color, succulent, and is thickly produced on long, drooping stems. At certain times, and especially in the spring of the year, the plant is well set with golden-yellow, daisy-like flowers, which adds much to its attractiveness and beauty. Like all other plants of a succulent nature, this othonna likes a moderately dry soil and atmosphere. It is therefore well adapted for hanging-pots or vases, in the living-room, as these vessels often dry out too much for moisture-loving plants in the dry air of the room, unless regularly watered. Properly cared for the branches will droop several feet, and when in bloom appear as wreaths of green and gold.

DAPHNE FOR WINTER BLOOMING.

Daphne odorata is a good plant for blooming during the holidays. The plant is easily cared for, seldom troubled with insects, and has bright, shining leaves similar to those of an orange. It claims a right to grow after it is through blooming, as that is when it puts forth its new branches. My daphne is now about thirty-one inches high, and in an eight-inch pot, is round, branching and bushy. I presume it would be larger if it had more root-room, but it is more easily taken care of as it is, and it seems satisfied with its treatment. I let it alone, except to take out old earth and put in new about once a year. I usually use a liquid fertilizer over winter.

Williams county, Ohio.

LAUREL.

CLEMATIS JACKMANII.

I have had C. Jackmanii for six years, and must say it is a beautiful vine. It was just a mass of purple when it was in bloom the past summer. Some claim that it is as hardy as an oak, but mine freezes down to the ground every winter, and comes up from the roots every spring. It grows so rapidly that it soon attains the same height every season. It is not a perpetual bloomer. Mine has its season of blooming the same as summer roses, which is from July 4th till August 10th, perhaps a little longer. It grows in a bed made in sod, which, years ago, was an old orchard, but which is now laid out in ornamental grounds.

JOAN.

Linn county, Iowa.

LETTER FROM A SISTER.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been a subscriber to the LADIES HOME COMPANION for two years, and enjoy it very much. As I am a great lover of flowers, I naturally turn to the floral department first, and have received much assistance from it. Of course, living in the city, we are unable to enjoy the raising of flowers to any extent, but mother's garden at home was the pride and talk of the village. She had abundance of flowers of all kinds. They were the first to bloom, and lasted the longest. I see that one of our flower-loving sisters has a night-blooming cactus, a species of Epiphyllum. I would like to ask where I could get a slip, as mother had one that grew very large, had fourteen blossoms on it one summer, eight at one time. The original plant was her aunt's, and grew so large it was unmanageable, and so slips had to be taken from it. But before that it had forty blossoms on it at one time. I don't know where it was raised, but I think in Connecticut. I have never seen one since, and unfortunately mother's was frozen. I should like very much to have one, and would like to know where I could get a slip, and at about what price.

St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. J. O.

[NOTE.—The plant referred to is probably Phyllocactus latifrons, commonly known as Queen cactus. It may be had of most florists who issue catalogues, at from ten to fifteen cents each.—Ed.]

HELLEBORE FOR SLUGS.

A serious fright took possession of me a few mornings past, for when making my daily rounds among my flowers, I discovered the slugs making sad havoc among my twenty-five tea-roses. Sisters, it was upon a Sabbath morning, yet you, I am positive, will say that I was entitled to a pardon, when I tell you that I at once prepared a solution of white hellebore and rushed to the slaughter. Ah, too well I knew what would be the result of a postponement, even for another twenty-four hours, so saved my pets, and they have recovered! There are so many who are ignorant of this useful insecticide, that I feel justified when I make frequent mention of its virtue.

OHIO SISTER.

Franklin county, Ohio.

CHINESE HIBISCUS.

These are beautiful, shrubby plants growing from one and one half to two and one half feet high, and producing an abundance of large, showy flowers from June until October. As they are of branching habit, they require a good deal of room, and should not be placed too close together nor too near other plants. They are easily raised from seed. The flowers are three or four inches across, and the colors are very bright and beautiful. Some are deep crimson, others scarlet, rose, white, buff and creamy yellow, while others are beautifully striped.

J. A. L.

Tillamook county, Oregon.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—Tell me if the bloom of the mock-orange is as large as the syringa. One here is only about half as large, and some say it is natural for it. Also tell me about the Boston ivy. I set one out this spring. The leaves all died, and it has not grown at all. I have taken the best possible care, too, for I am a great lover of flowers. The floral department is the most interesting of all the COMPANION, although it is all good, of course. Why don't we see more about roses in this department? They are my favorites. Will write again and tell about our Oklahoma flowers.

H. B. D.

Herron, Okla.

ANSWER:—There is some misunderstanding about the names mock-orange and syringa. The former, as generally known, is a species of Philadelphus, and is called mock-orange because of its fragrance, which some persons fancy resembles that of orange flowers. The syringa is the well-known lilac, which bears its flowers in panicles. These shrubs are not nearly related, nor do they bear resemblance. Philadelphus is a member of the saxifrage family, and syringa of the olea family, or olive-roots. The Boston ivy, Ampelopsis veitchii, is a deciduous vine, and requires an annual season of rest, during which period it drops its leaves. It may be that the plant set out had an untimely growth, and needed rest. If so, it will grow satisfactorily later in the season. If the plant does not become well established the first year, it will not endure the winter in a severe climate without protection. Roses are among the popular topics treated in the COMPANION, and should, if they do not, receive a fair share of the space accorded to floriculture.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you kindly tell me what to do for my monthly rose-bush? I have had it for two years, but it does not bloom. This last month it had about eight buds on, but when they began to open, a minute insect ate the petals, and the buds finally dropped off. Also, what shall I do for the greenfly?

F. E. B.

Lancaster county, Pa.

ANSWER:—To do well, monthly roses should be mulched in summer, especially if the bed is fully exposed to the sun. Use well-rotted stable manure, if it can be obtained, and apply liberally. In the autumn stir it into the surface. This treatment will keep the soil cool and moist during the heated term, and will enrich the soil as well, and promote the growth and bloom of the bushes. To get rid of enemies which eat the leaves or buds, sprinkle with water into which has been stirred Paris green or dissolved arsenic. To eradicate the greenfly, syringe with kerosene emulsion or even with water, dashing the material with force, so as to clean the foliage.

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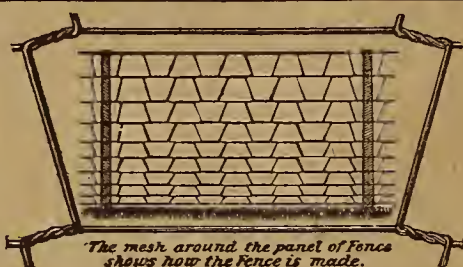
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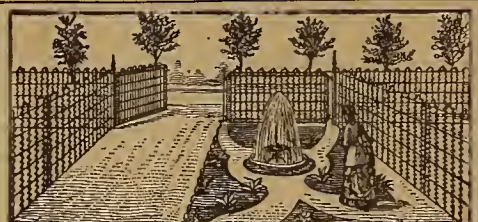
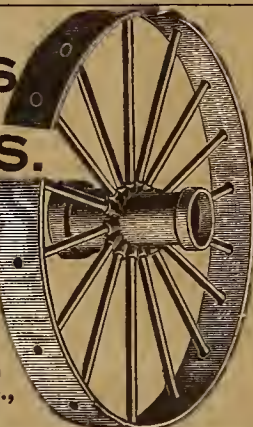
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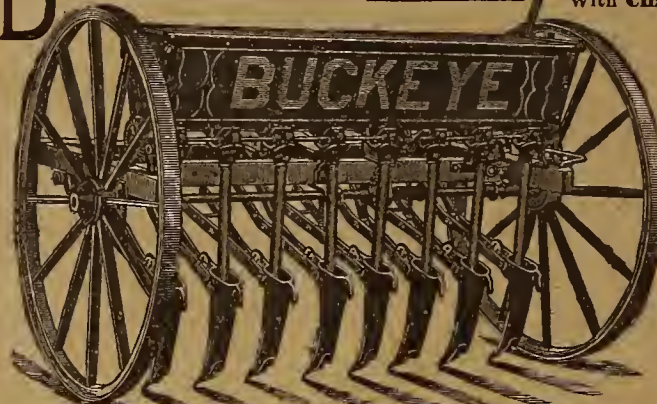
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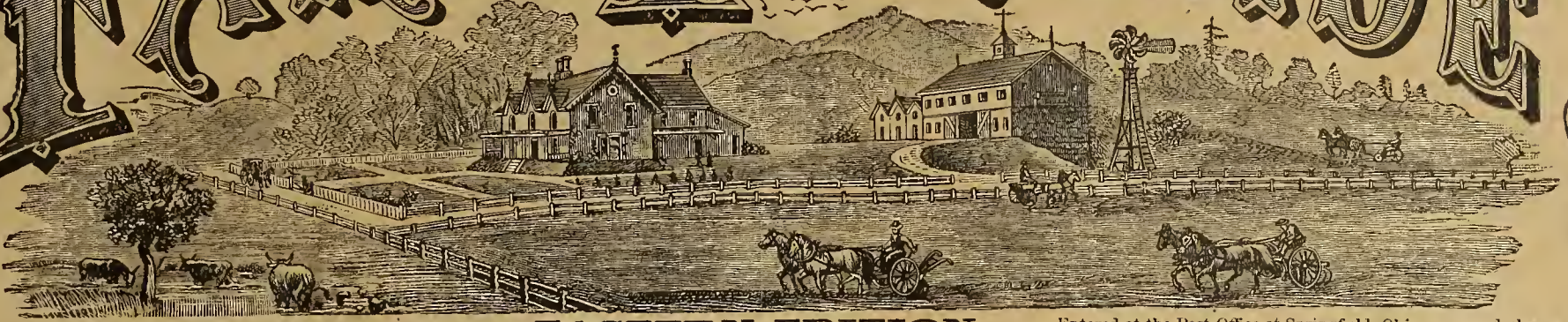
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TERMS { 50 CENTS A YEAR.
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INFORMATION FOR ADVERTISERS.

The average circulation per issue of the Farm and Fireside for the year ending September 15, 1894, has been

283,696 COPIES

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Topics of the Time.

INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM.

The September Review of Reviews contains a translation by Prof. E. B. Andrews of the declaration of the bimetallist members of the German silver commission, which reads in part as follows:

"I. We consider it proved by science and experience, and partly, in fact, by the admissions of prominent adherents of the sole-gold standard, that the power of gold to purchase goods has risen since the general extension of the gold standard (1873), is still rising to-day, and must continue to rise.

"1. The rise in the purchasing power of gold—that is, the general fall in the price level of commodities—was predicted by the well-known monetary writers, Wolowski and Ernst Seyd, in 1868, before the introduction of the gold standard. Robert Giffen, recognized as one of the best authorities of the gold-standard party, declared in 1888: 'If events are the touchstones of prophecies, no prophecy was ever more certain than the increased dearness of gold. That the fall of prices throughout a compass so general as that in which we now see it falling is to be referred to an elevation in the purchasing power of gold, is generally, and I might almost say universally admitted.'

"2. The attempt to refer this lowering in the general level of prices to other causes, lying outside the coinage system, for instance, to cheapening and improvement in means of communication, to the perfecting of processes and machines for the production of goods, etc., must be considered a failure, for the reason that the same causes were present in the same strength during the twenty-year period before 1873, though at that time there was observable a gradual elevation in the prices of goods in general; while, since 1873—that is, since the beginning of the fall in the gold price of silver through the introduction of the gold standard in Germany—a sharp and permanent lowering in general prices has come in.

"3. The objection that many things, as city rents, securities, and most of all, wages have increased in price is without weight, because in all these things power-

ful special factors have been influencing prices.

"II. The advance in the purchasing power of gold, proved in our judgment beyond refutation, brought about by the disuse of full silver money, and the adoption of a gold standard, has demonstrably produced the following industrial evils:

"1. An incessantly heavier and heavier burden is falling on the debtor in favor of the creditor.

"2. This injury to the debtor must at last involve the creditor, since the debtor is becoming unable to pay.

"3. A set-back to German agriculture is manifest, referable, on the one hand, to the necessity of selling a constantly increasing amount of depreciated agricultural products in order to pay wages, interest, rent, leases, taxes; and on the other hand, to the increased power of competition on the part of other countries, silver countries, that is, and countries on a money basis of depreciated paper.

"4. The demonetization of silver is also working a more and more visible injury to German manufacturing industry.

"5. A suppression of the desire to engage in industry is the natural result of falling prices.

"6. Capital cannot permanently keep clear of the injuries which debtors suffer, nor can it remain unaffected by the falling off of production.

"7. Constantly increasing difficulty befalls countries which are financially involved by having gold debts to pay. Instead of being able to reduce their finances to order, they are confronted with an increasing agio on gold, and also, corresponding to this, with an increase of the premium upon the products which they export.

"8. There results a permanent injury and exhaustion of Germany's silver-mining industry, which cannot be normally carried on at the present prices of silver.

"9. A falling off amounting to billions is taking place in the value of the nation's land and soil, threatening particularly the agricultural districts of the eastern provinces; while the growth taking place in great cities and manufacturing centers is going on in an unhealthy way.

"10. The depopulation of the rural sections means a weakening of the German military power.

"11. The fall in the gold price of silver severely endangers our monetary circulation.

"12. All these evils lead every now and then to crises."

"13. Beyond all question we have to anticipate a still more acute development of these evils.

"III. Nothing but a restitution of silver to its former coequality with gold as a monetary metal can bring the needed relief.

"1. The persistent fall of general prices would cease, the prices of all products would again be determined in a normal way, and agriculture and other industries would flourish anew.

"People's fears touching money depreciation, inflation and injury to creditors, supposing silver to be restored, rest upon exaggerations. International free coinage would at most leave barely enough excess of gold and silver over the industrial demand to keep pace with the increase of business and population and with the constant addition of new countries to the civilized portion of the world.

"2. When prices rise, both the impulse to undertake industrial enterprises and the rate of interest also rise, working an advantage to capital which fully makes

good any possible diminution in the purchasing power of money.

"3. Were it possible to make specie payments in silver as well as in gold, it would be easier for countries with depreciated paper money to regulate their finances.

"4. A period of general advance in material prosperity would rob of all significance the agrarian, anti-Semitic and Socialist-Democrat movements of agitators, and prevent the mutual bitterness of our political factions from becoming, as it now threatens to become, more acute.

"5. Instead of the separate measures of value now actually in use by the world's commerce—gold alone in some countries and silver alone in others—there would be a single measure of value for all mankind, that secured through gold and silver together by rendering invariable their values relatively to one another.

"If it is objected that the restitution of silver would occasion for Germany a crisis whose limits could not be foreseen, it must be noticed in the first place that we do not strive for any interposition on behalf of silver save on the basis of an international agreement. No sort of distrust can be occasioned by bimetallism when it is introduced simultaneously in all the great nations."

WHEAT AS A FOOD FOR STOCK.

One of the very unusual things in these remarkable times is the higher market price for corn than for wheat. The low price of wheat and the high price of corn have compelled farmers to study questions relating to the disposal of these crops and to the feeding of farm animals more carefully than they have ever done before.

The Department of Agriculture has published a circular of useful and timely information on wheat as food for stock, which should be in the hands of every grain grower in the land. It can be obtained on application to the secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C. In conclusion, the circular says:

"When wheat and corn are the same price per bushel, it is preferable to feed wheat and sell corn. First, because wheat weighs seven per cent per bushel heavier than corn; second because wheat is, weight for weight, an equally good grain for fattening animals and better for growing animals; and third, because there is much less value in fertilizing elements removed from the farm in corn than in wheat.

"There are certain points to be borne in mind when one is commencing to feed wheat. Our domesticated animals are all very fond of it, but are not accustomed to eating it. Precautions should consequently be observed to prevent accidents and disease from its use. It is a matter of common observation that when full-fed horses are changed from old to new oats, they are liable to attacks of indigestion, colic and founder. If such results follow the change from old to new oats, how much more likely are they to follow a radical change, such as that from oats to wheat? For this reason, wheat should at first be fed in small quantities. It should, when possible, be mixed with some other grain, and care should be taken to prevent any one animal from getting more than the quantity intended for it. These precautions are especially necessary when wheat is fed to horses, as these animals are peculiarly liable to colic and other disturbances of the digestive organs, accompanied or followed by laminitis. Cattle, sheep and hogs frequently crowd each other from the troughs, in which case some individuals obtain more than their share, and may

bring on serious or fatal attacks of indigestion.

"The best form in which to feed wheat is to roll or grind it into a coarse meal. It may then be fed alone, or mixed with corn-meal or ground oats. When ground fine it is pasty, and adheres to the teeth, gums and cheeks, so that it is not so readily masticated or eaten. In the form of coarse meal it is relished by all animals, it is in a condition to be attacked by the digestive processes whether thoroughly masticated or not, and in most cases gives the best results. Dr. Gilbert appears to have better results from whole than from ground wheat when fed to sheep. Sheep feeders may therefore experiment with whole wheat, but wheat-meal will certainly be found to give better results with all other kinds of animals.

"The number of pounds of live weight that may be produced by feeding a bushel of wheat will evidently vary according to the age and condition of the animal fed. Prof. Robertson, at the Ottawa experiment station, fed frozen wheat to hogs, and secured from 9.1 to 15.46 pounds, live weight, from a bushel, the greater increase being from young, growing animals, and the smaller from those which were fattening. At the South Dakota experiment station, the hogs fed ground wheat required 4.81 pounds, and those fed whole wheat required 4.91 pounds for one pound gain in live weight."

For many months past the feeding of wheat to farm stock has been advocated by such excellent authorities as Prof. W. A. Henry. It is already in successful practice in many parts of the country, and the practice is daily extending. Its first and desirable effects will be to restore the equilibrium of price between wheat and corn, and cut down the surplus of wheat that bears down its market price below profitable production.

FOREST FIRES.

To the other calamities caused by the long drought, forest fires in the Northwest have added terrible destruction of life and property. In one region of over a thousand square miles, forests, farm improvements and whole villages were swept away. Unknown hundreds of people perished in the flames. Thousands who escaped the horrible death were impoverished, having lost all that fire could destroy. Their condition appealed to the public for sympathy and charity, and not in vain, for assistance was willingly and promptly furnished.

Something more than the exercise of philanthropy is called for. The immediate and general adoption of measures to prevent or limit forest fires is needed to make life and property secure in the lumber regions. This disaster was an incident of the protracted drought. Droughts are no longer unusual. Rarely does a summer pass without severe droughts in some parts of the country. And whenever they occur in the lumber regions, conditions are now such as favor widespread and destructive conflagrations. These conditions are made by the lumbermen themselves. After they have gone through a forest and taken out the commercial timber, the ground is covered with branches, tree-tops and broken-down small trees. In a few months these form a continuous, dry brush-heap, ready to be ignited by a spark; and when once started, the fire sweeps over the country like a hurricane.

In the lumber regions there is not only a wanton waste of the young timber in the felling and removal of the large trees, but a criminal carelessness that makes conditions favorable for just such disasters as that which lately horrified the whole country.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

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FARM AND FIRESIDE,
Springfield, Ohio.

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We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

A Reminder. Bulletins and reports published by the Department of Agriculture may be obtained free on application. For example, copies of the mushroom papers mentioned in recent numbers of this paper may be obtained by sending application either to the secretary of agriculture, or to Dr. Thomas Taylor, chief division of microscopy, Washington, D. C. The reminder we wish to give our readers is that when they receive copies of such reports or bulletins they should promptly acknowledge the receipt of the same by postal. When this is done, their postal is filed and address listed, and other reports of like character are forwarded on publication.

Antioleo Bill. The House committee on agriculture favorably reported the Grout bill, placing butter imitations under the police laws of states into which they are transported for sale. Under the famous "original package" decision, state laws against the fraudulent sale of counterfeit dairy products are being generally nullified. Mr. C. W. Horr, president of the National Dairy Union, was chairman of a committee that presented the arguments in favor of the Grout bill to the House committee on agriculture. In an open letter to producers, dealers and consumers of dairy products, Mr. Horr gratefully acknowledges the efficient services of Representatives Hatch, of Missouri, and Hainer, of Missouri, in behalf of the dairymen of the country, and says:

"I venture the statement also that the committee owe their success largely to the effect of their appeals directed straight and square to the sense of justice, to the sound judgment, and not to the passions and prejudices of the members of the committee on agriculture. In our argument we planted ourselves squarely upon the declaration of the purposes of our Union, as set forth in its constitution. We claimed simply the right to prevent the manufacture and sale of imitation dairy products that are counterfeits, that are purposely manufactured in imitation of genuine butter and cheese in order to deceive the purchaser and the consumer. We unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly admitted the right to any one and everyone to manufacture without let or hindrance, oleo and filled cheese or any healthful article of food, provided that the same is manufactured and sold honestly, without deception and without fraud. It seems to me, and it seemed to the other members of our com-

mittee, that there can be no doubt about the success of the N. D. U., provided the farmers, manufacturers and dealers interested in genuine butter and cheese give the National Dairy Union prompt and hearty support.

"We need money for legitimate expenses, and we need the power and influence that come from the weight of numbers. Within two or three months we should be making the necessary arrangements for our annual meeting, which is to be held in Washington on the second Tuesday of January next. It should be our purpose to make this annual meeting a great success in enthusiasm and in numbers."

Sorghum Syrup. The division of chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture recently issued a circular, entitled "The Manufacture of Sorghum Syrup," which should be read by every sorghum grower and syrup-maker in the country. We say by every grower, because a large part of the sorghum syrup made at the thousands of small mills throughout the country is consumed by the families of the growers, and they ought to know that a superior article of syrup, free from rank flavor, can easily be made by the improved processes plainly described in this circular. Consumers are entitled to the best article that can be produced, and makers will profitably enlarge their business by furnishing it. With the introduction of new processes of sugar-making, the famous open-kettle cane molasses, or genuine "Orleans molasses," of Louisiana, will soon be a thing of the past, and high-grade sorghum syrup may become a standard article for the grocery trade. No trust in this "sweet-nin'." This circular of useful information can be obtained free on request. Address Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Choice Wheats. The following table gives the average yield per acre and the average weight per bushel of twenty-one differently-named sorts of wheat, grown in comparative test by the Ohio experiment station during the nine years, 1886 to 1894 inclusive; the first seven years in Franklin county and the last two in Wayne county:

VARIETY.	Average yield per acre.	VARIETY.	Average weight per bushel.
	Bus		Lbs
Valley.....	34 83	Velvet Chaff.....	60 86
Poole.....	34 19	Deitz.....	60 60
Nigger.....	33 86	Egyptian.....	60 44
Red Fultz.....	33 74	Nigger.....	60 30
Tuscan Island.....	33 44	Wyandot.....	60 30
Egyptian.....	33 17	Martin's Amber.....	60 28
Diehl Mediter'an.....	32 26	Diehl Mediter'an.....	60 11
Deitz.....	32 24	Extra Early Oakley.....	60 06
Wyandot.....	31 59	Valley.....	59 97
Velvet Chaff.....	31 53	Fultz.....	59 72
Democrat.....	31 31	Democrat.....	59 47
Surprise.....	30 31	Theiss.....	59 36
Clawson.....	30 22	Tuscan Island.....	59 22
Silver Chaff.....	30 06	Mediterranean.....	59 21
Mediterranean.....	29 96	Poole.....	59 11
Golden Prolific.....	29 77	Miller's Prolific.....	59 10
Tasmanian Red.....	29 76	Red Fultz.....	58 79
Theiss.....	29 57	Tasmanian Red.....	58 67
Fultz.....	29 43	Silver Chaff.....	58 83
Martin's Amber.....	28 93	Golden Prolific.....	58 00
Extra Early Oakley.....	26 57	Clawson.....	57 56
Miller's Prolific.....	26 11	Surprise.....	57 22

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

THE MIDDLEMEN PROBLEM.

The difference between the price that the farmer secures for his products and the price which the consumer pays to the retailer is usually out of all proportions. Fruits, butter, eggs, meats, vegetables, etc., while on their way from the grower to the user, have to pay a tax so enormous that few industrial enterprises could stand it. Sometimes it seems that those who assist in passing these products along from the place of production to the place of consumption get the lion's share of the value of the article, and surely much more than is reasonable. Railroads and commission men, and retailers, eat up the profits and often more. We may talk of overproduction, but there has seldom been more produced than our population would readily and gladly consume if they only had the means to buy it, or if the prices were within their reach. How to get the grower and the user a little closer together, and thus lower the tariff levied by middlemen, has always been a serious problem, and yet its solution seems no nearer than it was years ago. The usual advice has been to sell as large a share of your prod-

ucts as possible in your local market, directly to consumers, and it is yet as good a one as I am able to see or offer.

I am writing this out a farm in Ontario county, New York, where I am visiting friends. A large blackboard, facing the public highway (a main thoroughfare), I see fastened to one of the street trees. On it the passing traveler will read this legend: "For sale—Vinegar, honey, eggs, poultry." While I am writing here, somebody comes in with a gallon jug after vinegar, and I am told a great deal of vinegar is sold in this way. This kind of advertising is about the easiest way to dispose of a good many surplus articles of the farm. It costs nothing, and does away with the services of the middlemen.

The commission dealer in the large cities seems to be a necessary evil. We need his assistance in many instances. If we want to get poultry and eggs and large crops of onions, etc., into the market, we have no choice, but must ship to the commission merchant. Yet this our agent is practically beyond our control. We have no means of knowing whether he does the best he can for us or not, or whether he sends us all the money that he gets for our products. I am pretty sure that in many cases he keeps more than his due share. It would be strange if he would not. There may be many strictly honest commission men who return to the shipper every cent to which they are entitled. There are some, too, who will make extra charges, or make false returns. Opportunities make thieves, says a German proverb; and surely the commission men have all the opportunities they want.

The commission business also is a most promising field for sharpers and swindlers. By promising extra prices, by making big returns for small trial shipments, etc., they secure the confidence of shippers, and with them heavy and valuable consignments, and all at once these men are gone, and the money for the produce has gone with them, leaving to the shipper nothing but a new and sad experience. About everyone who has ever had much dealings with commission men, has had to pocket some losses, either by falling into the hands of these bogus dealers, or by accidental failures of older houses. There are few among them who do not go down at one time or another. Some of these dealers are in chronic financial difficulties. The money that they receive for consignments to-day has to go for goods received and sold yesterday, or a week or month ago. They fall back in making returns more and more, until finally the crash comes. A few weeks ago I collected from a Buffalo house the amount of \$10.56 for a party in Havana, N. Y., who had shipped to them last April five barrels of onion-sets and nine barrels of onions, expecting to get about \$60 to \$70. The shipper had not succeeded in getting a reply to his letters or his money from the firm for a number of months.

On the other hand, the commission man has to bear much unjust blame. People ship all sorts of inferior articles. The markets are flooded with them, and often they must be crowded on an unwilling market at very low rates, or be left on their hands to spoil. Then comes a great deal of grumbling.

My rule is to let new firms severely alone. When anybody solicits my consignments under the promise of prices far above market quotations, I am suspicious of him at once. Neither have I much confidence in parties who frequently, and without apparent reason, change their location, or their firm name, or who use vague firm names, such as "Southern (or Northern) Produce Co.," being apparently ashamed of their own names. I like the old established firms, who are doing business at the same stand year after year, and who change location only when they need larger or better quarters. They would not change their firm name, because that name is known, and a guarantee of honest dealings and good faith. You can consult these firms about shipments. They will give you the best advice obtainable when you ask for it, and make returns promptly without being asked. If they don't do that, you have reason to suspect them; and at any rate, you should insist upon prompt returns. Usually, the only control you have over these agents of yours is a comparison of the market quotations with the prices at which your products were sold or alleged to have been sold, always considering quality of goods. Don't ship anything that is not strictly prime and expect to get highest market rates. Keep the poor stuff at home. It

can only demoralize the market, and will be a source of annoyance to you and the commission dealer.

FOR MUSHROOM EATERS.

In an earlier issue, speaking of the mushroom bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, I mentioned especially the ordinary puffballs as a valuable food product. Since then I have received several letters in which the writers expressed their satisfaction of having had their attention called to the subject. The majority of people seem to labor under the impression that these puffballs are poisonous, and few at any rate have ever thought of them as an article that might be good to eat. The correspondents who, on my suggestion, have tried them, speak in high terms of their excellent taste and richness. In a recent number of *Garden and Forest* I find some information about the various kinds of puffballs found in the United States. The puffballs appear on the surface of the ground in the shape of solid balls, which break open at the top when ripe, showing a powdery mass within. They are, as a rule, quite safe, and have a good flavor, provided they are eaten while the interior is still solid, and before the central portion has become powdery. Only one common species is regarded with suspicion. Its outer envelop is yellowish brown and warted, and the interior, even when pretty young and solid, is of a mottled purple-black. All other species may probably be regarded as safe. The giant puffball is not infrequently forty inches in circumference, and of a white color when in condition to be eaten. When mature, in which condition it should not be eaten, the interior is a mass of greenish-yellow powder. The giant puffball is not common with us, unfortunately, though another smaller, but good-sized species is often abundant, and at times even does injury to lawns, which it disfigures by the fairy rings which it forms. This species has not the flattened, oval shape of the giant puffball, but is usually broader above and narrowed below. Furthermore, at maturity it is filled with a purple, not a yellow powder. Besides these two large species we have a considerable number of smaller species, often furnished with spines or warts on the surface.

Altogether, let me say that the test is a very simple one. When you find a puffball that you can cut open in smooth, clean slices which are of uniform snowy whiteness all through, you can safely cook and eat them, and they will be very likely to please you by their rich flavor.

FERTILIZERS FOR SMALL FRUITS.

An exchange says that "a heavy crop of strawberries or raspberries removes a much smaller amount of plant-food from the soil than do other farm crops; yet notwithstanding this, the limit of profitable production is reached in a very few years with these fruits." It is indeed astonishing what a small amount of actual plant-food is contained in a hundred bushels of strawberries, raspberries and other berries, and yet how much manure is usually considered necessary for the production of such crops. I believe that excessive richness of the soil is really a far less important factor in making good crops of small fruits, as other conditions, especially the right texture of the soil, temperature, moisture, and perhaps slight shading. If you have a fairly rich, strong loam, and can keep this cool and moist, you will have no trouble in raising excellent crops of strawberries, currants, gooseberries and red raspberries. Successive crops of strawberries are out of the question, less on account of the need of plant-foods, but on account of the difficulty of keeping weeds down, and of age and exhausted vitality of the plants. But after all, successive crops of any kind of small fruits will need applications of plant-foods. Currants and gooseberries need good treatment, and deserve it. Ashes and bone are good forms in which to give them food. But if reasonably well treated in this respect, the crops will be sure on suitable soil and in suitable locations. Black raspberries, which are one of the most important farm crops in the vicinity where I write this (for evaporation), succeed best on gravelly loam, such as suits corn; but a little shade is also quite acceptable to them. The great enemy to the crop here, in recent years, is anthracnose (rust), and it now ruins whole plantations. The plants will give only a crop or two, and the plantations must then be renewed. But why do the growers here not try spraying?

T. GREENER.

Our Farm.

GETTING OUT OF THE RUTS.

RUTS are made by people who like to follow others. It is easier to travel a beaten track than to make a new one. It takes less thought to walk in an old path than to seek a new one. The old path may be best when it is not crowded, but all old paths in agriculture are now crowded. They are crowded chiefly because thinking is hard work, and a new path requires thinking. A majority of us, I dare say, in our hearts prefer small profits and little thought and study, rather than larger profits and hard study of the best methods for us. This sounds a little harsh, but the truth of the statement cannot be doubted. Proof awaits us at every hand. Yet there are thousands who are not satisfied with the habit of following the crowd, and they are blazing the way toward better things.

Wheat ground should be prepared early for seeding, and it is now time that all should have their acreage for next harvest determined. Does it pay to raise wheat at present prices? Does it pay you, my friend? If it does not, then it is folly to stay in that rut. I take no stock in the claim that this is the time to raise wheat, merely because it is low-priced and the tide must turn. It is very well to stock up with sheep and horses when prices are low, as years are required for the purpose if one grows his stock, but it is different with grain. What if the price does advance ten or fifteen cents per bushel, little profit is lost by one who fails to sow wheat, and a single year suffices to fill one's granaries, if the market justifies. The only question is, "Does wheat at present prices pay you?" If a strict account with the crop shows that it does either in cash, in straw or in the following stand of grass, then is the old rut a good one? But why should we sow the usual acreage unless it pays?

This is a rut that leads to no profit for me, because too many others are traveling this road. Formerly I grew forty or fifty acres a year on my small farm. Now ten acres are enough. I must have a little straw and some red clover. Ten acres will do. Good preparation gives one a good yield per acre, and other land can be devoted to crops that will pay, or else can lie idle. Why do work at a probable loss? There is no advantage in having five hundred dollars' worth of wheat for market if the lot cost five hundred and fifty dollars. This rut of eastern farmers is deeply worn, and many will never get out of it. I speak of wheat growing that is done solely for the crop, and not for the sake of a seeding to grass. If we seed land to wheat, let it be for the reason that the pencil shows that we will be the richer thereby—in cash from the wheat or from succeeding crops that are benefited by the wheat crop. In a word, let us get out of the rut, and raise wheat only when it pays us in some way.

I am earnest in the belief that many would do better than they are doing, if they would cut off all crops that they know pay little or no profit, and concentrate their efforts upon a few acres devoted to a good cash crop that is exacting in its demands for attention in the growing season. It is from this class of crops that any profits are possible. They are crops that are not popular because their culture leads us out of old tracks, and because they bear no neglect. Usually they are crops whose quality depends much upon method of culture, and the warfare we wage against their insect enemies. A friend recently said to me, "I don't see why the Lord put these insect pests into the world." I do not know, but it seems to me that they are a blessing to the enterprising farmer. If the cucumber-beetle, the squash-borer and bug did not deter many from planting melons, my few acres of nutmegs would be unsalable this summer. As it is, by study of insect habits and persistent fighting, I now have promise of more net profit from a single acre of melons than from fifteen of wheat. When a crop is difficult to grow, it usually pays good profits on all the effort we expend.

It is easier to grow late potatoes and market them when the autumn is cool. There is no danger of rot. They can be put in bulk. Consumers want them in quantity for winter storage. This is the easy way, and consequently a common one. The one who rushes his planting in the spring, having rich soil and the best seed, can dig in midsummer. This is not the pleasant way, but if one is so situated that he can realize \$70 to \$100 an

acre for early potatoes, and only \$50 or less for medium late ones, it pays to get out of the crowd. Four years out of five an extra early crop pays a better profit than one marketed late in the fall.

Setting cabbage-plants is hard work. The marketing is sometimes bothersome, but rich soil, retentive of moisture, often gives a net profit in cabbage culture of \$75 or more an acre. Sweet potatoes are a nuisance during the winter, until one learns how to keep them well. Learning is always hard work, and so a few make good profits, and the masses stay in the ruts. Berry growing requires more push and intelligent effort than corn growing. Returns for labor come tardily. This does not suit many. The marketing requires push, and all the work is new to one who has been following the old crowd. Hence, there is a demand for all that are produced. The list might be extended, but these examples suffice.

Some one says, "All these little side crops would not cover any appreciable portion of the acreage now given to wheat." Certainly not, but the wheat seeding and harvest can make us think that we have no time for these crops that are exacting in their demands, and so what profitable work we could do is prevented. Better give good preparation to a limited acreage of wheat, let fields lie in grass if not needed for the plow, and hunt one or two new crops that can be made to pay big on a limited acreage. I speak only after faithful experiment.

One should not get out of the beaten track of his neighborhood, unless he is willing to make the culture of the new crop a study. He should begin in a small way, and increase acreage as he succeeds. He will find that more judgment is required than when in the old path. If he undertakes vegetables or fruits, there will be insect enemies to be conquered, and their habits should be known to him. This knowledge is within the reach of all without cost, thanks to our experiment stations. Now is the time to study this matter over, and if wheat has not been paying you, set aside a little of the best ground for trial of some of the crops that still pay, because their production demands careful attention. DAVID.

SOUTHERN WINTER OATS.

As the fact that the southern winter or rust-proof oat is gradually working its way northward may not generally be known, a few words in regard to it will not be out of place.

Many will remember that in the years 1882, 1883 and 1884 many valuable articles appeared in the FARM AND FIRESIDE in regard to it, of its great value to the cotton-growing planters in the states of Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi and other southern states.

In fact, its introduction inaugurated a new era in southern agriculture, showing conclusively that the winter oat had come to fill a long-felt want. In 1881 the price per bushel in Georgia was \$2. This was for the Early Burt variety. In 1883 the price for the Henderson variety was 75 cents per bushel. In 1880 the oat crop of Georgia was estimated to be 5,000,000 bushels, that of 1881 11,500,000, showing that the yield had been more than doubled in a single year. At a meeting of the Baldwin county (Georgia) farmers' "Oat Club," the average yield per acre of the fourteen competing members for premiums was 79½ bushels. The first premium was awarded for a yield of 108 1-5 bushels to the acre.

The Early Burt oat has the advantage of ripening fifteen to twenty days earlier than most other varieties. The rust-proof or winter oat is a purely southern variety, probably of Mexican origin. As rust prevails to a greater extent in southern than in northern climates, it is deemed the best plan to procure seed that has proved its rust-resisting quality from the most southern localities, rather than risk seed produced in the more northern sections of the southern states. In northern Georgia the seeding is begun in September, while in the southern counties October will answer.

On rich land in the South, sow two bushels to the acre, and graze or mow if the plants show any disposition to joint before winter sets in. When this variety of oats was first introduced into South Carolina, Col. D. Wyatt Aiken, who was then a prominent member of the Grange, stated that when sown in the fall, they will produce a remunerative crop on good land, even if frozen out during the winter to a single stool to every square foot. They are heavier than any other, and have never been known to take the rust.

The point of most immediate interest to the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE is, how far to the north has the growing of the winter oat progressed, and what varieties can confidently be recommended as being hardy.

From all the information now at hand, I am of the opinion that Virginia-grown winter oats, such as the Virginia Gray winter oat or the Hatchell Black winter oat, can be successfully grown where the mean annual temperature does not fall below 54 degrees, or that which prevails at Baltimore and Harrisburg in the East, or that at St. Louis and Cincinnati in the West.

Not only should the experiment of fall seeding be made, but the earliest possible seeding in the spring, even if the oats have to be sown in the mud, in the rich, black, mucky soils so common in the Southwest. The largest seed-houses in Virginia are located at Richmond, Norfolk and Lynchburg.

For a paying crop, fall seeding should follow closely after wheat seeding. From fifty to seventy bushels per acre can certainly be grown if the soil is thoroughly prepared, manured and the seed is drilled in early. The fact that the oat crop has maintained more uniform price than most other grains, rye, perhaps, excepted, it is safe to infer that with good seed, good soil, oat culture will be more profitable than that of wheat or corn. Oats are undoubtedly more valuable, pound for pound, as bone and muscle making feed than corn, and will compare nearly as favorably for the production of meat and milk.

On many soils plowing for this crop can be dispensed with if the spading or disc harrow is used in fitting the land. If the soil is lacking in vegetable matter at the time of seeding, a top-dressing of well-rotted or even fresh manure from the stable should be scattered uniformly over the surface during the early part of the winter. Sow at the rate of one and a half to two bushels to the acre. The Hatchell Black winter oat is of a bright jet black color, is usually very plump and heavy, weighing as it does from thirty-five to forty pounds to the bushel. W. M. K.

Near Washington, D. C.

MARKETING BUTTER.

Many good farmers' wives become discouraged in the matter of butter-making during the summer months, because the price usually runs somewhat low. Several such were consulting together at a farmers' institute, in southeastern Ohio, when I inquired if they were interested in butter-making, and one of them, acting as spokeswoman, replied: "Yes, we like to make good butter, but then it would never pay us to invest money in costly dairy appliances, for during the summer months we can get only six or eight cents per pound for it, and at such prices we cannot afford to buy costly outfits." The same remarks are frequently heard on every hand, and are apparently based on good grounds, but nevertheless if by securing good appliances with which we may make an especially good quality of butter, which will command a special price, then it would be economy to do so.

There are many people living in our cities, towns and villages who would gladly pay a good price for butter if they could have the assurance that it would be of uniformly good quality throughout the year. Thus, when one has fitted up for making good butter, he may search out this class of customers, and in a short time they will begin to look for him, so that a trade once well established and honestly followed will be certain to grow.

Among some it is necessary to first begin by accepting retail price, and this is better than to dispose of your production at the store and be compelled to trade it out. With three to five cents extra per pound, and the cash for the goods, you have two advantages—the income is increased, and you can buy where you please. In some localities it is considered a good bargain to contract butter by the year at twenty cents, but with good butter to sell one may contract at twenty-five, thirty, and in some localities at forty cents by the year. Of course, there is the objection that one must "peddle out" their trade in this way, and this demands additional time. That is quite true, but at the same time one may dispose of side products to the same customers, and thus be paid for his time. Many city customers are willing to pay a fair price for buttermilk, cottage cheese, skim-milk, and then they will pay an extra price for your eggs, spring chickens, berries, fruits, vegetables, etc.; in short, a good trade can be established in this way.

Frequently one may have surplus butter, more than regular customers will require, and unless you have contingent customers—that is, those who agree to take butter at retail price whenever you have a surplus—then it will be necessary to dispose of it at the store; but in doing so, the same care should be given to it that is given to that intended for regular customers, and should always bear your name. This is a guarantee of good quality, and the one who buys it and is pleased therewith, will call for your butter the next time he comes to purchase, and this demand will lead your grocer to pay you a few cents extra for your surplus.

Thus every advantage afforded by an honest method will work to your good, and I believe all will agree that those who make choice butter should have every cent it is worth, for surely no one cares to purchase a poor article. JOHN L. SHAWVER.

WHY MERINOS DO NOT NEED FRESH BLOOD.

In a former issue of this paper was given some reasons why English breeds of sheep require imported rams to keep up the types of not one, but of all the breeds. It had been hoped that the famous Southdown breed had reached a more independent, self-supporting basis, but our esteemed correspondent differed, and gave his reasons for the conclusion. In a subsequent letter he was asked to give his views why the Merino sheep should have reached the point where no importations of new blood was needed to enable it to stand out before all the world as the best wool-bearing sheep. We take pleasure in copying from his letter:

"In reply to your question as to why the Southdown in this country have needed and yet need additional imported blood, while the Merinos have long since been so much improved that for years no importations have been required, I can only state my belief as to the cause of this difference. Wool has been the interest of the sheep industry of this country, and to this end improvements in wool product has been the studied aim of our sheep breeders. Mutton has never been a leading interest in our sheep husbandry. Hence, there has been no encouragement, no pressing demand for the breeding of sheep for mutton alone, and as wool and mutton of first qualities are not, so far as present knowledge of breeding goes, produced from the same animal, the mutton qualities have been, comparatively speaking, uncultivated.

"Free wool will likely make a reversion in this matter, and mutton grow to be the interest of this husbandry, and quick and long strides in the production of first-class mutton may be expected."

Merino sheep breeders will join in thanks to this broad-minded and thoroughly-informed breeder of Southdown sheep for his views on these, to us, unanswered but interesting subjects.

We are certainly in accord with our friend's opinions of the future of American sheep husbandry. The farmers of this country are now giving critical, intelligent attention to mutton raising.

R. M. BELL.

SCIENCE has disproved the rural belief that thunder sours milk. It is now known that the souring results from a fungous growth, and that this fungus is peculiarly fatal to nursing children. The old-time rural belief was that the concussion from thunder acted mechanically upon the milk, and first soured and then solidified it. It happens that milk sours during or just after thunder-storms because the atmospheric conditions then prevailing are usually of a kind favorable to the rapid development of the fungous growth that sours milk.

For Tired Mothers



"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have taken three bottles and the medicine has made a great change. I was

All Run Down

from trouble and overwork, and had other complaints common to my sex at my age, 44 years. Now since Mrs. G. W. Warnock taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am much stronger and am gaining in flesh. I would advise all overworked, tired, weak mothers to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to build them up." Mrs. G. W. Warnock, Beverly, Nebraska. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

CURLY MUSTARD.—In "How to Make the Garden Pay," published five years ago, I mentioned a plant of the mustard family of remarkably thrifty growth, and having beautifully curled and crinkled foliage. In consequence of the statement that I had lost the seed, and been unable to find a new supply of it, kind friends have sent me at various times some seeds claimed to be this curly mustard, but sample after sample proved to be something quite different from my old acquaintance. I think I also tested the "California pepper-grass" and the Chinese mustard, in the vain hope of finding my curly mustard again. Prof. L. H. Bailey (Cornell University experiment station), in a bulletin on "Some Recent Chinese Vegetables," just issued, gives description and picture of this "California pepper-grass," and I am inclined to think that after all, we have in it my old favorite. The introducer of this "novelty" says: "It was recommended as being extra fine for salads, dressings and garnishing, and unlike anything else known. We find it a very beautiful and valuable thing, which seems to be half way between a cress and a mustard. Its leaves are long and narrow, deeply lacinated, fimbriated and crinkled, making it one of the prettiest green foliage plants we ever saw. To the taste the leaves are sharp, and have much the flavor of pepper-grass. It is excellent when mixed with lettuce or other salads, to which it imparts a very fine flavor. For garnishing there is nothing more beautiful. It grows very quickly, and to keep up a succession all summer, several sowings must be made. We think its flavor much improved if bleached a few days before cutting, by covering with boxes or boards." Prof. Bailey says that his own experience with the plant confirms the above account of its behavior. "It is one of the best plants for early spring greens, as it grows very quickly, is hardy, and it makes a very compact tuft of crisp and beautiful leaves." Prof. Bailey also states that he recognized this plant as a probable cut-leaved and crinkled form of a garden mustard which he had known from boyhood, and found in various gardens; and he wonders that neither American horticulturists nor botanists appear to have made any record of it, nor that he was able to trace it in the garden literature of Europe. Well, he might have found at least a reference to it in "How to Make the Garden Pay."

I grew a form of this plant in greenhouse last winter, and it was used quite freely as an addition and spice to our winter lettuce. To tell the truth, however, our people (without exception) preferred the real crisp lettuce-heads to this mustard, with all its beauty. Still it is so easily grown, both outdoors and under glass, so hardy, and gives such a great lot of green stuff, that I do not hesitate to recommend it quite highly. Its introducer is quite given to make exaggerated statements of the novelties he brings out; but in this case he has hardly said more than is justified by the facts. Try a few plants, or even a single plant in a large pot this winter, anyway. Botanically, the plant is known as *Brassica* (or *Sinapis*) *Japonica*.

REFUSE FOR FERTILIZER.—Somebody in *Scientific American* tells that he saved a diseased and apparently dying peach-tree by placing one half a bushel of fresh coal ashes around its roots. "In three weeks a new set of leaves came out, and the following year he plucked over one bushel of fine peaches. Many of his friends tried the same experiment on their pear-trees, and the result was a good crop the second year. The first year they grew new wood, and the next lots of fruit. *Scientific American*, commenting on this, says:

"The ashes cannot act as a direct fertilizer, but only by lightening the soil, and possibly by making the fertilizing elements already present more available."

I am not quite so sure about this. Coal ashes often contain more or less wood ashes, derived from kindlings, etc., and possibly other admixtures, and that wood ashes are a powerful fertilizer, indeed, one of the very best for fruit-trees and vines, nobody will deny. This brings me to the suggestion, too, that all sorts of refuse materials, sweepings and scoopings of all kinds, salt, lime, etc., which we are liable to look upon with scorn and contempt, often have considerable value as applica-

tions to the soil. Whether we see much direct plant-food in them, in some way or other, or for some reason or other, they often show a decided beneficial effect upon plant growth. Trees and vines are not fastidious. Things that we would not put upon the garden soil, either for fear of filling the soil with coarse rubbish that might interfere with proper cultivation, or of injuring tender vegetables by caustic or dangerous applications (chlorine, etc.), or of infecting vegetable crops with blights, rots, scabs (potato-scab), etc., may often be used safely and with good effect as a mulch in orchards, vineyards or berry patches, and a great variety of materials that are often thrown aside into some corner or under buildings, or burned up, come handy for such purposes. Among them are old straw from beds, feathers, diggings, scrapings and sweepings, weeds, chip dirt from the back yard, old rotted sawdust, leaves, old mortar, lime, ashes of all kinds, etc. If we burn up materials of this kind, and old boots or other leather articles, etc., we should at least carefully gather the ashes and put them on our orchards and fruit patches.

Coal ashes, on account of their tendency to loosen the soil, and still more so perhaps on account of the wood ashes they contain, have often proved themselves to be of especial value for promoting the growth and thrift of various crops. You can grow fine tomatoes in a heap of almost clear coal ashes. At any rate, they are worth saving and applying. But I have found other materials which sometimes have the same happy effect on ailing peach (and perhaps other) trees besides coal ashes. In the case referred to by *Scientific American*, the trouble may have been due to leaf-curl. The best way to treat trees affected by this disease is to give them plenty to eat and drink. The tree outgrows the affection, and new leaves push forth later in the season. This would probably happen, whether coal ashes, wood ashes, commercial fertilizers, or anything of fertilizing value are put on, and it might happen just the same if no application were made.

My vicinity used to be a great peach country. Indeed, the trees were considered regular annual bearers, and near Lake Ontario, in the northern part of the county, they are yet. But here the life of usefulness of the peach-tree is of short duration.

An affection supposed to be the yellows, and probably being the yellows indeed in many cases, takes hold of them. The leaves remain small, turn yellowish, growth of wood comes almost to a stop except in the characteristic numerous thin and short sprouts, and finally the tree departs this earthly life. I have reliable proof that many of these trees can be cured, and made to produce good growth of wood and foliage, and fine crops of fine peaches. I have used potash in the forms of muriate and kainite with such beneficial results, I have prevailed on growers in the peach regions near Lake Ontario to try kainite, and they report the most happy effects, and recovery of treated diseased trees. I am sure that not all yellowish-looking, diseased peach-trees have the yellows. Many may have root affections, such as blue lice, etc., or other living enemies that prey on the root-sap. If we kill these, may we do this by potash applications, soap-suds, ashes, or by other means, the trees will speedily recover. It is always worth while to make the trial, anyway. If coal ashes will produce this remarkable cure, every peach grower has an easy way to save his affected trees, for coal ashes can be had in almost any place for the hauling or a nominal price.

Now just one more word. The majority of rural people have little appreciation for leached ashes. You will find heaps of them lying about and in the way in the rear of many farm-houses, where they have been leached for soap-making, then dumped out of the barrel or box leach and left. These ashes are worth more than the same bulk of the best stable manure; and they are an especially serviceable fertilizer for trees and bush fruits. Save them. Put them on the land somewhere, even in the garden. The lime in them alone makes them worth saving and applying, for lime (if it does nothing more) will assist the formation of nitric acid (nitrification).

JOSEPH.

HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSION.

On September 11th, September 25th and October 9th, the Burlington Route will sell excursion tickets to all points in the Northwest, West and Southwest at one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00.

DISSTON'S



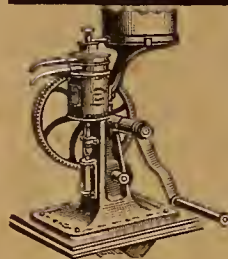
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Mention this paper when you write.

It will pay you to buy a Saw with "DISSTON" on it. It will hold the set longer, and do more work without filing than other saws, thereby saving in labor and cost of files. They are made of the best quality crucible cast steel, and are

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If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a Separator, and you need the BEST—the "Baby." All styles and capacities. Prices, \$75 upward. Send for new 1894 Catalogue.

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Send for prices GRINDING MILLS AND WATER WHEELS if interested.

DELOACH MILL MFG. CO., 300 Highland Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Cromwell Raspberry—Strawberries.—W. C. B., Bloomington, Ind. The Cromwell is practically the same as Souhegan in season and productiveness.—Would plant Haverland, Warfield and Crescent, and fertilize with Beder Wood and Captain Jack. I always prefer to grow strawberries in matted rows, planting two feet apart, in rows four feet apart.

Early Raspberries for Shipping.—T. P. C., Tennessee. Probably Souhegan and Ohio are the best raspberries for early shipping purposes. They are worth about six dollars per thousand. It think your best plan will be to buy of some nurseryman or berry grower in Tennessee. If you do not know of any, write for information to the horticulturist of your experiment station at Knoxville, who is in a position to advise you.

Tobacco-juice—Ladybugs.—J. E., Yonkers, N. Y. Tobacco-juice is a good remedy for various kinds of lice. It should be made from raw tobacco. A good way to make it is by pouring hot water over tobacco stems, leaves or stalks, and when using, have it the color of strong tea. Tobacco-juice is not a fungicide.—Ladybugs are very useful insects, since in their larvæ state they feed on many insects. I think you are mistaken in believing they injure your grapes. Please send specimens if you are troubled with them.—I cannot answer about the trouble with the pear leaves unless you send a specimen of them.

Borers or Woolly-aphis.—E. M., Hoosier Prairie, Ill. The rot which you describe may come as the indirect result of the work of the borers. If this is the case, a careful examination at this season will disclose them to you. It is possible the trouble comes from woolly-aphis, in which case the roots should appear swollen and distorted, and probably the woolly lice will be seen on the roots. The remedies for these troubles have been given in FARM AND FIRESIDE, but will gladly be given again if desired. If in doubt about woolly-aphis, please send specimen of the smaller roots by mail.—Do not know to what beetle you refer. Please send specimen when they occur again. I do not think of any small black beetles liable to kill apple-trees.

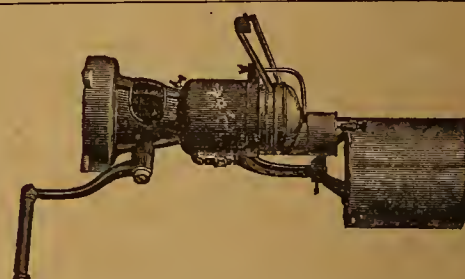
Cranberry Culture.—E. H. B., Bowen's Mills, Mich. If cranberries are now growing on any part of the marsh to which you refer, you may be very sure that it will pay you to go to the expense mentioned in fitting it up for a cranberry-bed. But I would not recommend your going to the expense of five hundred dollars to prepare thirty acres, unless you are very certain the land is well adapted to cranberries. It will very likely make a good bed, and you can probably see indications of this in scattered cranberry vines at least. If you do not feel sure about the bed, it would be a good plan to carefully clean up a small part, which you think is pretty well fitted for your purpose, and plant it next spring as a trial bed, even if it cannot be flooded. In fitting the bed, various methods are employed, but the grass and coarse roots must be removed, and the soil have a covering of four inches of clean sand. Into the sand the plants are set in the spring, deep enough so that they touch the muck underneath. Cranberries are grown from rooted plants or sods, and from cuttings. A common way is to pull up or mow off a lot of plants from a fruitful bog, cut them in a hay-cutter into six-inch lengths, and plant bundles of four cuttings eighteen inches apart each way. Not more than an inch or two of the cuttings should be above ground. The plants are set by a sort of hard-wood paddle, which is placed on a bunch of cuttings, and pushed into the sand. If the work is well done there is little danger of failure. There are many

varieties of cranberries, but I think you should begin with plants from some fruitful bog. Some cranberry-plants do not fruit much, and they are often the strongest growers. Be sure to avoid them. There are many good bogs that produce well without flooding, and I would not expend much money to secure this feature, unless I was sure the plants would be productive. However, it will pay to go to quite a considerable expense to control the water supply for a good bog, as it is a most desirable adjunct. For special notes on handling this crop, you had better get Farmers' Bulletin No. 13, by the Department of Agriculture, at Washington. Also get "Cape Cod Cranberries," for sale by Orange Judd Co. Price, forty cents.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

LOW RATE.

Your local railroad ticket agent will give you full particulars in regard to these HARVEST EXCURSIONS, which will be run via the Illinois Central Railroad on dates quoted below, to points West, Southwest and South, at the low rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. In connection with these HARVEST EXCURSIONS arrangements can also be made to visit the desirable railroad lands of the I. C. R. R. in Southern Illinois on obtaining special permission to do so, by addressing the Company's Land Commissioner at Chicago, Mr. E. P. SKENE. That gentleman will also be pleased to furnish special information in regard to the famous YAZOO DELTA LANDS in Mississippi, to which these excursions run, September 11th, September 25th and October 9th.



Davis International Hand Cream Separator, 250lbs to 300lbs capacity. Every Separator guaranteed first class, send for circular. Agents wanted. Address, Davis & Rankin Bldg. & Mfg. Co., Chicago, Illinois.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Two improved farms. For particulars inquire of W. E. KNIGHT, Athens, Tenn.

YAKIMA—Sunnyside Valley. Irrigated Lands and Lots. Sure Crops and Profits. Write for Folder, Maps, Prices. F. H. Hagerty, Sunnyside, Wash.

SEED WHEAT and FINLAND RYE, Giant Square Head, New Red Wonder, Winter Fife, Early Red Clawson and Improved Fultz Wheat. Mammoth White Polish and Finland Rye. Send 2c. stamp for Samples and Catalogue of Seed Wheat, Trees, Plants, Potatoes and Seeds for Fall Planting. Sam'l Wilson, Seed Grower, Mechanicsville, Pa.

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Our Farm.

WHY COLT RAISING DOESN'T PAY.

ONE great reason why many farmers realize little profit or even suffer a loss in raising colts for the market, is that they are obliged to keep them so long before they will show up fairly well-reined, way-wised and trained for the ordinary duties of horse life. And even then the majority of them are so raw-acting that they bring but a portion of what they would be worth if proper facilities were used and more attention given to their training.

Many instances are known where young horses have been sold for less than their cost, and after a few weeks' handling by men who understand their business, they were developed into handsome, stylish roadsters or speedy trotters, and sold for prices which, had they been obtained by the farmers who reared them, would have caused them to look upon colt raising as the most profitable undertaking of the farm, instead of being considered poor business and a creator of mortgages. And this condition is brought about by the indifference with which the training of colts is treated, and lack of attention to the very thing which gives a value to the animal; for, no matter how well-bred he may be, he is worthless if not properly educated for general purposes, and if trotting-bred, for a good driver.

Farmers provide themselves with the latest improved agricultural implements; dig deep into the mysteries of scientific farming; study and discuss the results of feeding ensilage; spend whole days cultivating, hoeing and weeding a patch of beans, which, after being threshed with a flail, run through a fanning-mill, picked over by hand and hauled to market, won't bring as much as a half-wild, bucking mustang at auction; yet they attempt to handle a well-bred colt with an old-fashioned bit, which gives no sort of control, plug him around hitched alongside of some lazy old horse, and let him break himself, with the old horse to hold him steady.

After from two to four years of this treatment, they do manage to sell him for half his value to some man who sees that proper handling will make a decent appearing horse of him. If this same colt could have had one half the time and labor applied to him that was spent on that patch of beans, and could have been driven with bits which give control, compel him to behave nicely and hasten his education, the farmer himself would have obtained the full value and a quick sale for him. Buyers are plenty for well-broken, young horses, and the big prices are paid for perfect training, and not for the horse.

Speculators in horses are quick to catch onto all the improvements in appliances and methods which will assist them in training and making the animals show up in good style. They buy and test all kinds of bits, which are calculated to make quick mouths and give good control, study the methods and buy the books of different professional trainers, take these green-acting horses, bought from farmers, put them through a course of training for a few days or weeks only, wash, comb and trim tail and mane, clip long hairs from about the belly, jaws, ears and face, groom them clean each day, have their feet put in shape and well shod, hitch them up, and presto! they wouldn't be recognized by their former owners.

Common joint or bar bits do not give proper control over colts while they are being handled. They slide back and forth through the mouth, give the colt perfect freedom of the head, and what farmer's boy doesn't know that if he cannot control a horse's head he cannot steer or handle the rest of the body? No man is strong enough to hold a runaway horse or a frantic or wilful colt with a common joint or straight bit; and no man ever handled three colts with common bits, without having one or more of them bolt into yards or uproads, in spite of all he could pull on the reins; or, when teaching them to back, having some of them plunge about and either walk off across the yard or stable, dragging the trainer after them, or stand braced and sulk for a long time, and defy the man to back them a step.

Men who depend on common bits for control are compelled to drive around and avoid objects and places near which the colts ought to be driven and educated, and are obliged to let the colts have their own way most of the time, because they well

know that they are powerless to compel them to go where they are wanted with common bits in their mouths. This is a fact, and everyone with any experience in the matter knows it; and it can be readily seen that a great deal of time is wasted in getting the colts well or even fairly broken, which could be saved at a slight expense for a bit which would give perfect control from the start, and a book which gives practical instruction in training, written by one who has had years of experience in handling rank colts and unruly horses, and has made the subject a special study.

It is a well-known fact that cavalymen can ride their horses up to the cannon's mouth, and through the din and confusion of battle, with a perfect control over the animal, while even the best of horsemen cannot drive a timid horse up to such simple things as a car, bicycle, baby-carriage, umbrella, bonfire, etc., over a piece of paper, puddle of water, etc., with an ordinary bit, without a great deal of trouble, and congratulate themselves if they overcome the fear in the course of several weeks or months.

The reason is that the "port" of the cavalry bit presses against the nerves in the center of the roof of the horse's mouth and controls him; while common bits depend on the tough corners of the mouth for control, and cannot be made to touch the roof of the mouth, which is the only place that will give control when touched by a bit. These facts are apparent to any man, and cannot be denied.

Prof. W. H. Sanborn, a horse educator with a wide reputation for success, on discovering the principle which gave such perfect control over cavalry horses, determined to construct a bit which could be used for ordinary driving purposes, yet which would contain the same principle as the cavalry bit and give the same perfect control, so that it would be effectual in training colts and vicious horses, and he obtained a patent on such a bit in 1886.

In handling colts with the Sanborn bit there is no necessity for biting, and so little effort is required to get the colt to rein and back, and yield to the bit in all directions, that the mouth is brought under perfect control of the bit in an astonishingly short time; and better still, the corners of the mouth are not sore, but left in a natural condition, which should be the object of every trainer handling a colt. By its use a colt can be better educated in three days than in three weeks by any other bit, his mouth brought under perfect control and left in a natural condition.

In securing the privilege of offering Prof. Sanborn's book and bit as premiums, we feel sure that we have something that will especially interest the young men on the farms. This bit is made strong and durable, and comes either plain or heavily nickel-plated. Prof. Sanborn's book, which is entitled "Progressive Control," goes free with every bit.

We will send this bit and book to any address for \$1. For 25 cents extra we will send the nickel-plated bit. These prices are 50 cents lower than their regular retail price. Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

A GREAT INDUSTRY.

It is a remarkable fact that one of the greatest industries of this country is at the same time the most neglected, in many cases. We refer to poultry and eggs.

No farm is considered complete without a flock of hens, and yet the majority of farmers give little or no attention to them. They are left to shift for themselves, often improperly housed, and with such care only as an already overburdened housewife can find time to bestow.

Hours of time and careful attention to proper food are daily bestowed upon cattle. Plenty of fresh water to drink and stalls properly cleaned are absolute necessities, while the milk pans and cans shine like polished silver, without one speck of dirt. All of this takes time, and it is time well spent; without it, financial loss would certainly follow.

How much time is spent upon the hens? A little corn is thrown to them in the morning, and again—perhaps—at night. The coop is not cleaned once in six months; perhaps not once in a year. And yet, in the face of all this, the busy hen more than pays her way, and when the same amount of care is bestowed upon them as upon the cattle, the profits are something surprising. It has been stated over and over again by those who have tried it and carefully noted the results, that with the

same capital invested, and equal care and labor bestowed upon them, hens will produce twice the profit of cows. Now, if this is a fact, it is time the farmers were waking up to the possibilities of the long despised fowl.

Farmers are looking for the dollars as anxiously as any other class, and it is folly to let such opportunities pass unimproved. Many have already given the subject attention; they have discarded the old way. The poultry-house is kept scrupulously clean. Fresh water is provided, and most of all, a balanced feed is given, consisting of corn and wheat and clover, with a liberal supply of freshly-cut green bone (that greatest of all egg-producers), which supplies the craving for animal food existing always among fowls and too often overlooked; and last, but not least, plenty of clean, sharp grit. The markets are studied carefully, and those breeds selected for which there is the greatest demand. In a word, they are as careful in the selection and care of their fowls as of their dairy stock, and they find it pays in good, hard, honest dollars. There is always a demand for fresh eggs and fine poultry, and to meet this demand, millions of dollars' worth are imported annually, which could just as well be raised here and the money kept at home.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM UTAH.—Green river, in the southeastern part of Utah, is crossed by the Rio Grande Western railway. Until recently, this has been considered a desert; now a canal traverses a large valley along the Green river, and has transformed it to a vale of fruits and flowers. Peaches, nectarines and such fruits grow to perfection, and fully equal the famous California fruits. Peanuts and sweet potatoes grow abundantly. Good water and health make this the ideal country for those seeking new homes. L. F. Blake, Utah.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—We have had very dry weather for many months. We raised but little corn and small grain. Our pastures are all dried up. This is a dairy country; there are four creameries and a cheese-factory within a radius of four miles. The cows all have to be fed. Alfalfa is the feed that we depend on; the fourth crop is nearly all in, and the cutting of the fifth crop has begun. It brings \$8 and \$9 a ton, bunched up in the field. The fruit crop is immense, and of a much better quality than in a wet season. Prices hardly pay for delivery to the canneries. For peaches they give 40, 60 and 75 cents a hundred pounds, according to the grade. Last year they gave \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per one hundred pounds. Artesia, Los Angeles county, Cal. J. W. B.

FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.—Yankton county is in the extreme southern part of the state, and lies on the Missouri river. It is watered by the Jim or Dakota river and numerous small streams. There are a number of small towns in the county, all prosperous. Yankton, the county-seat, situated on the Missouri river, is a picturesque city of about 6,000 inhabitants, and has not as yet felt the effect of "tariff tinkering." There are a number of small industries located here—a woolen-mill, ironworks, planing-mills, and the largest cement-works in the United States, the western Portland cement plant, which furnishes employment to about two hundred hands. The railroad system of our county is as good as in any county in the West. We have the Great Northern, Northeastern, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, all of which seem to be doing a good business. Yankton county boasts of wagon-roads which are not excelled by any other portion of the United States. The roads are all macadamized turnpikes, and are rarely found in a sloppy condition. The soil here is a very heavy, black crust underlain by clay subsoil. Farms which have been worked for twenty-five or thirty years and have never yet been fertilized, seem to raise crops as well as newly-broken prairie land. We have a most healthful climate. There is a great scarcity of consumptives, and the fevers so prevalent in some localities are almost unknown here. The drought struck our county this summer, and as a consequence, crops are not up to the usual standard. Wheat, oats and barley made about 10, 30 and 15 bushels, respectively, to the acre, which is hardly half a crop. Corn is fairly good, and will make about 30 bushels. The artesian wells of this portion of the state make her what she is, and are used quite extensively as a means of irrigation. An artesian well can be had for from \$65 to \$200, according to the size. Small fruit does well

here, and a great many raise apples for the market, but as yet the average farmer has not taken interest in raising fruit, thinking it is cheaper to buy than to attend the trees. Land sells for from \$10 to \$40 per acre, depending upon the location. Choice bottom land can be bought for \$22 per acre, unimproved. Prices of farm products are a little higher than usual this year. Wheat brings 52 cents, oats 35 cents, corn 50 cents, barley 50 cents per bushel, and hay \$9 a ton. Taken as a whole, I consider this a good country for a man who has a little capital, as land can be bought on very liberal terms; especially is this so of the property held by speculators, which is quite numerous in this and adjoining counties. C. W. T. Yankton, S. D.

FROM VIRGINIA.—Halifax county, Virginia, for many years was known as the fine tobacco section of the state. The leaf sold frequently for 20 cents to \$1 a pound. Then a large tobacco crop of fine wrappers was almost equal to a small gold mine; hence, the farmers neglected all other crops for tobacco, depending on it to make all their bread and meat, horse feed and everything else. For two or three years tobacco has been so much reduced in price that our farmers have found it more profitable to raise grains and grasses and a smaller crop of tobacco. We have a fine crop of everything this year except fruits, which were killed by the spring freeze. The negro laborer cannot be relied on in this section of late. They are being educated, and when they have merely the rudiments of an education, they go off to the towns and cities of the South and North. They have good schools and colleges, and they attend regularly, if the children have to live on bread and water. There is no association whatever between them and the whites in schools, churches or in sociability. This condition, to a great extent, causes the cheapness of lands in this section. Lands that sell here at \$6, \$8 and \$10 per acre would sell in any part of the North and West for \$20 to \$50. The farms here are generally very large, and cannot be managed with the present labor, so they must be cut up into smaller farms and sold off. This is not a good section for a hired laborer, but it is one of the best sections in the South for a man of moderate means, who can buy a good home. Land can be bought for cash, or part cash with six per cent on deferred payments. The poor land, that rates from \$2 to \$5 per acre, is very easily improved with peas and clover. You can cut oats, or wheat, sow the stubble land in peas, plow under the green peas in September and resow in oats or wheat, and repeat yearly until the land is rich enough for anything. This makes the land very rich, and soft as an ash-bank. This section is about one hundred miles from the Blue Ridge mountains. The surface is rolling and generally free from rocks. Original growth of timber is not so plentiful in this section, but we have all that is necessary. All denominations of Christians are here. Educational advantages are good. We have, besides the public schools, high schools, colleges and universities. The Scottsburg normal college is becoming one of the most noted educational institutions in this section. H. C. B. Scottsburg, Va.

BUTTER-MAKING.

There are hundreds of available locations for engaging in the creamery business in nearly every state, especially in the West and Northwest, that would pay the farmer and small capitalist handsome profits. Wherever within a radius of three or five miles there exists three hundred or four hundred cows, there is the nucleus for a first-class creamery. There is no industry where the earnings come back so quickly to the farmer and investor as from a well-equipped creamery and cheese factory. If these suggestions take root, bear in mind that The Davis & Rankin Building and Mfg. Co., 240 W. Lake St., Chicago, supply everything necessary to successfully operate a creamery—everything except the ground and the cows. They erect the buildings and equip the same complete for successful work. If interested, address them for additional information, and at the same time be sure and mention this paper when you write.

HARD TIMES

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TURN THEM OUT.

THERE is now no crop to be injured by poultry, and a great saving of food will be effected by allowing the hens to run at large. Those who have been accustomed to feeding their hens at regular periods while they were confined, will probably continue to give food, but this must not be done. Compel the hens to seek their food, and they will keep in good health and produce a larger number of eggs as the consequence. At this season there is any amount of grass seeds, insects, etc., and if food of any kind must be given, let it be cut bone and meat. Use no grain at all while the hens are at liberty. More harm is done by the use of food when it should be really withheld than from any other cause. As long as the combs are red, the hens happy, and producing eggs, any additional help to them, except to keep down lice, will be superfluous.

MAKING AN INCUBATOR.

To those who would prefer to experiment with a hot-water incubator, requiring no lamp, of which hundreds are in use, we have a lot of printed plans of one which has given good results, and which has before been published by us. There is no charge for the plans, and they can be obtained by sending two stamps, for postage and printing, to the editor of this department, P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey. He has nothing for sale, simply desiring the readers to experiment.

TOO MANY EGGS TO A HEN.

When a sitting of eggs of pure breeds is purchased, they should not be given to one hen if it can be avoided. Thirteen is the commonly accepted number of eggs for a sitting, and as one hen can easily cover such a number, they are given to her. It is better to divide the number, giving seven to one hen and six to another, so as to lessen the risk of breakage of eggs, abandonment of nests, peculiarities of the hen, and other drawbacks which sometimes occur during the sitting period.

WINTER GREEN FOOD.

Rye has long been used as green food in winter, a plot of ground being seeded down to rye for that purpose. Crimson clover, which may be seeded down in September, or even as late as October, in some sections, is also excellent. It is only necessary to use a small proportion of green food, more for dietary purposes than as a portion of the ration, hence a small plot, from which the green food may be cut as required, is sufficient.

SLOPPY FOOD.

Sloppy food is not relished by hens, though it answers for ducks. Chickens cannot eat food that is too sloppy. When they drink, as may be noticed, the water runs down their throats only when the heads are held up. No food should be given that cannot be picked up with the bill and swallowed while the beak points to the ground. Little chicks are given too much sloppy food, which compels them to swallow more water than they require,

thus causing indigestion and bowel disease. When soft food is given, such as mixed ground grain, it should contain only enough water to cause the particles

TWO-STORY COMPARTMENT HOUSE.

The illustration shows a two-story poultry-house, the lower portion being for fowls and the upper for brooders, the

heretofore recommended many others to handle their own poultry. Dress and pack them with care, and ship them to a reputable commission merchant, and I have yet to hear any dissatisfaction from them in pursuing

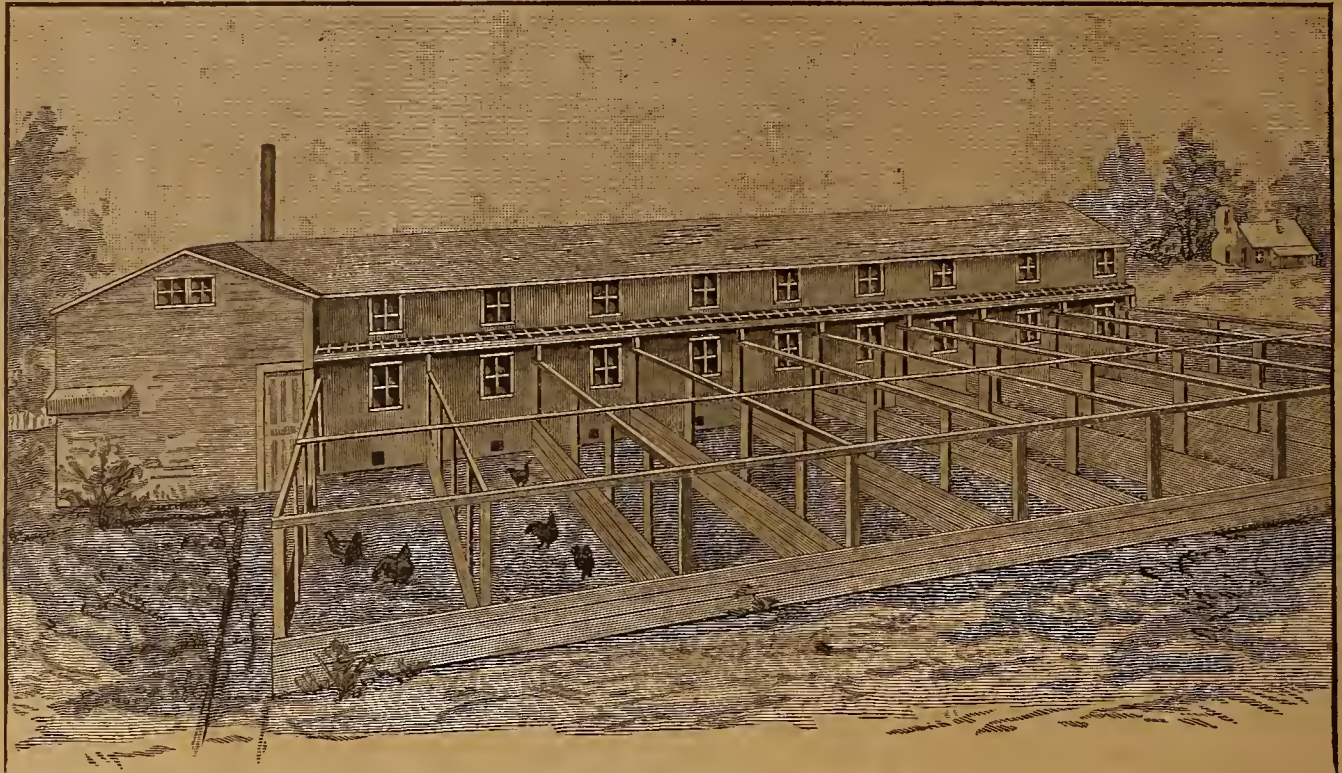


FIG. 1.

to adhere loosely, being rather dry than wet. The food of both adults and chicks should be given in a dry condition in preference to moistening it whenever possible.

NEST-EGGS AND LICE.

No one who uses stale eggs as nest-eggs will escape having lice in the poultry-house, in the nests and on the hens. They

brooders being in the passageway and opening into the apartments. The house may be divided for several flocks, the yards being in front. Lath and wire are used for the partitions. Fig. 2 is the interior of the lower part, and Fig. 3 of the upper portion. A detailed description is unnecessary, as the illustrations, being from photographs, are sufficient. The



FIG. 2.

are abominations which have always existed, and cause foul odors and filth. Lice revel in filth, and where the stale nest-egg is used lice will be seen. Use porcelain nest-eggs, or use none at all if the hens are accustomed to the nests. Wooden eggs, painted white, and varnished, are superior to all others.

house may be of any desired length or width, according to preference.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO GET RID OF LICE.—I notice much said about lice, so I will tell you what I did last spring. My hens quit laying, and began to droop, and some died. I did not know what to do for them till I saw in the FARM AND FIRESIDE to dip them, so I made a half tub of soap-suds, put a tablespoonful of coal-oil in it, and put my chickens in, one at a time, rubbing them thoroughly, and it killed all the lice on them. The next thing was to keep them off, and as they can't stand grease, I greased the roosts. I now grease the roosts every three or four weeks with black-oil, which can be got for ten cents per gallon, and have not been troubled with lice since. One should have their roosts away from the wall. It does not take long, and more than pays for the trouble and expense, as a gallon of oil will last a year. It kills the mites as well as the large lice. N. E. W.

SHIPPING TO COMMISSION MERCHANTS.—Now is the time to go slow, and for the remainder of the season you can realize fair prices on your fowls if you will communicate with any reputable commission merchant in any of our large cities. Such an agent will charge you an honest ten per cent for all moneys to your account. Don't deal with any who promise to do your business for merely nothing; they will swindle you in the end, and any such proposition would have the falsehood on the face of it. Experience is a wise teacher; under its tuition I have graduated a wiser man, and know from whence I speak. An honest merchant will invariably secure to his patrons the very best prices, regardless of the published quotations of the day. Often it will be from two to three cents better per pound. This has been my experience. I have

this course. In shipping dressed chicks, it is worthy of note to mention that some city markets prefer the birds undrawn, with head and legs intact. This, of course, helps in weight, consequently brings up the price per pound; at all events, it will more than compensate for both the commissions and express charges. Care, however, must be taken to dress the fowls without surface blemishes, and to offer them for market fair, plump and smooth. Pack in clean, bright boxes, using caution not to crowd or jam, and you will find it will more than pay you for your time and trouble, by the higher prices your fowls will command. Again, let me remind you not to glut the market with your poultry; use the same discretion in this respect that you do with your crops—corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, etc.—as you hold to the one, hold to the other, and the near future will demonstrate that your earnest endeavors have proved to you beyond doubt that there is ample profit in raising poultry for market. Muncie, Pa. R. A. G.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Probably Lice.—E. G., Sand Beach, Pa., writes: "My fowls sit around on the roost, hang their heads down, and in a few days die."

REPLY:—The symptoms described will apply to many causes. Method of management should have been stated. The probability is that both the large head-lice and the little mites are infesting them.

Preserving Eggs in Lime.—J. W. L., Cambridge, Ill., writes: "How can I preserve eggs in lime-water or lime during warm weather?"

REPLY:—Eggs are simply packed in dry lime or covered with a solution made by dissolving as much lime and salt as the water will take. It is not a valuable method, such eggs bringing but little in market.

Dropsical.—M. D. C., Ocala, Fla., writes: "I have lost several hens which appeared to be doing well; but an accumulation of water occurs inside of them, they suddenly die, and when opened, quite an amount of yellow-greenish water flows out."

REPLY:—Due probably to dropsy, induced by roup at some time, or by impoverishment of the blood by lack of variety in food, such as overfeeding with grain. Change the food and add a teaspoonful of tincture of iron to each gallon of drinking-water.

Twisted Necks.—L. M. P., Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "My hens lose the use of their necks and heads, so remain for several days, and die."

REPLY:—Method of management should also have been given. The difficulty may be due to eating some substance, such as weed seeds, or to head-lice, or even to the use of sulphur. Remove the male, and keep the hens confined. Change the food, and add twenty drops of tincture of nuxvomica to each quart of drinking-water.

DON'T RUN THE RISK of your Cold getting well of itself—you may thereby drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent tendency, which may give you years of trouble. Better cure your Cold at once with the help of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a good healing medicine for all Coughs, Sore Lungs and Throats.

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FIG. 3.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Queries deserving immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Bean-weevil.—L. W. B., Fossilville, Pa., writes: "What will keep bugs from eating and destroying beans through the winter?"

REPLY:—As soon as the beans are picked, put them in a box, place on top of them a saucer containing a little bisulphid of carbon, and keep closely covered for two or three days. After this treatment they can be stored in the usual way.

Grass for Marsh.—J. M., Dailey, Mich., writes: "Please inform me what kind of grass is adapted to a low, burnt marsh on which water stands in wet times, and what time so sow it."

REPLY:—Of the tame grasses redtop is the best for marsh land. It can be sown early in the fall or early in the spring. If your marsh can be drained, by all means drain it, and put it in condition for other tame grasses.

Best Onion for Transplanting.—H. P., Lamar, Mo., writes: "Please tell me which is the best onion to grow from seed to transplant in the spring, and the best time to sow the seed in this locality. I should like to do so this fall if not too late."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I consider Prizetaker ahead of any other onion, at least for my climate. You must sow seed in February or early in March. Possibly you can sow in September; but I would not try it except as an experiment at first.

Tomato-rot-Boll-worm.—A reader in Terry, Miss., writes: "What causes the rot in tomatoes? I use the following formula for a fertilizer: 400 pounds cotton-seed meal, 400 pounds acid phosphate, 100 pounds kainite, and apply about that quantity to the acre.—Is there any way to keep cotton-boll worms from boring into tomatoes?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—The cause of tomato-rot is a fungus. I am not aware that there is a remedy, or even sure preventive for it. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture, rotation, training the plants to trellis, etc., have been recommended. The fertilizer may be good. Possibly less phosphate and more potash might give still better results.—Hand picking is the only means of fighting the boll-worm known to me.

The Onion Crop—Garden Literature.—T. J. C., Milford, Mich., writes: "Can you give me some information about this year's onion crop in the United States?—Is there any paper or book published that treats on onion and other garden crops?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I am inclined to think that the onion crop will be very light this year, as the protracted drought seems to have reached over a wide territory, including the great onion-growing districts. I will try to gather reliable information.—Send to *American Gardening*, 170 Fulton street, New York, for a sample copy. Books on general gardening are Peter Henderson's "Gardening for Profit," or the more modern "How to Make the Garden Pay," by myself; on onion growing in special, "The New Onion Culture" and "Onions for Profit."

Questions About Onions and Potatoes.—A. M. B., Viking, Wis., writes: "1. For growing onions, should the ground be plowed in the fall or in the spring, and the manure be plowed down or put on top? 2. What would be the effect of hauling out manure in the spring, which is gathered during the winter, plow it down and plant to potatoes?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—1. It depends on the nature of the soil. Mucky or other very loose and porous soils may be plowed in the fall, and just harrowed, or cultivated and harrowed in the spring. Soils that will pack during the winter must be plowed again in spring. 1. Make to fall-plow all garden land. Five manures may be put on top, and worked into the soil with the cultivator or harrow. Coarser stuff must be plowed under. 2. I do not recommend new manure for potatoes, although it is often used. Better apply the stable manure to clover, and then use the young clover sod for potatoes, or for some other crop first, and then for potatoes.

Wintering Onion-sets.—Mrs. M. A. S., Chatsworth, Ill., writes: "What is the best method of keeping onion-sets through the winter?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Sell them to some one who has proper facilities (cold storage) for wintering them. The following is a quotation from "Onions for Profit": "Sets should be dead ripe in August or September. Gather them on a hot day while perfectly dry, and at once clean them by running through a fanning-mill. Spread them out thinly to dry, and keep them dry until winter sets in. Then store them in baskets, or even on shelves, in a cool, dry room, or freeze them as follows: Put them in a dry place, say a barn or shed floor, upon a layer of hay or straw, and let them freeze. Then cover with a two-foot layer of the same material, or with mats and blankets, and leave them untouched until they have thawed out again in the spring. The sets should not be nearer than two feet from the wall, and the space should be filled with litter. Never handle them when frozen."

Renewing Old Pastures.—R. C., Saybrook, Ohio, writes: "I have a large, old pasture that produces but little feed. As soon as the grass dies out blackberries and rose-bushes come in. It is part hills and part flats. How can I best get it in permanent pasture? It cannot be plowed. The soil is clay on the hills, and loam and clay on the flats. It has been cleared for fifty years. I cannot afford very expensive treatment. Is blue-grass identical with June-grass? Will it make good, lasting pasture? If so, when shall I sow it, and how much to the acre? Would some other variety or a mixture be better or cheaper?"

REPLY:—Have all the briars cut now, and burned as soon as dry. Early in the spring harrow and cross-harrow thoroughly, using a harrow with fine, sharp teeth. Sow a mixture of Kentucky blue-grass—which is the same as June-grass—and orchard-grass on the upland, and orchard-grass, blue-grass and redtop on the lowlands. Timothy may also be used in the mixture. The method indicated is the least expensive that can be suggested. For quantities of seed required per acre, see answer to H. de J., Monett, Mo.

Melon Leaf-blight.—T. R., Arden, N. C., writes: "What ails my melon-vines? The stems are affected, then the leaves begin to dry up and fall off, and in a week or so the vine dies."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—This probably is the southern melon leaf-blight, a bacterial blight which has done a great deal of mischief, and often ruins whole patches of melon, cucumber, tomato and other vines even at the North. I would give a good deal myself to know a remedy or sure preventive. Rotation of crop is recommended. Spraying has not seemed to do any good whatever.

Horse-bean.—F. F. R., New Milton, W. Va., writes: "Where can I get a few kernels of the Scotch or horse bean? What shape are the leaves, and height of stock? Is the eye in the large end of bean?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—I have never seen a single plant of this in an American garden, but remember it well from my boyhood days. My people in the "Fatherland" used to grow it in their garden every year, and I was especially interested in it, as my pet pigeons were very fond of one kind of these "broad beans." It is an annual plant, two to three feet high, with a thick, angular stem, and of close, compact form. The leaves are thick, having two to five oval leaflets, and without tendrils. Pods thick, long and woolly inside. Seeds more or less ovate, flattened, of various sizes, and having the eye in the same place as on ordinary garden beans. The fragrant flowers set close to the stem, usually in close clusters, and are white, with a blackish-blue spot in the middle of the wing. Whether our people had other uses for the seeds besides feeding them to stock, I do not now remember. But I consider this bean an interesting plant, and would like to give it a trial myself. Possibly one or the other of our readers can help us out with a few seeds, which, however, may be procured from any European seedsman.

Grasses for Upland.—H. de J., Monett, Mo., writes: "I wish to sow grass-seed this fall. I want a mixture of hardy grasses that will stand long dry spells on upland soil, such as orchard-grass. I will also sow timothy, blue-grass, and any other kinds you advise, provided that they are not expensive. I would like you to advise me also as to the proportions of each. I read quotations of prices, but not knowing how much it takes of each kind to sow an acre, I do not see very clearly what is most advisable to sow. Then in sowing I would be influenced by the average price of the various grass-seeds. If one kind was higher than customary, I would sow less of it."

REPLY:—Our first suggestion would be for you to write the agricultural experiment station, Columbia, Mo., and get advice as to the best grasses for the uplands of your state. Your plan of sowing a mixture is correct. For a hardy, nutritious grass that will withstand long summer droughts on upland soil, we would recommend the flat-stemmed blue-grass, *Poa compressa*. It is listed in some seed catalogues as Canada blue-grass. If you can secure seed free from Canada thistle and other noxious weeds, make this grass a part of your mixture. It is quoted at the same or a little higher price than common or Kentucky blue-grass. When sown alone, the quantities of seed required for an acre are as follows: Timothy, from one to two pecks; orchard-grass, from two to two and one half bushels; blue-grass, three bushels.—The orchard-grass is better suited to shady or moist land than dry upland, but it will stand it much better than common blue-grass. The flat-stemmed blue-grass is decidedly the best for the soil you describe. These grasses may be sown in a mixture of any proportions you wish, if you are to be governed by price. These grasses may be sown as early as the fall rains make the ground in condition, the earlier the better. The land should be prepared as for a garden. The soil should be mellow, fine and firm.

Fences.—E. M. H., Radford, Va., writes: "I have an Ohio farm which needs fencing. I wish to get the experience of practical farmers as to what would make a substantial and economical fence, noting especially the distance apart posts can be set. Which is preferable, all wire or wire and pickets, plain or barbed wire? In regard to the tension of wire fences, are any arranged so as to act automatically? I do not think it practicable to follow the changes of the weather tightening and loosening during the year. Have the fences built partly of wire and partly of boards proved more economical as to building and service than picket fences? Are there any portable fences made that are serviceable and reasonably easy of transportation? What is the legal width of pikes and roads in Ohio? If sixty feet, is it not wider than necessary, especially where road supervisors do not cut the weeds? What is the Ohio law as to fences? Is a farmer legally required to fence at all? Practically, is he not compelled to fence everything, if he would raise crops? It would seem that the western plan of one field fenced for stock and balance unfenced would be more economical in these times of low prices, or the European plan of fields divided by narrow roads or slightly raised banks of earth, the stock being fed in buildings or stock lots, would be better. The fencing and repairs probably amount to more than the total value of the stock kept during the life of the fence as generally put up. The cost of fencing seems greatly out of proportion to the present value (greatly depreciated) of farm lands. It would appear that it is time that a farmer not having much stock, and not wishing to, or unable to go to the expense, should not be compelled to fence his whole farm to accommodate those who wish to drive along the road, and to keep his neighbors' stock from destroying his crops."

REPLY:—The "best" fence is a matter of personal opinion. Some prefer one kind, and others another. In a fifteen-mile ride through a good farming district the writer has seen at least three dozen different styles of farm fence. Within the past few years woven-wire fences of different styles have taken the lead. Some of these have automatic tension regulating devices. The woven-wire and plain-wire fences require fewer posts than the board and wire styles. One of the best portable fences we ever saw is one of the new woven-wire styles. The legal width of Ohio roads varies, the statutes providing for the construction of roads of different widths. Under the Ohio fence laws a land-holder is required to fence in his own stock, not to fence out his neighbors'. He is neither legally nor practically compelled to fence everything. The cost of building and maintaining farm fences is all out of proportion to the value received from them. Do away with all that are not absolutely necessary, and replace the remaining old ones with one of the modern farm fences. Apply to the following manufacturers for descriptive price-lists of their fences and select the style that suits you best: Keystone Woven Wire Fence Co., Fremont, Ill.; Peter Mast, Delphos, Ohio; Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich.; DeKalb Fence Co., DeKalb, Ill.; Sedgwick Bros. Co., Richmond, Ind.; Poindexter Manufacturing Co., 25 Eddy street, Indianapolis, Ind.; Homer Steel Fence Co., Homer, Mich.



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VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Heaves.—L. C. K., Encinitas, Cal. Your horse, it seems, is affected with so-called heaves.

Pleuritis and Peritonitis.—Wm. S., Elmore, Ohio. Your cow died of peritonitis and pleuritis. It does not proceed from your communication what constituted the cause of the disease.

Chronic Swelling.—F. B., Beloit, Ohio. If the wound has healed and the knee is not stiff, you will have to take up with the swelling left behind. If exercise reduces it, very well, exercise the colt. It is the best you can do.

Probably Radial Paralysis.—E. D., Dover Hill, Ind. What you describe seems to be a case of radial paralysis. Good food, good care, exemption from all kinds of work, and voluntary exercise, constitute the treatment, and very likely will effect a cure in five to ten months.

Blemishes.—J. D. H., Rodney, Canada. If the blemishes on your horse's legs you complain of are hard and solid, they may be so-called splints; that is, exostoses on the metacarpal bones. Still, your description is so vague that it is impossible to make a definite diagnosis.

A Soft Tumor.—B. S. S. R., Whiting, Iowa. If what you complain of is neither a champagne, so-called, nor a hernia, but a soft tumor filled with lymph or water, all the advice I can give you is to have the animal examined by a veterinarian, who, after he has ascertained what it is, will also know how it can with safety be operated on or be removed.

Scrotal Hernia.—J. McC., Washington, Ohio, writes: "I have a colt, six weeks old, that was ruptured when it was born. His sac now is about as large as a goose egg."

ANSWER:—Have your colt castrated with "covered" testicles as soon as the latter are sufficiently developed to facilitate the operation. The latter will effect a cure, and is not dangerous, if performed by a competent veterinarian.

A Dry, Hacking Cough.—Tb. L., Ellis, Kan. As I have so often said before, one solitary symptom, especially if so common to many diseases as coughing, is altogether insufficient to make a diagnosis. A dry, hacking cough alone simply indicates an irritation of the larynx, nothing more nor less. But such an irritation may have, a great many different and very serious causes—tuberculosis, even, included.

Old Age.—G. P. C., Snow's Falls, Maine. If you think your cow does not eat any hay on account of defective teeth, have her mouth examined and find out. Maybe she has lost several of her molars on account of old age. If such is the case, you may succeed in keeping her in fair condition, for some time at least, by feeding food that does not require much mastication. If the examination reveals diseased (carious or decayed) teeth, the same will have to be extracted, which is easily done in an old animal.

Has been Kicked.—J. P. D., Girard, Ohio. If your horse has been kicked on the pastern (?) joint, if the leg or joint is wounded and much swollen, and if the horse cannot bear any weight upon it—does not touch the ground with the foot—you have a case that should have been promptly attended to by a competent veterinarian. It is probable that either a bone has been broken or that the joint has been opened, and if such is the case, your horse, after so much delay, may possibly, if not dead, be kept alive, but will remain a worthless cripple. Such cases need immediate attention.

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and healthy; it gets your pullets to laying early; it is worth its weight in gold when hens moult; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Diarrhoea, Leg-weakness. It is a powerful food digestive. Large cans are most economical to buy.

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Therefore, no matter what kind of feed you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce health and form eggs.

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Seedy Toe.—S. B., South New Lyme, Ohio. Your description leaves me in doubt of what you mean, a case of so-called "seedy toe;" that is, a separation between wall and sole, or a so-called sand-crack; that is, a perpendicular split from upward downward, or from downward upward, in the wall of the hoof. In both cases the necessary treatment is best administered by a good horseshoer. Therefore, unless you prefer to have the necessary operation performed by a veterinarian, or unless the case is so bad that real surgical treatment has become necessary, I would advise you to have your mare shod and the case attended to by a good horseshoer.

Galled Withers.—Clematis, Cadmus, Ohio. The galling or bruising of the withers of your horse is produced by the defective construction of your side-saddle, which is not sufficiently high in the chamber, at least not high enough for the (probably) high withers of your horse. It may also be that the girths are not drawn tight enough, and allow the saddle to slip from one side to the other. This is the more injurious if the rider has not a good seat, does not sit straight, but wriggles from one side to the other. If you will take the above hints and act accordingly, the swelling, unless already abscess formation has taken place, will subside and probably disappear. If an abscess or abscesses have formed, it will be best, and in the end cheapest, to have the animal treated by a competent veterinarian.

Probably a Tumor.—M. L. I., Lynchburg, Va. According to your description, it seems that your mare has a tumor, polype or some morbid growth in the respiratory passages (nasal cavities and accessory sinuses). Supposing that you have in a city like Lynchburg a veterinarian competent to examine a horse—one who smokes horses with tar and feathers won't do—I would advise you to have your mare examined, so that you may learn what ails the same, notwithstanding that a cure, very likely, will be out of the question. Still, this will depend upon the result of a thorough examination.

An Old Wound.—Ch. St., Ramsey, La. Maybe there is yet a piece of wood or some other foreign body in the wound; or maybe the bottom of the wound is lower than the opening; or finally, it may be that the bone (the sternum) itself has been injured. At any rate, you must first make a thorough examination by careful probing. If you find a foreign body, the same, of course, must be removed. If you find that the bottom of the abscess is lower than the opening, the latter must be enlarged in a downward direction sufficiently to enable the pus and exudates to be freely discharged. In either case, the old wound should receive strict antiseptic treatment—be dressed at least twice a day with a four-per-cent solution of carbolic acid or of creoline (Pearson's), to be introduced, according to circumstances, by means of a syringe, or with a tuft of absorbent cotton. A dressing with iodoform, too, may be of good service. That the wound or sore should be protected and be kept as clean as possible, may not need any mentioning. If, however, you should find that the sternum is affected, and that you have to deal with a sternum fistula, you may just as well, first as last, give up hope of ever being able to effect a permanent healing.

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Our Fireside.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

Sometimes she comes right out and says
She does not love me, flat.
I smile and think it wouldn't do
For me to tell her that.

And sometimes when I tie her shoes
She calls me stupid. Why
Just think! Suppose I'd call her that?
Phew! How 't would make her cry!

And sometimes when I claim a kiss
She turns me off, "Nay! nay!"
But oh, what trouble it would make
If I should act that way!

If she would only let me feel
That I had won her, then
I'd be more settled than I am—
I'd act like other men.

And yet I hate to own it up—
I'm but a man, you know—
Because my girl treats me this way
Is why I love her so.

—New York World.

Will-o'-the-wisps' Story.

A TALE BY MARIE PETERSEN,
Authoress of "The Princess Ilse."

TRANSLATED BY MARY CHAPMAN.

IGNES FATUI.



HE will-o'-the-wisp said:

"The girl! Oh, the girl laughed gaily and cried, 'Oh, father, gold and jewels for Ulrich!' She turned up her little nose and said wisely, 'No, rings and chains I shall keep for myself when I get them. They will be more suitable for me than for the future right reverend.'"

"Well, and the young man?" asked the owl.

The flame shook impatiently: "Oh, be still! You know enough already. There is nothing more to tell about the young man. He sat silent a long time. When the father spoke of a reward and a gold ring, he turned his head quickly; he looked at the father with a bright light in his deep, dark eyes. Again a question, a doubt stood there, and with them hope, and dreams of the future. What was the matter with him? The father smiled kindly at him, the mother looked at him tenderly, and her eyes shone through tears. A hot blush mounted to the young man's forehead. Silently he gazed before him. He did not hear the girl's chatter of a lovely white glove she would give him lined with satin, in which his scar would be comfortable."

"Who could have understood everything that they thought, felt and said? The kettle sat right on my nose, and hummed and danced. Steam hissed up from time to time; blue clouds of smoke flattered away from the pipe. The girl let the dark yellow liquid flow from the silver urn into the cups, and hot, seething, flowery fragrance rose up, mingling with the other smoke."

"Hot, seething, flowery fragrance?" cried the little wild thyme blossoms. "Will-o'-the-wisp, that is a story! Flower fragrance is cool and fresh."

"Be still, be still!" whispered the ivy, "be careful that the camillas do not hear what you say, little thyme blossoms, nor the blossoms of the linden and the elder. They would punish your presumption."

The flame laughed loud and scornfully; it bowed and danced, and resumed:

"Hot, seething, fragrant vapor rose from the tea blossoms, and circled around the crystal vase; snow-white sugar, broken into glittering lumps, lay there. The breath of the tea blossoms blew hot around the sugar, and breathed out the question: 'Rememberest thou thy native land, under the glowing sunshine of the tropics? Rememberest thou how hot he lay on the fields of sugar-cane, how the black hands of the negro cut down the tall stalks, how black hands first attended thee, thou white sweet?' The sugar was silent; it gave no answer. The sugar knew very well that the hot rays of the tropical sun had never kissed its mother, for its mother was a beet."

"You must prove that, you overwise will-o'-the-wisp," snapped Professor Uhu. "Beet-root sugar more than twenty years ago! You must prove that."

"Ho, ho! what do I care?" cried the flame. "I am tired. I shall prove nothing. The kettle over me sang wild melodies; it made droll, gurgling noises. The mother beckoned; the girl rose quickly, lifted the kettle off, and bent over me. I felt a warm breath. Ho, ho! They seek my life! My life is sweet. I will not die—no, I will live. I am happy in this cheerful company. I gathered myself together, and fought bravely for my life. Will you blow at me, lovely child? I do not fear your rosy mouth, I will blow back—hush! Take care! My breath is hotter than yours! Alas! The handsome youth also bends over me, no struggle will save me. He blows violently—blows me out."

"Ah, ah!" sighed the water-lily, "if lights live only to be extinguished, it is a sad life!"

The will-o'-the-wisp whirled about in a few more circles, made a bold leap—patsch! it fell into the pond and died.

Again a light fluttered over the Phantoms' Meadow. Not far from the shore trembled a little twinkling light; it glided slowly along, often stopping and listening anxiously to every sound, every slight breath of air. A small voice lamented:

"Alas! the wind over the damp moorland! Wretched little light that I am, I am dying, blowing out!" And the light slipped behind a mole-hill and concealed itself there.

"That won't do! That will never do!" cried the glow-worms. "We want to see and hear you, little flame, you must come nearer."

"Merciful heaven!" mourned the little light. "The wind! It will not permit me! I cannot—cannot come!"

"Oh, please help him!" cried the water-lily to the glow-worms. They flew to the little light, and said they could protect it if it would only come.

"No, no!" said the flame, cowering back timidly. "You have wings that blow, and make wind. If you will go before, and show me a safe path, I will follow."

They did so. The glow-worms flew to the bank, and the trembling flame glided slowly after them. But on the bank it crept among the grasses, flickering timidly, fearing every waving blade, seeking a more sheltered place, and when at last it began to whisper in its low, weak voice, the water-lily complained that she could not hear a word.

"Can't you swim?" said the young owl.

"Yes, indeed, I swim nicely," said the light. "In fact, I always used to swim. But then I wore a stiff collar of cardboard, and I sat on a bright little stool that had cork stoppers on each of its three legs."

"Here is a boat for you, that will do just as well," said the owl, and threw a dry acorn-cup down from her branch into the water.

"The tiresome old blue-stocking has really had a good idea for once," said one of the glow-worms to the other, as he broke off a slender stalk, took his place in the floating acorn-cup, and steered it skilfully to land. There he left the skiff in the care of the blue forget-me-not, while he flew a little way up the declivity, where the light was now waiting by his comrade's side. Both glow-worms now encouraged the light, showing him how he could slide down an overhanging blackberry-vine, and drop with perfect safety right into his little boat. The blue-eyed flowerets below helped him as he climbed in, and the little flame sat there in the acorn-cup, and shuddered as the skiff began to rock a little. The glow-worms had called a great night-moth with splendid wings of many-colored velvet. The moth flew very near the water, making a gentle breeze with its waving wings, and so driving the little boat before it. The glow-worms flew before, talking gaily, and trying to make the light smile by their jests, and so relieve its fears; but the light sat curled up in a heap, crackling softly and timidly, and hardly ventured to look around. So it was carried over the cove, and reached the water-lily; there with a delicate blade of grass, the glow-worms fastened the acorn-cup, like a little boat, to one of the broad, floating leaves, on which they stationed themselves.

"Poor child!" said the water-lily. "Now it is over. Were you very much afraid?"

"I am not accustomed to sea voyages," said the flame in its low voice. "My bright stool always stood still. I passed my life shut up in a small, cozy chamber. Around me were porcelain walls and a green shade. Not a breath! Not a sound! It was a silent sick-room. My pale light fell tranquilly around, talking in the sunlight with the moonlight, the silver moonlight—the same light and peace rested on the pale face. A weary, quiet figure. I painted dream scenes for her, I wove shadowy webs about her tired eyes. Now she must sleep. Does she then sleep? The young man sat on a low chair by her bedside. He held her thin hand. How gently, how nobly he spoke to her of dying, of the peace of death! He prayed with her until she fell asleep. The young man's earnest, dark eyes shone with the peace and faith that make death so easy. Did not angels float with white wings down the moonbeams that fell into the room? Whence came the light that shone around the sick woman and the young clergyman? Is she still sleeping? She moves, her lips breathe a name; 'Hannah!' She often utters that name; she is calling her child. The young man bends over her. Shall he call her daughter? 'No, no!' the invalid smiles, she collects herself. She likes to be alone with him. She has much to say to him, and her time is short."

"Must she then die?" I ask anxiously, and looked about me. The medicine-bottles, tightly corked, with long, white beards, stand around me in a half circle. They nod silently in answer to my anxious question. "But she has so much strength—hear her speak!"

"She will die! Not to-day, but soon. She has but a few days to live!" they answer softly.

"Near me is a fever medicine; only a little remains in the glass."

"Can you not help her?"

"She has emptied me three times," says the little bottle. "I could do nothing for her."

"But you, dark brown syrup, in you there is life. You foam in your glass."

"Hush, hush! I have done all I could, I shall never again moisten her lips. Hush, hush, hush!"

"But you have just come, you are still wear-

ing your gay hat, and the warm air of the sick-room brings out a damp mist on your cold glass. You come with new strength, and will bring her life."

"I bring nothing but myself. She will drain me to the last drop, yet she will die—she will die—will die!"

"I listened again to the talk by the sick-bed. She spoke of parting from her husband, her child, the unprotected youth of her Hannah. The young man looked quickly up."

"Hannah's unprotected youth—is that what you said, dear mother? Has she not still her loving father? And is it possible, mother—'have my loving hopes deceived me so entirely? Have not you, and her father—oh, it was audacity to dream it!—did you not both choose me as the guardian of your treasure?"

"The invalid smiled tenderly through her tears. She laid her feeble hand upon his head. She stroked his dark locks, and smoothed back his rich curls. Then she spoke again. He had rightly understood them; for many years it had been their ardent wish that he, as their daughter's husband, might be more closely united, if that were possible, with their house and hearts. So the mother says. But all that is still so vague, so far off—she will never see her daughter in her bridal crown. Therefore, she would be so glad—it is her last earthly wish—she says it would make her departure easier if before she dies she could see her Hannah's hand in his, if this very day she could by their betrothal receive a pledge of her children's future happiness."

"Unk, Unk!" cried the frogs in the pond.

"What was that noise?" asked the little flame.

"Be still below there!" whispered the water-lily. "A story about human beings is being told here. You must not disturb us."

"The young man started up," said the light; "he stood by the bedside. His breast expanded, his cheeks glowed. He looked at the invalid; he strove to speak, but he turned away in silence. He walked up and down the room with long strides. Was it my feeble light that made him look so white? Does offered happiness make one pale? Glowing with joy he listened to the mother's words; now his face shows that there is a hard struggle within him; his lips are pressed together as if in pain, his forehead is pale."

"He stands again by the sick-bed and speaks. I do not understand his broken words. What? He refuses her request? He rejects his happiness? Yes, if I understood rightly. He takes both the sick woman's hands, and begs she will not disturb her child's sweet tranquility by premature words, that she will not make Hannah's childish lips utter vows which her heart may not confirm. He will not break from the tree of life unripe happiness, which may need years of sunshine and rain ere it falls ripened into his bosom."

"The young man was much moved. His words sounded impressive, strong and convincing. The invalid speaks little, in a feeble voice, a mere breath—restless and uneasy. He holds up his hand. I distinctly hear him say, 'See, dear mother, Hannah's mark is burned in there—the hand so consecrated I will never give to another!'"

"Uuk, nnk, nnk!" sounded again from the depths.

"Ah! I am afraid, that sounds so dismal!" sighed the flame, and trembled so violently that its little acorn-cup began to rock like a boat on a stormy sea.

"You need not be disturbed," said the water-lily. "The frogs are old friends of mine, only they take very gloomy views of life."

And the flame grew calm, and continued:

"Kneeling by the bed, bending over the invalid, the young man spoke of his love, his hopes; said how sweet, how lovely was Hannah, whom he hoped someday to win—how dear she was to his heart. Oh, the mother, the mother! I saw a flush on her cheeks, a light in her eyes. That is the glow of life—she will live—she will yet see her children's happiness."

"The bottles ring, again they whisper: 'It is the glow of death, the glow of fever! Do you hear nothing, see nothing? The fever, the fever returns!'"

"Ah, I heard, I saw! I heard the death-clock tick in the wall. I heard the rustle of broad pinions. Back in the dark corner, far beyond my narrow circle of light, something rises, waves its bat-like wings, a misty gray veil flutters! The air is close, oppressive! It advances with veiled head, it floats in the air; seeking the shadows, it touches the curtains of the bed, grasps them, and holds them fast in its sharp claws, hot and fiery as red-hot iron! Ah! what a face grins out from the gray folds. Pale, distorted, with wild eyes and disordered hair! Oh, draw the veil over it! Again it looks out, now blooming with youth, all roses and smiles and shining curls. Again and again and again a face appears—all alike—whole rows of them, encircled with floating gray veils; they danced around the sick-bed."

"Does not the young man see it? The bat-wings hover so closely over the invalid, the fiery claws are thrust into her breast. He has laid his hand on her forehead; he listens anxiously to her troubled breathing."

"A door opens softly. A light step, a lovely girlish figure, as fair and gentle as a sunbeam she glides into the room. The little hand is laid on the curtains, and a sweet voice asks, 'Has my dear mother been asleep?' The blue eyes looked anxiously at the sick woman, and rise with questioning glance to the face of the silent youth. She sits down on a low seat, and tenderly smooths the coverlet."

"Ah, ah! There it flies!" screamed the flame.

"Do you see the hat-wings, the gray veil?"

"What flies? Who? Where?" asked the water-lily, the glow-worms and the grasses all together in terror.

"The fever—do you not see it? There, by the great tree!"

Yes, they saw a thick, gray shadow—was it not a cloud?—rise from the Phantoms' Meadow and float up around the tree-tops. In the dark boughs of the old maple it vanished from their sight. The young wanderer under the tree felt a hot breath pass over him, a gray veil fluttered before him, broad pinions waved over his head. He struck at the huge bat with a stick, and the shadowy form dissolved into a sudden shower which chilled his nerves and marrow. He thought that the weird flying creatures of the night had shaken the damp foliage of the maple, which had rained its ice-cold drops upon him. But the old owl shrieked in the thicket, and the frogs croaked louder than before. He heard the water-lily say:

"Where is the little will-o'-the-wisp?" and saw the acorn skiff floating empty.

"The light has gone—it faded away!" said a glow-worm.

The daisy asked:

"Did it not leave a heap of ashes in the little boat?"

"Do you suppose the spirit of a light dies like a pestilence?" croaked the old owl. "It does not die even when it goes out. Perhaps it has sprung up again over yonder."

In the background of the Phantoms' Meadow rose a bright, dazzling radiance. A circle of sparkling lights, gleaming with every color, like diamonds, hovered over the moor. As it approached, the night breeze dissolved it, broad rays and lights fell away like leaves or flowers—it floated about the moor, and was scattered again into countless bright flames and sparks. These again drew together; glowing like a chain of jewels, they danced about and traced fantastic figures and arabesques.

The water-lily and the glow-worms, the ivy, blackberry, reeds, and all the other spectators expressed their delight. Even the young owl, who was too highly cultured to admire things generally, cried out, "Superb!" But directly after she coughed, looked around to see if any one had noticed how much she liked it, and yawned demonstratively with outspread wings.

The bright flames had formed a circle, and were dancing about. They danced to the edge of the little cove, and here, stormed with questions and entreaties from all the company in the wood, they prepared to tell their adventures. Separating, and again uniting in their dance, they passed through a thicket on the slope, they hovered in the air, and hung like glowing fruit in the branches of the hazel-bushes, until at last they rested in shimmering groups on the damp moss.

The water-lily watched them admiringly, and was impatient for them to speak. The old owl rolled his green eyes, and asked if they came from the East, the land of sunlight and splendor, from Scheherezade's magic palace, or from the intoxicating, glowing songs of Persian poets.

"No, no, we were born far from the sunlight; we are children of night and shadow, born very near here," said a bright green flame. "Where the forest ends and the shadows fall, under lindens and palm-trees, among the dark chestnuts, there we lived and shone; where the stately old mansion looked with its brightly-illuminated windows down from the terrace, while the servants flew down the broad, stone steps, where the elms whispered in the evening breeze, and stone sea-gods let the imprisoned water of the wild brook splash in marble basins, there we shone and gleamed, countless bright lamps among the dark trees in the park."

A blinding flame, shooting out red fire, said quickly:

"Thousands of roses glowed, and the white cups of the lilies were full of fragrance and night dews. The broad avenues were filled by a gay, happy crowd—elegantly-dressed ladies, noble men, youthful charms, youthful audacity, and ripe earnestness, noble dignity. Gay groups of dancers moved over the velvet carpet of close-cut turf. Among the trees flash and flicker from their tall standards the gleaming pine torches, there gay music sounds—the clear blasts of trumpets, the bold drum-beats, and the wild melody of violins; solemn basses hum now and then, and the childish tinkling of bells and cymbals is heard."

Another flame, violet colored, with a dim light, said mournfully:

"The roses are faded, ah, how long ago! The dark firs in the park have shot up far into the air since that night, and have strewn many brown needles on the ground. The stone statues are worn by the storms and overgrown with moss. The wild water flows no longer through the pipes laid for it, but has sought out its own path and cut two islands in the park. Ah, twenty years is a long, long time! The weeping-willow droops over the brook. The green branches of the tree of life are withered."

"How pale and spectral you look, like blue moonlight," said the green light, reprovingly. "Has the west wind again brought you sorrowful news from the valley? I do not grudge you your dance with him over the swaying blades of grass, but if he always makes you sad I will interrupt your gossipings."

"Is it twenty years since the festival was

celebrated and we were present?" cried the red light; "to me it seems like yesterday. Oh, what a festival! Joy and delight resounded through the fresh, cool park. The mignonette and stock gilliflower that slept through the long, sultry day, now awoke, and on their light wings followed the guests caressingly. But ah, the guests! Laughing lips, heaving eyes wherever I looked!"

"And grave, close-shut lips and sad, down-cast eyes," murmured the violet-colored light softly.

"What was the festival for?" asked the young owl. "Was it a wedding?"

"Alas, alas!" sighed the violet-colored flame; but the green flame said:

"I heard nothing about a wedding. I saw no bride with veil and crown, but many a wonderfully lovely maiden, worthy of such adornment."

"And many brave and fiery youths, who did not lack the courage to win a maiden's heart!"

"Yes, one above all!" cried the red flame, and shot up more brightly its ruby-colored light. "He was as tall and stately as a noble young fir-tree, when it bears the tender green of spring on all its boughs. His dark head seemed bathed in sunlight, his black eyes beamed with life and joy, and on his lips played an enchanting smile. His voice was like music, and he flew over the green turf in the dance as though he floated on the wind."

"Yes, he!" said another flame, burning with a dazzling, gold light. "He came from far over the sea, from England, to visit his brother. Relatives had accompanied him—two lovely young cousins with their noble mother. Did you not see the slender island maidens, and the fine, gold threads of their long, silky locks?"

"I saw them," said the green light. "I saw them as though they were phantoms, as I saw the little cloud near the evening star. My evening star, the star of the evening, was another maiden, the fairest of all—deep blue, child-like eyes looked from her sweet face, on her brown braids she wore a wreath of corn-flowers."

"I saw her dance with the stranger!" cried the red light. "He danced with none but her!"

"I saw her sitting by his side on the stone bench!" said another, and the third cried:

"I saw her talking gaily with the young man, turn aside from the dance, and wander through the avenues of roses."

"I heard every word they spoke," said the ruby-colored light. "The huge linden-tree which here me stood near enough for that."

And the violet-colored light said:

"The huge linden-tree which here us, stood near enough for that; I also heard what they said, and alas! another also heard it!"

"Who was the other?" asked the owl.

"A tall, dignified young man; with folded arms he leaned against the trunk of the old linden below me. Jasmines, whose white, starry blossoms had already fallen, concealed him from the others; but his dark eyes surveyed everything, and yet rested only on one face, with dark blue, child-like eyes looking out from under the wreath of corn-flowers. But alas! this loveliness brought no smile to his lips."

"I also saw the pale dreamer," said the golden light. "Close by was a chafing-dish, and in the dancing flames leaped and sprang Little Schahernack, the spark-elf. He seemed to mock, with all his boldness and malice, at the grave man. He chattered wild stuff: 'See how deeply you are burned! Does the pain gnaw? Put it out! You know how. Ho! water! Put out the fire of love! Put it out! Put it out! Ho, ho!' Crackling and hissing he leaped high up, he sprang onto the young man's shoulder, onto his hair. But the young man did not notice or feel it. Then 'puff,' he sprang onto his hand; a sharp bite from the malicious fire goblin—that touched him! He started, he looked sadly at his hand, where was a deep, old scar."

"Did you see his sorrowful smile?" asked the violet-colored light.

"Ah, tell us what the two said among the roses!" entreated the water-lily.

The red flame answered quickly:

"Gladly, if I could remember it. It was all jest and laughter, happy childish trifling. Then a rose-tree branch caught the maiden's fluttering dress; the young man released it from the thorns, but there was a little rent. The maiden scolded the rude thorns. He said the rose-bush was not to blame for seeking to hold her fast; his only wonder was that it let her go at last. She said the thorns might have been more gentle, it was a pity to tear the dress. 'A twig is broken from the rose-tree, too,' said he; 'do you think when one has once seized and bled you that one can free oneself without pain and loss, and let you go?'"

"Did you hear the sigh from under the linden-tree?" whispered the violet flame.

"The young man bent," continued the other, "and plucked from the broken stalk three fresh, half-opened rosebuds. He gave them to her and said she could see for herself how easy it would be to mistake her for the flowers, and it was natural that the branch should think her one of its roses. They were delicate blossoms, just tinged with color, and glowing at the heart with a deeper red. 'Maiden's blush,' men call that rose. There she stood now, a faithful image of that lovely flower, the sweet maiden-rose before the young man. Embarrassed, the dark lashes

fell; she held the roses in her white hands, and had pulled them to pieces before she knew what she was doing."

"Are human beings so cruel to poor flowers?" asked the water-lily.

"The young man also called her cruel, to destroy the lovely roses so pitilessly," said the flame. "They shall not die so, trampled down," said he, and gathering the delicate petals from the ground, he strewed them on the flames in the chafing-dish."

"He hurned the poor leaflets?" cried the horrified water-lily.

"A pagan funeral sacrifice," said Professor Uhu, and laughed complacently.

The green light said:

"The fair maiden stood a little back in the shadow, but the dancing flames threw sharp and flickering lights on the lovely pale face. More hot and burning fell the flaming glance of two dark eyes. She had turned away from their fire and brilliancy and did not see that two other dark eyes looked earnestly and questioningly upon her from the shadow of the jasmine."

"How plaintively the nightingale sang in the thicket," sighed the violet light.

[To be continued.]

ABOUT BAMBOO.

The bamboo is a true grass. It ought to be cultivated in this country. Successful ham-hoo plantations have already been established in California. In China the plant is applied to more than five hundred different purposes. A farmer builds his dwelling and fences out of it, his farming implements as well as his household furniture and utensils are made from it, while the tender shoots provide a vegetable for his table. A few species have a herry-like fruit, and the seeds of other kinds resemble rice. The roots are carved into fantastic images, or cut into lantern-handles and canes. The tapering culms are used for props for houses, for ribs of sails, for coops and cages. Leaves are sewn into rain-coats and thatches. The shavings furnish stuffing for pillows. While various parts supply the beds for sleeping, the chop-sticks for eating, the pipe for smoking, the mattress to lie upon, the chair to sit upon, the table to eat on and the fuel to cook the food with. The skewer to pin the hair, the hat to screen the head, the paper to write on, the pencil to write with, the hocket to draw water, the crab-net and the fish-pole are one and all provided by the hamhoo.

The usefulness of the hamhoo has been embalmed by Mary McNeil Scott in a poem that is worth producing here:

One night when the hills were drenched with dew,
And moonbeams lay about,
The comical cone of a young bamboo
Came cautiously creeping out.

It tossed its cap upon the ground,
Amazed at the sudden light,
And so pleased it was with the world it found,
That it grew six feet that night.

It grew and it grew in the summer breeze;
It grew and it grew, until
It looked right over the camphor-trees
To the further side of the hill.

A Japanese phrase the wood-cutter used
("Fine tree!" is what we should say),
He chopped it all around till it fell to the ground;
His ox then hauled it away.

He made a fine tub from the lowermost round,
A pail from the following one;
A caddy for rice from the very next slice,
And his work was no more than begun.

The next were tall vases and medicine-cases,
With dippers and cups galore;
There were platters and bowls, and pickets and poles,
And matting to spread on the floor.

A parasol-frame and an intricate game,
And the ribs to a paper fan;
A sole to his shoe and a tooth-pick or two
He made next—this wonderful man.

A pencil, I think, and a bottle for ink,
And a stem for his miniature pipe;
A ring for his hand, and a luncheon-stand,
And a tray for the oranges ripe.

A rake then he made, and a small garden spade,
And a trellis to loop up his vine.
A flute which he blew, and a tea-strainer, too,
And a fiddle to squeak shrill and fine.

It would take me all day, if I were to say
All that wonderful man brought to view;
But a traveler I met says he's sitting there yet;
At work on that single bamboo.

—Detroit Free Press.

TWO GUIDES TO HAPPINESS.

Here are a couple of guides to happiness, which some wise person has lately discovered: For a fit of passion, take a walk in the open air. You may then speak to the wind without hurting any person, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat and go to work like a man.

GOOD MORALS.

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Our Household.

AFTER THE BALL.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long, bright tresses one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber
there
After the revel was done.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white—
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun—
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then steal along in a splendid dream
To a golden zittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lusters shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon.

Two and two they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And all unheard in the lover's talk
He claimeth one for a bride.

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress;
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press.

Oh, beautiful Maud, in her bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done.

But robed and crowned with your saintly
bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Madge, you never will miss
The kisses another has won.

—Nora Perry.

CROCHETED WHEEL FOR TIDIES, MATS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC.

ABBREVIATIONS.—S c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; st, stitch; ch, chain; tr, treble; l-tr, long treble.

First wheel—After the first wheel is crocheted, when crocheting the next wheels, join to first wheel, when crocheting the tenth round. Begin with the center loop over the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth tr of twenty-three trebles in the seventh round. * Only ch 2, 1 tr in the center loop of the wheel (the one that is wanted to join to), ch 2, 1 tr in loop of previous round of the wheel crocheting. Repeat from * with each loop for 9 loops to join together, then

before; also joining all the rest of the wheels together, the same as the third wheel.

Crochet wheel—Make a ch of 12 st, join.

First round—Ch 3, 26 tr in ring of 12 ch (27 tr, counting 3 ch as 1 tr), join 1 sc in third st of 3 ch, ch 1.

Second round—1 d c in same st 1 s c is in, 2 d c in each st all around (53 d c in all), 1 s c in 1 ch st, ch 8 st.

Third round—* Miss 2 st, 1 tr in next st, ch 5. Repeat from * 17 times, 1 s c in third st of 8 ch (18 loops), ch 5 st.

Fourth round—* 14 l-tr (thread over twice and count 5 ch 1 l-tr) in first loop of 5 ch of previous round, 1 tr in next loop, ch 5, 1 tr in next loop. Repeat from * six times. 1 s c in fifth stitch of 5 ch, ch 6 st.

Fifth round—* 1 l-tr, and ch 1 in each st of l-tr of previous round (14 l-tr, count 6 ch as 1 l-tr and 1 ch st), 1 tr in loop of 5 ch, ch 1. Repeat from * six times. 1 s c in fifth and sixth st of 6 ch, ch 3.

Sixth round—* 25 tr in first 25 st (count 3 ch as 1 tr). Begin to count from the first ch st (and miss the first and last l-tr) of previous round, ch 5, miss 5 st (2 l-tr, 2 ch, and 1 tr st). Repeat from * six times. 1 s c in two first st of 25 trebles, ch 3 st.

Seventh round—* 23 tr on 25 tr of previous round (and miss the first and last tr), ch 5, 1 tr in loop of 5 ch, ch 5. Repeat from * six times. 1 s c in two first stitches of 23 tr, ch 8 st.

Eighth round—* Miss 3 st, 1 tr in next st, ch 5. Repeat from * until you have five loops over the 23 tr; (1 tr in loop of 5 ch, ch 5) twice, 1 tr in second tr of 23 tr. Repeat from the first * six times ** (making forty-eight loops), of 5 ch. The last loop, only ch 2, 1 l-tr in third st of 8 ch. 1 s c in last over of l-tr, ch 8, 1 tr under the sixth stitch of previous round of 8 ch.

Ninth round—* Ch 5, 1 tr in next loop. Repeat from * all around. Also repeat the eighth round from **.

Tenth round—Ch 5, and 1 tr in each loop all around (making forty-eight loops); fasten and break off. ELLA MCCOWEN.

SECTION OF DESIGN FOR BUREAU OR STAND SCARF.

This design, it will be observed, is composed of three distinct patterns, either of which will make a pretty border for any article in which drawn-work forms the decoration.

The upper border is a simple one so frequently found in heavier work, and is made thus: Count off eight threads, and with the needle held with the point toward you, take up the second four threads on the needle, pass the needle over the first four and turn underneath, bringing it up

three, six or eight may be used, according to the fineness of the material used.

When the first two sets of thread have been knotted to form the open and filled-in center spaces, then another set (both at top and bottom) is knotted back and forth across the unworked fans from the adjoining sides of every pair of open spaces, until the alternate fans are knotted to correspond with those first knotted, and all the first sets of knotting threads are crossed and knotted to correspond with the diamond-shaped spaces, as seen in the illustration.

In the wide border below, threads are drawn for a three-inch space, the edges then hemstitched as in the preceding design. Nine strands are then knotted at the center, for each fan, the knotting thread being continuous. The solid darning is then made, passing the needle over and under three threads alternately; then each three strands above this solid work is darned in the same manner until within half an inch from the top, then each strand is covered with buttonhole-stitches to the edge, as seen in the picture. Threads are then added in the open spaces, as many as may be desired for the spokes of a rosette, or other design. Any modern lace stitches may be used in filling in these spaces, and they may all be of the same pattern, or, as in the illustration, one design may alternate with others. Leave a half-inch space between the borders to hold the work firm; these may then be embroidered if desired. Finish with a deep fringe.

A scarf of fine-damask in this design is beautiful, but the work is equally effective in coarser linen or scrim. ALICE MOORELL.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

When the fall winds blow, and there is a touch of frost in the air, we think regretfully of our floral treasures in mound and border. Many annuals are as nice for window culture as for outdoor flowering, and it is well to look the plants over closely, and such as are still full of buds may be successfully potted and brought into the house, where they will bloom long enough to amply reward one for the little trouble they have been. In repotting, the soil about their roots should be thoroughly soaked a few hours previous to their removal, which should be either very early in the morning before the sun has attained much power, or late in the evening. The pots should be in readiness near the flower to be transplanted, and it should be lifted with an abundance of dirt, so that the roots are not disturbed. If set in the cellar for a few days the plants will hardly seem to realize that they have been moved from their summer home, if they are not put in the sun for a day or two after having been brought from the cellar.

In the kitchen window during the winter should always be found a box of parsley and one of curled lettuce, to use in garnishing dishes. A dozen or more strong, thrifty plants of parsley should be transplanted into a box before the bed is covered for its winter protection, that it may come up again in the spring.

If these are kept in a sunny window they will live all winter, and supply a pleasing garnish for many dishes, that will be even more acceptable during the bleak winter days than in the bright summer-time, when greenness is plentiful. About this time a box of rich soil should be provided, and sowed with lettuce-seed to furnish additional material for winter garnishes, or for the making of an occasional salad. If the outer leaves only are picked, leaving root and heart of plant untouched, the plants keep on growing, sending out new, crisp leaves, and every few days may be closely picked and no harm done.

I have in mind one home where there was no sunny window in the kitchen for these plants, so they were put in here and there among the plants in the bay-window, wherever a pot had room to hold a little more than the allotted plant.

SWEEPING AND WINDOW-WASHING.—About this season we begin to notice how dusty our carpets have grown, and often

sigh over the frequent window-washings necessary. When sweeping, it is an excellent plan to thoroughly wet the broom, then shake it vigorously until no more drops adhere, and sweep with it so. It prevents the dust from rising, thus making the dusting an easier task, and gives the carpet a brighter look.

The work of window-washing is materially lessened if soap-suds is used as hot as one can bear the hands in it, and each pane wiped immediately, while it is yet



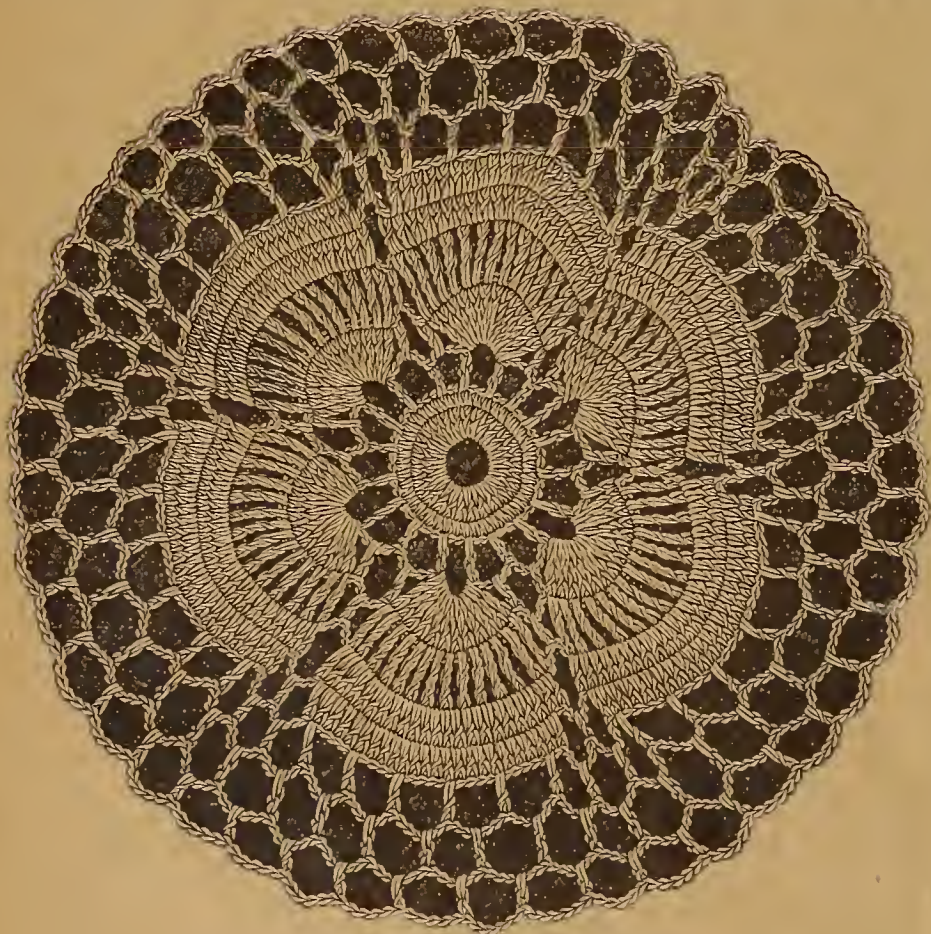
SECTION OF DESIGN FOR BUREAU OR STAND SCARF.

warm. In this way the moisture is quickly absorbed and no lint remains. The secret is in having the water hot enough to warm the pane and wipe it before it cools.

SCORCHED VIANDS.—Occasionally even the most careful of cooks will allow something to scorch, or even burn in cooking, but not all know how the unpleasant taste may be removed. As soon as it is discovered that a thing is scorched or even burned, remove the cover immediately; do not stir the contents of kettle or pan, or whatever is burning, if possible to prevent, and thus mix the scorched matter with that which has not been, and at once set the vessel in another of cold water and let it remain for a few seconds, or until the bottom of the vessel has cooled off. Carefully pour off the contents, without, of course, allowing that which is scorched to mix with the other, carefully finish the cooking, and the burnt taste cannot be detected. We have known even the most delicate custards to be treated in this way, and to be all right, while vegetables that have so badly burned as to adhere to the entire bottom of the vessel in which they were cooked, have been removed, after setting the vessel in cold water, and been as nice as any.

CONVENIENT WALL-POCKETS can be so quickly and easily made from the boxes that oatmeal, rolled wheat and such things come in, using the two-pound size. Cut out the front and sides to suit, leaving the back as it is, cover with cloth, paper or velvet, according to their use, and fasten to the wall. In the kitchen or dining-room they are handy to hold dusters, stoveholders, etc. In the library they are nice for clippings, extra envelopes, special letters or other things, while in the bedrooms they can be used for many purposes. CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

If you have a cupful of boiled rice left from the lunch of one day you can make an appetizing dish for the next day's dinner by putting it in a pudding-dish with alternate layers of tomatoes that are stewed down quite thick. Season with salt, pepper and butter, and if onion is liked, a teaspoonful of grated onion. Bake for fifteen minutes in a moderate oven, and send to the table in the baking-dish. Macaroni with layers of oysters is excellent cooked in the same way. The macaroni should first be cooked in salted, boiling water until tender, then have cold water dashed over it. Brown in the oven, and if you have any of the oyster-liquor, pour a cupful over the macaroni just before it goes to the oven.



CROCHETED WHEEL FOR TIDIES, ETC.

finish off the rest of round the same as ch 5 and 1 tr in each loop.

Third wheel—Join to both of the wheels crocheted. When crochet the tenth round, join them together, the same as the first time. Only count eight loops, and begin with the first center loop, from where the two first wheels are joined together, and the ninth loop, ch 2, 1 tr (on center tr that joins the two first wheels together), ch 2, 1 tr in loop of the previous round. Repeat, and join the next eight loops to the next wheel, and finish off the round the same as

on the under side of the second four threads, with the point of the needle from you.

In the second border, threads are drawn for a space one and one half inches wide. Hemstitch each side, being careful to take up the same number of threads in each stitch. The work must then be placed in an embroidery-frame to keep it smooth and even as the work progresses.

The number of strands employed for a fan may vary according to taste. In the present instance four were selected, but

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

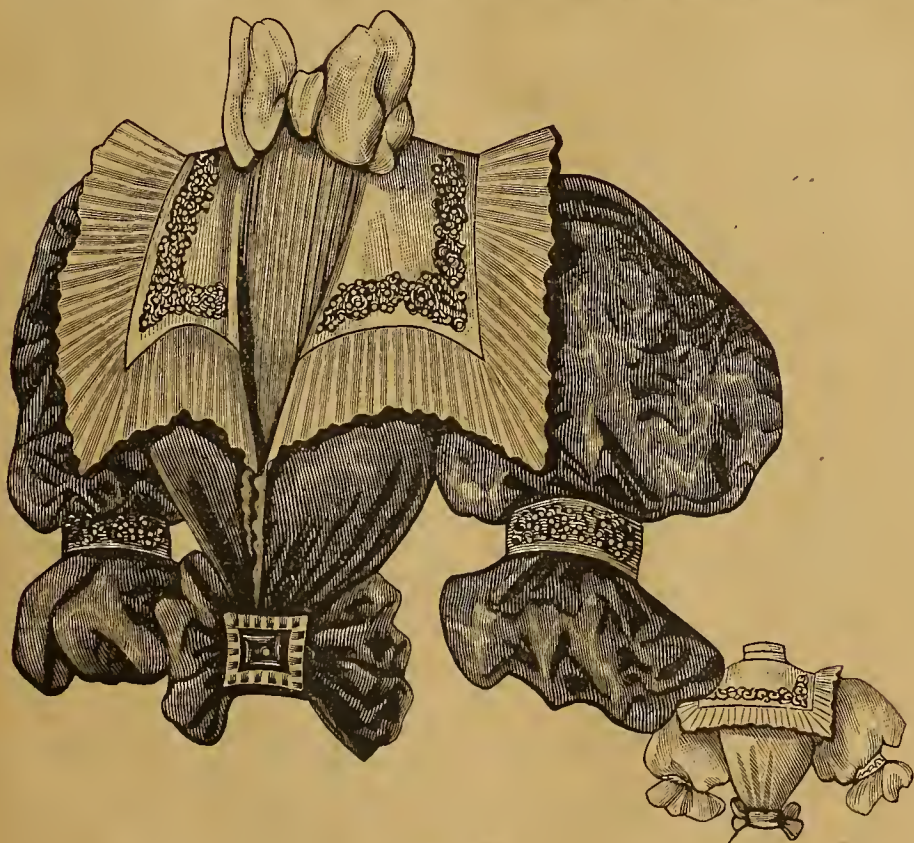
There is no doubt that all food is more appetizing if neatly and daintily served. Notice the difference between a watermelon that has been on the ice, or even laid in cold water for an hour, and one that is bought from a wagon where it has been, now in the sun, now in the hot air for half the day, and so well warmed through, and then cut and handed to you. It is so with all melons, and indeed the greater number of fruits. Cherries or plums perfectly cold are far superior to those you buy, no matter where, and eat at once. Taking breakfast with a friend who very thoroughly believed in this, I learned the lesson well on this wise. Her table was



WATERMELON BASKET.

so attractive. A few flowers freshly gathered from her garden, which was but eighteen feet square, gave it a most inviting look. Close in front of these was a shining glass bowl—not cut, but well selected, small-figured, in pressed glass. In this the cherries were heaped, stems left on, and small bits of ice glistened here and there among them. It gave tone to the table, and at once sharpened your appetite. So with cantaloups. Wash the rind well, place in water for fifteen minutes, open, remove the seed and lay in each half a piece of ice. Such a pretty and inviting dish it is, especially if a few geranium leaves or any other greenness edges the plate. We always ate ours with a teaspoon, but now even ice-cream is to be eaten with a fork, so with cantaloups and everything else possible. And only because Dame Fashion says so. However, we are not obliged to sacrifice our comfort to her whims.

For the melon season, let me describe to you one of the very prettiest desserts, and so refreshing, too. Take a round watermelon. Cut the melon basket-shape, allowing a little more than half the melon for the basket part, and the other for the handle. It will be easier to cut the handle first, but remember to cut only through the rind to the red flesh of the melon.



BLOUSE.

Next the basket. After carefully removing all the red part, take out the seeds and cut in convenient size to serve on dessert-plates. Leave enough white of the rind on the basket and handle to make it firm. Lay small pieces of ice in the bottom, then watermelon, and so on until the basket is heaped. If you have an ice-shaver, sprinkle some of the shaved ice here and there over the top, allowing the red to show clearly. Serve on a waiter or large china platter covered with a pretty doily worked in white. It is one of the pret-

tiest dishes, and certainly the most appetizing way of serving a melon. It will surprise and delight your guests, for it is still very new. Fill the basket just before the meal; if it is filled too long before, of course, most of the beauty is lost by the ice melting. It more than repays the trouble.

Now, a word about the invaluable vegetable, the tomato. It is so often abused in the preparation. If you intend to have them sliced for supper, don't serve them with the skins on. Select the ripest—they pare easily. But they should have been in your coldest place at dinner-time, and should be sliced at least fifteen minutes before using. Put them on a pretty white dish with a few pieces of ice, if you have it; if not, lay the tomatoes in water an hour before peeling. A few sprigs of parsley around the plate add to the inviting effect. Contrast these with those so often served with the skin on and half warm.

All the difference you can imagine is found in the way fried tomatoes are placed on the table. In the gravy are found flecks of black floating through it, because it was allowed to burn fast to the pan before turning. Again, good-sized pieces of uncooked, unripe tomato is in it, and very often it has a raw taste. A very good cook told me once that two thirds of the bad cooking was the result of hurry. This is her way of preparing this dish: Be sure that the pan is free from any burn, by scouring it well with soap and sand. Heat the pan thoroughly, and drop in the lard, and a little butter, if you can spare it. Set the pan back where it will keep hot, but not boil. Inspect the tomatoes, cutting off any hard stem pieces; slice your tomato once through, and not twice, unless unusually large—skin left on, of course. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and well with flour. Bring the pan to the front, and when the fat bubbles, lay in the slices, push back where they will cook slowly (covered is better). Go on with supper preparation. Look occasionally, and turn, again cook slowly, and just before serving, bring them to the front of the range. Watch them now. When you are sure they are done, lay them out carefully on a hot dish, add a little milk to the gravy, stir quickly, allowing two minutes to boil, and pour around, not over the slices. How good these are! How much better than the ordinary. Give yourself time and try this slow cooking in the well-scoured pan.

For baking (and this is a good supper as well as a dinner dish), this same cook prepares them in this way: Select the required number, of even size if possible. Wash, cut off the stem, slice for a lid. Remove enough of the seeds to make room for the filling, which is prepared in this

way: Very fine bread crumbs, little scraps of butter, a tiny bit of onion, or a drop or two of juice, salt and pepper. Fill well and lay on the lid, cover the pan and set in the oven. Cook slowly about an hour, remove the lids, spread beaten egg over each one and set back in the oven to brown, having no cover over the pan. These are delicious.

Scalloped tomatoes are excellent for summer, and are a good substitute for meat. Grease your baking-dish well. Cut the skinned tomatoes in small pieces and line

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the bottom, then a sprinkle of salt and pepper, with a little butter, now bread crumbs, very fine, then seasoning, and so on until the dish is full. A little onion in this is a great improvement. An egg, well beaten, poured over the top, which is bread crumbs, adds a great deal to the taste. It is good without this. Stewed tomatoes cooked slowly are far better than those allowed to boil rapidly. An egg, well beaten, added when they are done cooking, and a teaspoonful of white sugar, will give them a superior flavor to those served without them.

A delicious supper or good dinner salad can be prepared thus: Take medium-sized cucumbers, cut as thin as wafers and drop in cold water for an hour. Drain and press out the water. Lay in a glass dish some ripe, red tomatoes, cut in small pieces, and then a layer of cucumbers; the top layer is of the two mixed, with small pieces of ice laid over them. Pour over this the French dressing made of two salt-spoonfuls of salt and one salt-spoonful of black pepper, added to two table-spoonfuls of oil and three table-spoonfuls of vinegar. This is a good dressing for potato salad. But where will I end if I tell of the infinite uses of this excellent and useful vegetable?

HOPE HOLIDAY.

BLOUSES.

These have been so fashionable in the many pretty muslins and silks that they bid fair to be continued late in the season; and with the serge skirt and jacket can be worn until very late in the season.

Made also of light-colored wools for winter wear, they would serve to brighten up an otherwise somber costume.

The waist of a dress getting hard wear at all times, it is best to have two, one that will serve for more dressy occasions.

Any light color is prettier for evening wear than a dark one, and young ladies can make effective changes in their wardrobes by a succession of pretty waists.

L. L. C.

HOME TOPICS.

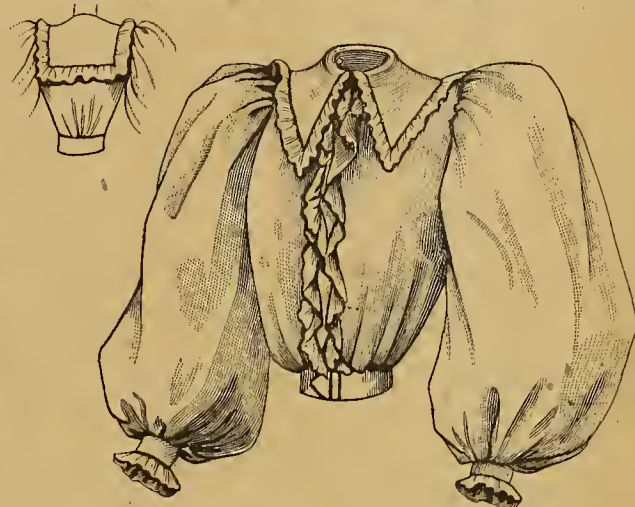
KITCHEN HINTS.—Tea is much better if the pot is hot when the boiling water is poured on the tea. I use a brown water-drop teapot, and set it over the tea-kettle about five minutes before I wish to make the tea. When it is hot, I put in the tea and let it stand a minute or two longer, then pour on the boiling water and let it stand about five minutes more over the tea-kettle; then it is ready to serve.

If the burners of lamps are taken off about once a month and boiled in water in which a little lump of soda is dissolved, the light from the lamp will be much better. A new wick should be put in as soon as the old ones look dark; or if you have no new one handy, the old one may be washed, dried and used again.

Cabbage is considered by many a coarse, rank vegetable. As usually cooked it is too heavy for ordinary digestion, but when cut up finely, put into boiling water enough to cover it, with a table-spoonful of salt, and boiled steadily twenty-five minutes, then the water all drained off and half a teacupful of sweet cream added, and as soon as it boils up is served, it will be as delicate a vegetable as need be, and can be eaten by any one without fear of ill effects.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.—The object and purpose of these societies is to stimulate public spirit in every way. They look after the sanitary conditions of the neighborhood, and aim to improve the roads, beautify the grounds about school-houses, churches, cemeteries and the public roadsides. These societies are not necessarily village societies, for each country neighborhood may have one. Their object is one of common interest, and they may be made to educate the public taste, prove profitable to health, enhance the value of both public and private property,

and altogether make country homes and country life more satisfactory. Then, each society formed will be a radiating center for other societies, and their influence will be extended over constantly widening circles. A healthy spirit of rivalry will be engendered, and a marked improvement of home surroundings and waysides will be the result. In the many neighborhoods where these societies have been formed, their regular meetings are made quite a social feature. Essays are read on landscape gardening, the origin, culture, etc., of some particular plant, tree or flower, with music and appropriate select readings.



BLOUSE.

The improvement society may also have charge of the arrangements for Arbor Day, and at least one of the summer meetings should be held out of doors and be the occasion for a picnic. Sometimes two or three neighboring societies join in these picnics. An exchange of views and ideas is the result, besides a good social time generally.

The great fault with farm life is its isolation, and whatever will bring neighbors together and create a community of interest; whatever will tend to broaden ideas and lead people to look and work for common as well as personal good, cannot fail to make life more full and satisfying.

MAIDA McL.

BABY-TALK.

Have you heard the story of the little girl who, in answer to the announcement that her mother was calling her, climaxed the cases of her pronouns by saying:

"Her ain't a callin' me; us don't belong to she."

Funny, but not at all strange, when we consider the vernacular in which his baby-ship is addressed by the whole wide circle of his devoted admirers. Why is it that it seems so natural to talk baby-talk to the little tots? Maybe it is only a weak, foolish fancy, but some way one can love so much nearer and closer if one holds the dear baby tight in his arms and fairly drown him with the most outlandish baby expressions.

Oh, you've done it, I know you have, when you've been all alone with no one to listen while you "wootsy, tootsy, bressed him 'little heart." You think it is all nonsense, and wouldn't do so for anything if you knew there were other ears to listen, and yet you can't help it, you say.

A sweet little baby is always interesting—bound to be so. You feel almost guilty while you watch him, unconscious of your gaze, not realizing what sensations he will produce by his actions. You will be almost sorry when he outgrows his innocent babyhood, and assumes the ways of a child.

But when the gift of speech, the pronunciation of words, the forming of sentences come into his command, do you want your boy to be a baby, scarcely able to utter a word correctly?

I believe it is natural for a child to form the past tenses of irregular verbs, regularly. He says naturally, and I believe sensibly:

"I goed to grandma's; I throwed a stone; I seed a dog." Under his tongue some parts of our language might improve; but I think that mothers, or those who have young children under their charge, are responsible for the little man's crooked tongue.

Don't you like to hear the ringing, clear-cut tones of a child who enunciates clearly and distinctly. It does not make him "old for his years," it only adds sweetness to his childish grace.

If you would have him so, teach him from his earliest infancy.

MARY D. SIBLEY.

Our Household.

DIVIDED.

Who has not felt at times so utterly alone,
So isolated from his fellow-creatures' lives;
Existence's emptiness a chaos vast has grown,
Where doubt against faith for mastery
strives?

Past sufferings, bidden griefs return,
Blotting the glamour o'er the future cast
By hope's fair ray. The heart will yearn
For the consoling touch of love,
Something pure and far above
Life's mockings ere youth be past.
'Tis true the eye is blinded by the fleeting
bliss—

The tongue is silvered by the soothing kiss—
But does it last? And is the soul content
With the remembrance of the time thus
spent?

Then one would fain the poet's tale believe,
That first two souls exist one in paradise,
Born separately, upon the earth they grieve
Till meeting, find completion, rend the
world's disguise—
Which is but rare in life's short span;
The trackless ocean and the dividing lands
Off lie between, or circumstance's ban
Keep them apart. Unsatisfied,
They drift to the eternal tide,
There joined by He who understands.
Child-like, the heart contents itself with toys
Ere bitterness its fondest hope alloys.
But oh! the soul will yearn for broader scope
To break its bounds, and cease to blindly
grope.

—Ida Cole.

TUBERCULOUS COWS AND CHICKENS.

PEOPLE are just beginning to learn how intimately the fate of men is connected with that of animals, and there has been a visitation of tuberculosis up and down the Hudson river below Albany, which has had many important results, not the least of which is a great advance in the ideas on which the production of pure food depends.

The disaster that came to the magnificent stock farm of Ellerslie, at Rhinecliff-on-Hudson, belonging to Hon. Levi P. Morton, on August 2, 1893, seems to have far-reaching consequences in more directions than one. In a finely-constructed modern barn there were at that date ninety cows and a small army of young stock. The stock constituted the finest herd of Guernsey cattle in the world, for Mr. Morton is a firm believer in the doctrine that a Guernsey cow will give the greatest profit for a dollar's worth of feed. Fire so wiped out the establishment during the night that not even a halter or a shovel could be found. Mr. Morton at once gave directions for the rebuilding of the barn, and the re-establishment of the herd. In buying new stock, he "got caught" with some tuberculous cows, for last year even the great worth of the tuberculin test as a protection to the buyer was not fully appreciated.

In the fire the poultry-house was destroyed, and fresh supplies of poultry were bought, of course, the greatest care to choose healthy fowls being exercised; but now see the mischief that can come from one class of animals to another. The tuberculous cows—not then suspected of the disease—fed on pastures over which the poultry were allowed to range. Of course, it is not impossible that some of this purchased poultry had brought the disease from infected farms, but the subsequent events are best related in the words of Mr. H. W. Cottrell, Mr. Morton's superintendent: "Soon after purchasing, a few seemed to be doing poorly, and had symptoms similar to roup. Some were treated and apparently cured, others killed. The eggs of our flock were put in incubators and hatched. After about 2,000 chickens were hatched, they began dying at the rate of from thirty to fifty a day, when about two weeks old. A veterinarian and a physician were called in, who made independent post-mortems. Both pronounced the disease tuberculosis. Of course, if chickens two weeks old were badly affected with tuberculosis, they must have been given the disease from the hens through the eggs." (This is a blow to the non-heredity of consumption in humans, and the only comfort is that men are not fowls.) "Our hens were very thrifty, laying well and apparently in good health. We killed a number, and in most of them found tuberculosis. In a few cases the disease was in an advanced stage, but in most just well started." (The life-cycle of a fowl and all its processes are very short. Dr. Abbott, secretary of the Massachusetts board of health, relates the entire destruction, in three weeks, from tuberculosis, of a flock of twenty hens that

had devoured the sputum of a consumptive.) "Of course, it was impossible to tell without killing and a careful examination whether a chicken had the disease or not. We took the safe way and killed and burned all the chickens on the farm. Our loss was 500 hens, 5,000 young chickens, and a number of turkeys."

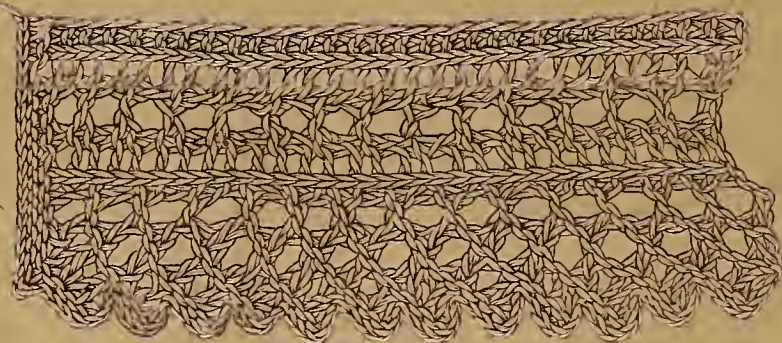
Soon after this, several of Mr. Morton's cows were condemned as tuberculous, killed, and the condemnation proved just. Now, a new start in poultry, with extra precautions, has been made. On the 12th of June there were 3,800 eggs in the incubators, and the results are being watched with intensest interest by all the poultry raisers in the land.

* * *

"So when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

At the death of a great and good man, the newspapers present a review of his life; for the people regard a public man as something of their own, and the interest taken in his personal affairs is not prompted by idle curiosity; it comes from the kinship that love knits between those who may never have seen each others' faces. Who among us does not feel the death of President Carnot when we read of him as a man? Greatness is always forgotten in the presence of goodness, the only enduring thing. The following is from *Harper's Bazar*:

"Was there ever anything more pathetic than Madam Carnot's letter, in the same paper that announced the murder of her husband, written the day before to the mayor of Lyons? 'Monsieur the Mayor,' it said, 'you are a physician. I beg of you to watch a little over my husband, who came back from one of his last journeys very much exhausted. Be so good as to see that he does not walk too much, does not stand more than two hours at a time.' And so on, with a list of recommendations,



KNIT EYELET EDGING.

so that the anxious wife might shadow the husband, whose health had been delicate, even while he was away from her, with her devoted care. The few lines revealed so much of the two characters in their simple words. The president, absolutely forgetful of self, entirely absorbed in duty; the wife, ever thinking for him, her life lost in his as his was in that of his country.

* * *

Of 649 beggars dealt with by the charity organization society in New York, in the hard winter of 1893-1894—whose records were looked up—not one was found worthy, while it is estimated that no less than 15,000 persons came to the city from other places to share in the free food and coal, and other comforts provided by Christian charity.

* * *

At a recent conversation of the Royal Society in London, there was exhibited mummy-cloth, made in the fourth Egyptian dynasty, in which the threads were 300x150 per square inch, while Irish linen is rated very fine at 140x140.

FIGHTING FOR PRINCIPLE.

"Some of these fellers that is so set on their principles reminds me much of an old feller that bought a mule I knowed once," said the man on the cracker-box. "That is, I knowed the feller, not the mule. He bought that mule from the street-car company, and the fool mule wouldn't work without a bell on his neck. Well, a bell to suit the mule's idea of things could be bought for about fifteen cents, and any sensible man would have bought it and put it on—the mule, that is. But this feller wasn't that kind. He said he'd be doggoned if he would be outdid by a mule; and he started out to conquer that beast, or die in the attempt. He died in the attempt. The mule kicked him so high that the coroner's jury wrangled an hour over whether he had died from the kick or from strikin' the earth. Died happy, though, 'cause he had died for a principle, and hadn't been outdone by a mule."

"Then I bought the mule and put a bell on him, and am working him yet, and don't feel as if I'd lost no great amount of self-respect, either. Sometimes I think the people in general is a good deal like that mule. They won't drive at all 'thout a bell on o' some kind, and the fool reformer who thinks it would be a sacrifice of his principles to let 'em have it gets kicked into the middle of next week, while the politician is willin' to pervide the bell fer 'em, and they git down and hump themselves while he sits in a spring seat au' rides. An' I don't doubt I've been a mule myself many a time, an' shall be agin."

KNIT EYELET EDGING NO. 1 (POINTED).

ABBREVIATIONS.—Sl, means slip stitch; k, knit; b, bind; o, over; oo, thread over twice; n, narrow; p, purl or seam; * and **, repeat the number of times said to be repeated.

Cast on 28 stitches. Knit across plain.
First row—Sl 1, k 1, * p 1, k 1, n, oo, n, k 1, p 1, k 1. Repeat from the * twice, o, n, ** k 2, oo, k 2, oo, k 2; turn.
Second row—Sl 1, k 1, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 6, ** sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over, o, k 1, p 1, k 2, o, n, k 1, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over, o, k 2, p 1, k 1, o, n, k 2; turn.
Third row—Sl 1, k 1, (p 1, k 6, p 1, k 1) twice, o, n, ** k 10; turn.
Fourth row—Sl and b off 2 st, k 10, ** s 1, k 1, pass sl st over, o, k 4, o, n, k 1, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over, o, k 4, o, n, k 2; turn.
Fifth row—Repeat the first row to **. K 4, oo, k 2, oo, k 2; turn.
Sixth row—Sl 1, k 1, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 8. Repeat the second row from **.
Seventh row—Repeat the third row to **. K 12.
Eighth row—Sl and b off 2 st, k 12. Repeat the fourth row from **.
Ninth row—Repeat the first row to **. K 6, oo, k 2, oo, k 2; turn.
Tenth row—Sl 1, k 1, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 10. Repeat the second row from **. Eleventh row—Repeat the third row to **. K 14; turn.

Twelfth row—Sl and b off 2 st, k 14. Repeat the fourth row from **. Thirteenth row—Repeat the first row to **. K 6, u, oo, k 2, oo, k 2; turn.

Fourteenth row—Sl 1, k 1, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 11. Repeat the second row from **. Fifteenth row—Repeat the third row to **. K 13, n; turn.
Sixteenth row—Same as twelfth row.
Seventeenth row—Repeat the first row to **. K 5, n, oo, n, k 1, oo, k 2; turn.
Eighteenth row—Same as tenth row.
Nineteenth row—Repeat the third row to **. K 4, n, k 6, n; turn.
Twentieth row—Same as eighth row.
Twenty-first row—Repeat the first row to **. K 3, n, oo, n, k 1, oo, k 2; turn.
Twenty-second row—Same as sixth row.
Twenty-third row—Repeat the third row to **. K 2, n, k 6, n; turn.
Twenty-fourth row—Repeat the same as the fourth row.
Twenty-fifth row—Repeat the first row to **. K 1, n, oo, n, k 1, oo, k 2; turn.
Twenty-sixth row—Repeat the same as the second row.
Twenty-seventh row—Repeat the third row to **. N, k 6, n; turn.
Twenty-eighth row—Sl and b off 2 st, k 8. Repeat the fourth row from **. Repeat from the first row for the length required. ELLA McCOWEN.

TWO EMERGENCY RECIPES.

When company drops in unexpectedly, "What shall we have for dessert?" is generally the first thought that pops into the good housekeeper's head. Below are given two recipes that have proved very useful in our house many times:

CREAM PIE.—

Cream 1 cupful of granulated sugar and 1 cupful of butter together, add ½ cupful of sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted into 2 cupfuls of sifted flour, 2 eggs.
Flavor with vanilla. A cupful of dried currants or raisins are very nice in the batter. Bake in two layers, and when cold, spread the following custard between, and powder the top with fine sugar:

CUSTARD.

2 tablespoonfuls of flour,
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar,
1 egg and a small piece of butter.
Beat together and add one cupful of boiling milk. Cook until thick and smooth. Flavor.

GINGERDROPS.—

1 cupful of granulated sugar,
½ cupful of butter,
1 cupful of New Orleans molasses,
1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon,
1 teaspoonful of ground cloves,
1 teaspoonful of ground allspice,
1 teaspoonful of ground ginger,
2 teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in a cupful of boiling water,
2½ cupfuls of sifted flour,
2 well-beaten eggs.
Bake in gem-pans; serve part with sauce while warm, and the rest are nice cold for lunch. M. E. SMITH.

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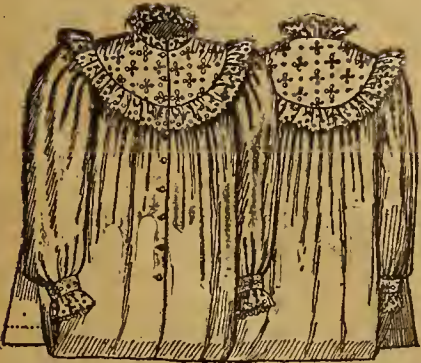
FLAVORINGS.

The great success of fine cookery of all kinds consists in the delicate and careful use of seasonings, in the mingling of tastes well joined. A generation ago, almost the only flavorings known to temperance people in sweet cookery were vanilla, lemon, nutmeg, bitter almonds and cinnamon. To-day there are many dainty new flavorings, and the coarser spices are little used in delicate cookery, but are reserved for rich puddings and for savory dishes of meats and other places where they more properly belong. The juice of various fruits, coffee, tea and caramel have been added in the last dozen years to our list of flavors. Vanilla remains in use, as it has been for over a hundred years, but there is considerable doubt if the vanilla trade of to-day is quite equal to the genuine bean of that tropical parasite from which our grandmothers made their flavoring. A great deal of the vanilla of trade is made from the coarse tonka bean.

Even those dainty custards which were flavored with fresh peach leaves had a certain delicacy which we miss from the custard flavored with bitter almond extract. It may be a comfort to those who use the bitter almond extract that physicians have quite generally condemned the peach leaf on account of the presence of prussic acid in the green leaf. This acid, however, is so very, very volatile, and so easily expelled by a slight heat, that it seems impossible that any danger may lurk in peach leaves that have been thoroughly hoiled. The root from which tapioca is made is so much more heavily impregnated with prussic acid that ten drops will kill an able-bodied man in twenty-six minutes, and it is actually used as a means of public execution by some Indians of South America. Tapioca is only the pulp of the root from which this deadly juice is squeezed out by the hand. Even the poisonous juice itself is saved and boiled when the prussic acid is expelled, and from this juice is made the popular beer of the country. Yet no one doubts that tapioca is one of the most wholesome substances in use in our kitchens.

Lemon flavoring is not so much used now as it was once. There is always something of popular fancy in this matter, and lemon is just now out of fashion, though it will always remain a delicious and refreshing flavor for ice-creams and cold desserts. It is not often used in hot desserts in this country. The best lemon flavoring is that made from bits of the yellow peel boiled in milk. A good lemon essence may be found in market, but, like vanilla essence, must be of the best kind, and it must be confessed that the essences are easier to use than anything else.

A flavoring of coffee is one of the most delicious of the new flavorings. It may be used in custards, ice-creams, the icing of cake and in many other cold desserts. A charlotte russe flavored with coffee is especially nice. To flavor a quart of custard, take two heaping tablespoonfuls of Mocha coffee, ground quite fine and measured after grinding. If possible, the coffee should have been browned and ground the day it is used. Pour the quart of milk of which the custard is to be made boiling hot over the coffee, beat the whole thoroughly for two or three minutes over the fire. Then remove it from the stove, cover it and let it stand where it will gradually cool and the flavoring of the coffee will be infused through the milk. Then strain it. This gives a very delicate, delicious flavor of coffee, and is strong enough to flavor a quart of ice-cream, in which case a mixture of half cream and half milk must be poured over the coffee. To make a coffee essence for flavoring icings and other dishes that cannot be flavored by infusion, take two heaping tablespoonfuls of good Mocha coffee, ground and roasted fresh. Pour over it a cupful of cold water. Let it reduce over the fire until there remain but four tablespoonfuls when it is strained. Use about one tablespoonful of this to flavor the icing of one good-sized cake, or a teaspoonful if you like the flavor very delicate.—*New York Tribune.*



No. 6172.—LADIES' NIGHT-DRESS. 11 cents.
The body of the gown is gathered on its upper edges and sewed to the lower edges of the rounded yoke front and back, the frill of embroidery being included in the seam. The neck and wrists are finished with embroidered frills, the full sleeves being gathered into bands of insertion. Linen lawn, percale or long cloth. Trimmings of lace or embroidery, tucking and hemstitching will render it as fanciful as can be desired, or it can be made up very simple and plain, if preferred.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

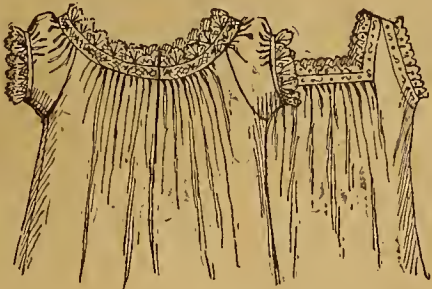
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Any FOUR Patterns and the Farm and Fireside one year, 50 cents. (Present subscribers accepting this offer will have their time advanced one year.)

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand for our paper among strangers, and to make it more valuable than ever to our old friends, we decided to offer them to the lady readers of the Farm and Fireside for the remarkably low price of only 10 Cents Each. Postage one cent extra.
These Patterns are cut for us by the oldest, and we think, the best Pattern Manufacturers of New York City.
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curacy of fit, simplicity and economy. For twenty-four years these patterns have been used the country over. Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received. You can order any of the patterns which

have been offered in the back numbers of the Farm and Fireside. Order by the number. Do not fail to give BUST measure if for ladies, and WAIST measure if for skirt pattern, and AGE if for misses, boys, girls and children. Order patterns by their number. We guarantee every pattern to be perfect and exactly as represented. To get BUST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.
Price of each pattern, 10 cents.
Postage one cent extra on EACH pattern.



No. 6174.—LADIES' CHEMISE. Both for 11 cents.
Two entirely different styles are here given as one pattern. One with a round-shaped, low neck and full puffed, short sleeves. The other having the neck cut pompadour and the sleeve formed by the shaping of the garment. Trimming of lace or embroidered edging with insertion are usually preferred.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.



No. 4070.—LADIES' SLEEVES. 11 cents.
No. 4070. We here give three entirely different styles of sleeves that are suitable for basques or round waists. Sleeves of different material from the rest of the garment is quite stylish now, so it is an easy matter, with the aid of a fashionable sleeve pattern, to refashion an old-style basque. All for 11 cents.
Sizes, 32, 36 and 40 inches bust measure.



No. 6165.—LADIES' BASQUE. 11 cents.
No. 6166.—LADIES' SKIRT. 11 cents.
Two distinct patterns are here presented, a round basque waist and a gored skirt with drapery slightly raised on both sides. The skirt is deeply faced in front and sides. The curate collar and trimmings are graduated bands of the shaded whipcord. This is one of the popular styles that is generally becoming to all. The basque is glove-fitting, closed with hooks and eyes in center front, the extended single rever being buttoned over on the left side, as shown. Stylishly full "gigot" sleeves are faultlessly disposed over coat-shaped linings, the graceful wrinkles falling to the elbow. The waists are trimmed with two graded bands of shaded whipcord. The mode will develop handsomely in most any of the combinations, or can be all of one material and trimmed with braid, galoon, gimp or ribbon. A plain tailor finish is much favored on toilets of this kind.



No. 6159.—LADIES' PRINCESS GOWN. 12 cents.
This pattern is so large and heavy that it requires 2 cents extra to cover the additional postage. Send 12 cents for this pattern.
No. 6159. This design is particularly becoming to ladies of generous proportions, especially when made of striped material, with front, sleeves and bertha of a darker color. The long, unbroken lines take away from the breadth by apparently adding to the height. The mode is suitable for almost any kind of material, and can be made to do duty as a walking-dress, tea-gown or wrapper. All depends on the material used, style of trimming, etc.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure.



No. 6105.—LADIES' ETON JACKET. 11 cents.
No. 4036.—LADIES' SKIRT. 11 cents.
No. 6105. This pattern consists of seven pieces. Front, back, side-back, sleeve and three collar sections. Dark blue serge is the fabric of this very stylish and at the same time serviceable jacket. Braid can be used as a trimming, and the seams lapped and stitched on the outside, or they may be closed in the usual way.
No. 4036. This pattern consists of three pieces, front, back and belt. Two rows of braid form the trimming. The fullness in the back may be held in place by tapes tacked across on the inside, if the skirt is unlined.
No. 6105. This pattern consists of ten pieces. Full front, lining front, full back, lining back and side back, sleeve upper and under, sleeve lining, collar and bretelle. Dark blue figured challis was the material chosen for this charming tea-gown. Moire ribbon was used in trimming the bretelle, collar, sleeves and to form the yoke, which was of butter-colored lace.



No. 6183.—LADIES' BASQUE, WITH JACKET FRONT. 11 cents.
No. 6183. This handsome basque is in latest autumn style. The front arrangement is a glove-fitted lining, over which the shirred yoke is disposed, reaching to yoke depth. The two sets of revers outline the upper and front edges of the short jacket portion, the closing of the under front being effected at the shoulder and under-arm seam, the jacket having a solitary fastening over the bust, with fancy button and buttonhole, as pictured. Any of the new fall woollens or mixtures will develop charmingly by the mode.
No. 4075. This pattern consists of ten pieces. Full front, lining front, full back, lining back and side back, sleeve upper and under, sleeve lining, collar and bretelle. Dark blue figured challis was the material chosen for this charming tea-gown. Moire ribbon was used in trimming the bretelle, collar, sleeves and to form the yoke, which was of butter-colored lace.



No. 4075.—LADIES' TEA-GOWN. 12 cents.
This pattern is so large and heavy that it requires 2 cents to cover postage.
No. 4075. This pattern consists of ten pieces. Full front, lining front, full back, lining back and side back, sleeve upper and under, sleeve lining, collar and bretelle. Dark blue figured challis was the material chosen for this charming tea-gown. Moire ribbon was used in trimming the bretelle, collar, sleeves and to form the yoke, which was of butter-colored lace.

PATTERN ORDER BLANK

Can be cut out, filled in, and pinned to your letter, giving name and address. If you want the Farm and Fireside one year and any FOUR patterns, send 50 cents.

For ladies, give BUST measure. For SKIRT patterns, give WAIST measure only. For misses, boys, girls or children, give AGE only. Send 11 cents for each pattern.

PATTERN No.	BUST MEASURE.	WAIST MEASURE.	AGE IN YEARS.
No.....inches.inches.years.
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No.....inches.inches.years.

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Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE FOUR CALLS.

The spirit came in childhood,
And pleaded, "Let me in;"
But ah! the door was bolted,
By thoughtlessness in sin,
The child said, "I'm too young yet
There's time enough; to-day
I cannot open." Sadly
The spirit went his way!

Again he came and pleaded,
In youth's bright, happy hour.
He called, but heard no answer;
For, lured by Satan's power,
The youth lay dreaming idly,
And saying, "Not to-day;
Not till I've tried earth's pleasures."
Again he turned away!

Again he came in mercy,
In manhood's vigorous prime;
But still he found no welcome;
The merchant "had no time."
No time for true repentance;
No time to think and pray;
And so, repulsed and saddened,
The spirit turned away!

Once more he called and waited;
The man was old and ill;
He scarcely heard the whisper;
His heart was cold and chill.
"Go, leave me; when I need thee,
I'll call for thee," he cried;
Then sinking on his pillow,
Without a hope he died!

—National Baptist.

THE FARMER AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

It is sometimes argued that the liquor industry creates a market for grains, fruits, etc., and that the prohibition of the traffic would, by destroying that market, injure the prosperity of the farmers. The following facts may serve to prove the fallacy of this argument:

The extent of the market for grain may be judged from the reports of the internal revenue bureau, which show that during the year ending June 30, 1891, 26,347,641 bushels of grain were used in the production of distillery spirits, only a little over one per cent of the entire grain crop of the year 1890.

All the grain used for the production of distilled spirits in the last ten years does not aggregate one twelfth of the grain product of the year 1890.

The estimated value of all the corn, barley, rye, wheat, oats, hops, molasses, apples, peaches and grapes used in the production of spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in the United States during the year ending June 30, 1891, is \$46,479,265, about six dollars apiece for those engaged in farming. This seems to be the total of the receipts of the farmers from the liquor traffic.

To offset this, we may first consider the extent to which the farmers' market is affected by the entrance of distillery and brewery fed cattle and hogs into the meat market.

The internal revenue bureau reports that for the year ending June 30, 1890, 67,173 cattle and 40,947 hogs were fed at registered distilleries, the total in weight amounting to 18,258,298 pounds.

The number of cattle fed from brewery refuse cannot be ascertained, but it is probably as great as the number fed in distillery yards.

Again, it is closely estimated that not less than 48,000,000 bushels of distillery and brewery refuse are thrown on the market or given away to compete with the farmers' grain as food for cattle.

The farming class suffers from this in three ways. (1) The selling price of grain for cattle-feeding purposes is reduced by the competition of this refuse feed. (2) The selling price of cattle is reduced not only by the competition of this refuse fed cattle in the market, but by the doubt cast on all meat by the known inferiority of refuse-fed cattle. (3) Dairymen are seriously injured by the competition and deterioration of milk from the refuse-fed cattle. In this examination nothing is said as to the effect upon the consumers of this milk and meat which is known to be of poor and unwholesome quality.

The above is only one and the least of the many ways in which the farmer is injured by the liquor traffic. We have seen from the statistics of the internal revenue bureau and agricultural statistics that the farmers receive \$46,479,265 for grain, grapes and fruits sold to distillers and brewers. On the other hand, the people pay for the alcoholic liquor manufactured from the raw material \$1,200,000,000. Suppose that of this amount only one half is spent by

those who through their drinking habits and expenditures, deprive themselves and families of the necessities of life, the balance being spent by persons in good circumstances who can afford it, this would make \$600,000,000 which ought to be thrown into the channels of legitimate trade. What a boon it would be for the farmer.

Nothing need be said here of the extraordinary indirect cost to the farmer in the way of taxes to meet the public expenses for crime, pauperism, disease, insanity, etc., made necessary through the drink traffic. Enough has been presented to show every sensible farmer that, perhaps above all others, he is financially interested in securing the triumph of a political party which will utterly suppress the wasteful liquor traffic.—John Lloyd Thomas.

SINCERITY IN SPEECH.

The telling of little "white lies" is a fault which is growing to sad proportions in these days of complex social obligation and the all-consuming desire to appear other and better than we really are. People who would shrink from telling an out and out falsehood do not hesitate to convey a false impression which is equally misleading and amounts in the end to precisely the same as a barefaced lie. How many times in a day does the tongue of the weak-minded, conforming man or woman stammer, "Yes, yes!" to that to which they are conscious their interlocutor expects assent! "You know that poem of Clough's which begins so-and-so?" And the obliging listener, too weak to confess that he has never read a word of Clough, answers nervously, "Yes," and the little white lie (why not black?) is told. Too late to call it back now. So the insincere man lets it go and covers it up with others.

It is a growing and dangerous habit, this of insincerity in speech. It gradually undermines the moral character; it leads to deliberate falsehood, to wilful deception, to the commission of small breaches of trust which may be concealed by falsehood; and finally, if unchecked, it leads to the commission of graver crimes, the natural result of weakened moral fiber.

The true Christian must be absolutely sincere in word as well as in deed and intent. It is not safe, even for politeness' sake, to dally with these little white lies. Tell the truth, even though it makes you appear ungenerous, unsympathetic, or less well-informed than your friend took for granted. You owe it to yourself, and you owe it to others, to be as frank and sincere as your words imply that you are. Do not say "yes" when you mean "no." Be honest in speech, if you hope to remain honest in heart.—Zion's Herald.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

Don't find fault.
Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.
Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.
Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.
Don't believe all the evil you hear.
Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.
Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.
Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.
Don't overdress or underdress.
Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.
Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman; and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."
—Christian World.

"THEY WATCHED HIM."

Not to help him, but to hinder him.
Not to learn from him, but to pick flaws in his speech and conduct.
Not to approve and rejoice in his spiritual discernment, his Christ-like spirit and his heavenly wisdom, but to find fault.
Not to be helped and saved, but to prevent him from helping and saving others.
The Scriptures require us to watch over one another in love; but this is a very different thing from watching one another in envy, in jealousy, in suspicion, in criticism, in slander, in opposition, in persecution, in malice, in injury.



own mind

It isn't enough to call for

Allcock's Porous Plasters

but you should see that you get what you know you ought to have and what you ask for, and not something else which the druggist may be anxious to dispose of.

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If you want one, either sex, write to us once. These bicycles are fully warranted and would cost at retail, \$18 to \$24. We give them FREE to introduce our paper. We will give you one without a cent of money from your pocket. At this time of the year everybody wants a bicycle, and we offer you one FREE. YOU TAKE NO CHANCES if you comply with our offer. Write today. With your letter send us 50c. silver or postal note for our family and story paper one year and we will send the offer at once—all charges prepaid on every bicycle. Address J. N. CUSHMAN, Pub., 53 State St., Boston, Mass.

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THE POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.



No. 1.—Jones—"Yes, sir; by steadily fixing my eye upon a person I can will that they come to me whether they wish it or not. I'll just show you."



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AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER! NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. BOX OF 50 CIGARS AND WATCH FOR \$2.95. 100,000 TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED. CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address, (no money required in advance) and we will send to you by express, same day we receive your order, one box containing 50 of Our Celebrated 10c. Cigars, and in the same package a genuine Heavy Gold Plated Watch, stem winder and setter, enamel dial, oil tempered, unbreakable mainspring, finely finished train, jeweled balance, dust proof, finely polished case, a splendid timekeeper. A written guarantee for 5 Years sent with every watch. You examine the goods at the express office and if satisfactory, pay the express agent \$2.95 and express charges, and the box of 50 Cigars and Gold Plate Watch, are yours. As this offer is made solely to introduce our famous 10c. Cigars, to protect ourselves against dealers and speculators ordering in large quantities, we will not sell more than 2 boxes and 2 watches to any one person. Write to-day. Western Union Mfg. Co., 281 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



A HEALTHY MAN

In the accompanying illustration is seen the picture of a healthy man.—Every facial feature indicates a sound physical condition. Dissipation holds no place here. With sparkling eyes, ruddy complexion and rotund cheeks, this man betrays no evidence of ever being wheedled and charmed by unholy pleasures. Many a "wild out" has he sown, however, but his present healthy condition was restored through the aid of a remarkable and most effective prescription which I send absolutely free of charge. There is no humbug or advertising catch about this. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you may do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me, as this remedy restored me to the condition shown in illustration after everything else had failed. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose stamp if convenient. Address **E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A329, Albion, Mich.**

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RELIEVES PAIN INSTANTLY WHEN ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

A GREAT SUFFERER FROM
Neuralgia of the Stomach
CURED
BY THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT.

CLYDE, MINN., May 19, 1894.
DR. A. OWEN:
Dear Sir—For three years I have been a great sufferer with what the doctors called *neuralgia of the stomach*, and all last summer I was not able to do my work. My stomach was so weak and all of the medicines I took did me no good. My doctor said a change of climate would help me, and so I went to Chicago and stayed three months, but was no better. Before I came home I called at your offices and got me one of your belts. After I wore it one week I was a great deal better. I have worn the belt three months and am better now than I have been for three years. I would not part with my Owen Electric Belt for one thousand dollars if I knew I could not get another one. It has been a God-send to me, and I wish all sufferers would and could wear one of the Owen Electric Belts.
Yours truly,
MRS. D. H. HILTZ.
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99 TIMES OUT OF 100.
Used around the World, and voluntarily
endorsed by thousands who
have used them.

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—TO—
SUFFERING WOMEN
That Has Ever Been Discovered
Dr. Owen Electric Belt.
MARTIN, TENN., Aug. 21, 1894.
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE
Co., Chicago, Ill.:
Gentlemen—I received my belt and directions the 14th of last January. I had it on

in less than three hours after receiving it. I have worn it almost constantly since then; put it on on getting up, and taking it off on retiring. I feel I owe my good health to the *Owen Electric Belt*. I think it is the greatest boon to suffering women that has ever been discovered. I feel that I can hardly live without it. Could I get no other, I have frequently told my friends I wouldn't take its weight in gold. For misplacement of the uterus, weak back, general debility and nervousness, it has no superior. With a heart full of gratitude to you, I am,
Very respectfully yours,
MRS. J. D. BALDRIDGE.
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A PUBLIC ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF THE GOOD IT HAS DONE.

HILLSBORO, N. D., 6-27, '94.
DR. A. OWEN:
Dear Sir—I should have written to you long ago to inform you how much I owe to the Owen Electric Belt, but it was some time before I could bring myself to publicly acknowledge it; however, I have come to the conclusion that I owe to you and to suffering humanity to report what your treatment has done in my case. For years I had been troubled with nervous debility, I was in the last stage of that dread complaint and despaired of ever getting relieved. In the month of July last I decided to try your Electric Belt as a last resort, and I am very happy to state it has done more for me than I thought was possible. It has made me a healthy man, in fact I feel stronger than ever in my life. I consider your belt the only cure for nervous debility, and I shall always recommend it.
Wishing you every success, I remain
Yours truly,
PETER ANDERSON.
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Our Miscellany.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Say," cried the losing client, "how came you
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool," one answers, "lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between."
FRANCE derives a tax of \$23,000,000 a year on coffee.
ALL doctors agree on one truth. That is, that all ills are intensified by too much thought upon them, and that nothing is better for a patient than to have his mind diverted from his ailment.
TENNYSON could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem upon it, and make it worth \$65,000—that's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it worth \$20—that's money. A mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into watch-springs worth \$1,000—that's skill. A merchant can take an article worth seventy-five cents and sell it for \$1—that's business. A lady can purchase a seventy-five cent hat, but she prefers one that cost \$27—that's foolishness. A ditch-digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of earth for \$3—that's labor.

ENGLISH TAXES.

Americans are justified in loving their country. Everyone should break out in singing "My Country 'tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty." And more so when the privileges they enjoy are brought more vividly to mind when reading the following:
In England birth is taxed, marriage is taxed, death is taxed. Commodities are taxed, manufacturers are taxed, trades are taxed, houses are taxed, incomes are taxed. We are taxed for our butler, if we are prosperous enough to keep one. We are taxed for our footman, groom or gardener. The carriage we keep is taxed, the omnibus we take is taxed, the cab we hire is taxed, the railway train we travel by is taxed. The house-dog is taxed, and so also is the heraldic device on our note-paper. Everything we drink is taxed—beer, spirits, wine, tea, coffee—and even for water we drink there is the water rate. Light is taxed through the medium of the gas rate. The land we walk upon is taxed, the tobacco we smoke is taxed, the gold or silver jewelry we wear, the eau de cologne perfuming our handkerchief, the figs we eat on Palm Sunday, the Christmas plum-pudding, these are all taxed. Even our antibilious pills are not free. All these, and they are but a few of the taxes that exist, are mostly imperial taxes for the purposes of government; some of them, however, are assigned to the county councils. There are also local rates, which are but local taxes for the poor. County council, police, voting lists, street lighting, paving, watering, etc., sewers, school board and vestry. Household-ers, lodgers, married and single men, women and children are all taxed in some form or other, for taxation is devised to reach every-

one. The late Lord Sherbrooke (Robert Lowe) when chancellor of the exchequer calculated that one ninth of our income is taken from us for imperial taxation; but the proportion is more now, and is growing. Local taxation is not much less.—*Temple Bar*.

THE CONTENTED JAVANS.

The people live much in public, and the poorer classes, instead of eating their meals at home, as is the manner of the unsociable Hindu, seem usually to breakfast and dine at one of the itinerant cook-shops to be found at every street corner. More exclusive people may be seen buying the small packets of curry and rice wrapped in fresh plantain leaves and pinned with bamboo splinters, which are only intended for home consumption.
To stroll down a village street and watch the culinary operations in progress at wayside eating-shops, was an unending source of amusement; and very clean and appetizing they looked, though the smell was occasionally somewhat trying to the European nose. The Javans, like all rice-eating people, are fond of pungent and evil-smelling sauces, and equivalents of the Burman gnapee and Japanese bean soy are in constant requisition.
The natives, and especially the children, look fat and healthy, and appear to enjoy life under easy conditions, though they are, generally speaking, of grave demeanor and are not endowed with the unfailing vivacity which distinguishes the Burmans and Japanese. During the six weeks spent in the island we did not see half a dozen beggars, and except in cities, certainly not that number of policemen.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

COFFEE FOR BILIOUS PEOPLE.

Dr. Samuel Elliott says of a number of experiments in diet tried at his hospital: "We speedily found that patients in hospitals, and all persons leading a sedentary life must avoid too concentrated food, content themselves with less variety, and drink abundantly of diluent fluids; that coffee acted upon the liver and was altogether the best remedy for constipation and what is called the bilious condition; that tea acted in precisely an opposite direction—namely, as an astringent; that no poppies, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East could bring the peace to a sufferer from malarial chill that would come of strong coffee with a little lemon-juice added; that strong tea was almost a specific for neuralgia in its simple, uncomplicated form, while turnips were found to be almost a specific in the simpler types of rheumatism common to young men, where the only predisposing cause was exposure to the elements."
Some recent experiments in Germany confirm the opinion of physicians that the coffee which is an aid to digestion must be an infusion, and not boiled. For this particular reason the after-dinner coffee should always be an infusion. The caffeine of coffee, however, which is the element most stimulating to travelers, is said to be drawn out by keeping the coffee at the boiling-point for a few minutes.—*American Cultivator*.
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Smiles.

A POEMETTE.

"The Yellow Aster" faded is.
 "Dodo" is out of sight,
 "The Heavenly Twins" have sailed away
 On "Ships That Pass in the Night."
 —Detroit Free Press.

HE AND SHE.

He sits by the window, under the shade
 Of the rose with honeysuckle entwined;
 When the falling shapes of the esplanade
 With a delicate tracing of gold are lined.

The sun sinks down in the gilded west,
 Lighting his face with its parting beams,
 While a calm, sweet measure of perfect rest
 Illumines the joy of his passing dreams.

He sits and dreams—why should he not?
 For the last dread care of the day hath fled—
 And out in the grime of the old bath lot
 His wife is weeding the onion-bed.

IT GREW ON HIM.

BEAUTIFUL scenery here, is it not?
 asked the young man of a soli-
 tary traveler whom he found
 pacing along the sea-shore.

"Well, no," replied the stran-
 ger, "I can't agree with you. I
 think the ocean is too small.
 It is no such ocean as my mother used to
 have."

"Your mother's ocean was superior, then?"
 "Oh, yes, vastly superior. What tumbling
 breakers! What a magnificent sweep
 of view! What amplitudes of distance! What
 fishing there was in my mother's ocean."

"But the sky is magnificent here, is it not,
 sir?"

"Too low and too narrow across the top,"
 replied the stranger.

"I hadn't noticed," said the young man.

"Yes," said the stranger, "it is too low, and
 there isn't air enough in it, either. Besides,
 it doesn't sit plumb over the earth. It is
 wider from north to south than it is from
 west to east. I call it a pretty poor sky. It is
 no such sky as my mother used to have."

"Pardon me, but did your mother have a
 special sky and ocean of her own?"

Here an old resident came up and drew the
 young man aside.

"Don't talk with him," said the old resident.
 "He is a bopeless lunatic. He is a man who
 always used to tell his wife about 'the biscuits
 my mother used to make,' 'my mother's pies,'
 'my mother's puddings,' and 'my mother's
 plum-cakes.' The habit grew on him so much
 that he became a confirmed lunatic, and now
 he does nothing but compare everything he
 sees with the same things his mother used to
 have."

ELI PERKINS' LECTURE EXPERIENCES.

"One day," said Eli Perkins, in narrating
 his lecture experiences, "a young gentleman
 came to me on the Boston and Maine train,
 and smiling and bowing politely, asked me if
 I was the gentleman who delivered the lec-
 ture before the Portsmouth Y. M. C. A. the
 night before."

"I am," I said, with some pride.

"Well, I want to thank you for it. I don't
 know when I ever enjoyed myself more than
 when you were talking."

"You are very complimentary," I said,
 almost blushing. "very complimentary. I am
 glad my humble effort was worthy of your
 praise," and I took the young man warmly
 by the hand.

"Yes," continued the young man, "it gave
 me immense pleasure. You see, I am engaged
 to a Portsmouth girl, and her three sisters all
 went, and I had my girl in the parlor all to
 myself. Oh, it was a happy night!—the night
 you lectured in Portsmouth. When are you
 going to lecture there again?"

GETTING THE WHOLE STORY.

Attorney—"I insist on an answer to my
 question. You have not told me all the con-
 versation."

Witness—"I've told you everything of any
 consequence."

"You have told me that you said to him,
 'Jones, this case will get into the court some
 day.' Now, I want to know what he said in
 reply."

"Well, he said, 'Brown, there isn't any-
 thing in this business I'm ashamed of, and if
 any snoopin' little yee-hawin', four-by-six,
 gimlet-eyed, shyster lawyer, with half a pound
 of brains, and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever
 wants to know what I've been talking to you
 about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

HOW HE ANNOUNCED HER NEW RELATIVE.

Mr. Braggs—"I saw something new in dresses
 to-day."

Mrs. Braggs—"Oh, what was it, Johu?"

Mr. Braggs—"Your sister's baby—it's just
 two days old."

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 druggists. Book at druggist, or mailed free.
 Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago
 office, 45 Randolph St.; New York, 10 Spruce St.

THE SHOE CHANGED.

Labor leader—"Hooray! Another bigstroi-
 ke is on, and Oi've tied up tin, railroads. But
 phwat are yeh lookin' so glum about?"

Wife—"The servant gir-rul demanded foive
 dollars a week, and so Oi paid her off an' tould
 her to go."

"That was roight. Sure, we'd soon be in th'
 poor-house if we'd pay tbot."

"But she didn't go. She hung around the
 house, and when I hired another gir-rul she
 most bate th' loife out av her."

"She did?"

"She did thot! And thin she elum into the
 kitchen windy and smashed all th' cookin'
 things and broke all the dishes, so dthe new
 gir-rul eod do no wur-ruk."

"Moy! Moy!"

"And thin she tried to burn th' bouse."

"Begorry, this country is gettin' so it's not
 fit to live in at all, at all!"—Puck.

HER ONE EXTRAVAGANCE.

Betty H. had led a hand-to-mouth existence
 for sixty years, when a distant relative died
 and left her twenty thousand dollars.

The old lady received the news with the ut-
 most calmness. She was too old and staid a
 body to be led into anything rash, but she
 said to a friend:

"I ain't goin' to be reckless an' extravagant,
 but if I live to get all that money I'm goin' to
 have what I've wanted all my life, an' ain't
 never felt able to buy, an' that is a pair of real
 nice side-combs with yellow glass beads on
 'em. I'll have them combs if I have to go as
 high as fifty cents for 'em."

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

To remember one thing, connect it with
 another. That is a very good rule in mne-
 monics, but it needs to be observed with cau-
 tion. An exchange reports a school-room
 dialogue:

Teacher—"With whom did Achilles fight at
 the battle of Troy?"

Pupil—"Pluto."

Teacher—"Wrong. Try again."

Pupil—"Nero."

Teacher—"Nero! How do you—"

Pupil—Then it must have been Hector. I
 knew it was one of our three dogs."

A GREAT PREPONDERANCE.

Tom DeWitt—"1875 must have been a great
 year for girls."

Kitty Winslow—"I don't see—"

Tom DeWitt—"Ob, I was merely wonder-
 ing how it happened so many more girls were
 born that year than any other."

Kitty Winslow—"How do you know there
 were?"

Tom DeWitt—"Why, every girl I have met
 this summer has been just nineteen."

PLAUSIBLE.

Little Johnny—"Aunt Julia, what makes
 those funny spots on your face?"

Aunt Julia (who is very freckled)—"I be-
 lieve it's because I have so much iron in my
 blood; it is only when I have been out in wet
 weather, though, that they are noticeable."

Little Johnny—"Oh, yes; I know! You go
 out in the weather and the iron in your blood
 gets rusted."

NO BIAS.

Johnson—"I have been chosen as arbitrator
 in the matter of those labor troubles on the X.
 Y. & Z. road!"

Thompson—"Why, you are a stockholder in
 that road!"

Johnson—"That's just it. Everybody wanted
 a disinterested party, and the stockholders
 haven't received a dividend in fifteen years.—
 Puck.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suf-
 fering from nervous debility, lack of vigor,
 or weakness from errors or excesses, will in-
 close stamp to me, I will send him the pre-
 scription of a genuine, certain cure, free of
 cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap,
 simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I
 will send you the correct prescription and you
 can buy the remedy of me or prepare it
 yourself, just as you choose. The prescrip-
 tion I send free, just as I agree to do. Address,
 Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock box 113 Marshall,
 Mich.

FIXED.

"Does the fact that I have money make any
 difference to you, Herbert, dear?"

"Of course it does, my own. It is such a
 comfort to know that if I should die you will
 be well provided for."

"But suppose I should die?"

"Then I should be well provided for."—Life.

A BROTHER'S STUPIDITY.

Brother—"Why all this talk about divided
 skirts for bicycling? Can't you girls ride in
 ordinary dresses?"

Sister—"The idea! Why, ordinary dresses
 wouldn't attract any attention at all."

GAS NOT NEEDED.

Dentist—"What! You don't want gas? You
 insisted upon having gas the last time."

Victim—"You haven't been eating onions
 this time."—New York Weekly.

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A lady who suffered for years with uterine troubles,
 displacements, leucorrhoea and other irregularities,
 finally found a safe and simple home treatment that
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What to Wear

—AND—

How to Make It.

Conducted by
DINAH STURGIS,
Boston Globe, Boston, Mass.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
—*"The Lady of the Lake," Scott.*

FALL FASHIONS IN WRAPS AND MILLINERY.

With the advent of the first autumnal days the milliners and manteau-makers are in their element, everybody hieing her to pick out something new and becoming in the way of head-gear and wraps. Richness of material, picturesque outline. There you have the summary of the novelties in both millinery and outer garments. Even the trimmest kind of a tailor-made girl, by dint of a curling feather or two, and a few ruffles that perk up proudly over her well-developed figure, and a capitulation of angles generally to curves particularly, manages to look picturesque instead of like a machine-carved automaton. A smart-looking street toilet that starts in with a plainly but stylishly-made, black broad-cloth dress is shown, so far as the coat and hat go, in Fig. 1. The coat, which is displayed among the models for both traveling-cloaks and walking-coats, is of pale tan covert cloth. The coat and capes in a nice coat are lined throughout with silk, the lining in the model being of shot blue and tan taffeta silk. The double-breasted front, which follows the outlines of the figure closely, without being skin-fitting, is fastened with large mother-of-pearl buttons. The buttons also ornament the pocket-laps, which are merely ornamental, and are set upon the back where the waist seams terminate in the full skirt plaits. The very large collar has a partial facing, as shown, of golden-brown velvet. The jaunty neck scarf is of straw-colored crape. Later in the season its place will be taken by a fur collar or mink boa long enough merely to encircle the neck. The hat is a bell-crowned English walking model of black silk beaver, like the tall hats worn by men. The only trimming is the ostrich plumes, on each side. These are in cockade style, and made of several little tips, but of nice feathers. They do much to soften the outline of the otherwise rather severe shape, making it more generally becoming. The coats are not going to have things all their own way this season. Capes will be no less useful and popular than they were last winter, or have been for a year past. The capes will follow the outline of skirts, in that they will be comparatively

close-fitting about the shoulders and very full about the bottom, being practically circular in shape. One style, known as the "Golf," because it has found favor with some of the devotees of this imported sport, is shown in Fig. 2. Heavy diagonal cloth in light tan shade is the outside material. The lining is a plaid silk of green and white, with intersecting lines of pink. In place of a second short shoulder-cape, which is forever flying in the face, there is a hood for ornament. This is, in the cowl style, like that on the back of monks' robes, and is lined with the silk. The hat is of oil-cloth, black, and in the popular sailor style. A dumb-bell bow (see previous issue of COMPANION for detailed explanation of how to make this bow) in black moire ribbon, and some jetted green quills trim the hat. The trimming, as shown still follows the summer mode of trimming each side alike. The dumb-bell bow previously described was strapped through the center. This is caught down twice, each place being ornamented with a jet slide. The milliners are making all bows with wire to hold them, instead of thread. The loops are wired as formerly, and then to hold the ribbon a fine wire is

on the bodice. Green pearl buttons ornament the girdle, looking like fancy-headed pins set in the folds of the velvet, which is tied into a large bow on the right hip. This is becoming to a slight figure. One who has large hips and a hollow back should have the bow at the middle of the back. The fanciful cape, more for ornamentation than for use, although it answers some purpose in warding off the first autumnal chill, is made of black velvet. The velvet is cut in points, lined throughout with muslin and then with silk, and falls over a frill of heavy black lace. The edge of the velvet is bordered by a fringe of tiny gold balls. There is a crushed collar and a rosette in front. The picture hat is of black velvet made over a frame. The veriest suspicion of a gold cord finishes the edge where the smooth underfacing and that on the upper side of the brim trimming meet. A little cluster of tiny yellow asters is set under the rolling brim on the left, and the other trimming is a Prince of Wales crest of three, long nodding ostrich plumes, from which two others, one on each side, curl along the brim, quite separate, and as carelessly as if they had fallen into place,

bent into the shape of a parallelogram, of which one end is made much shorter than the other.

A new wrap known as the "stole" is shown in Fig. 5. It is richly made of heavy black satin, with collar and revers of fine, creamy tan cloth trimmed with bias milliner's folds of the satin. The coat is made more elegant by being lined throughout with silk the shade of the cloth. The elegant little bonnet is one which, completed, is a monument to the deftness of a French designer, but which might be copied by any one who can follow directions. It is a dress bonnet, and in the model the crown is partially open in order to show the hair. If desired so that it can be worn in cool weather when one cannot drive in a close carriage, a lining of velvet to match the rose border can be set under the crown. A shows the skeleton frame, scoop-shaped, made of black silk-wound wire. In b a circular piece of openwork jet in stars and fish scales has been adjusted, this being one of the many fancy crowns which the milliners are showing. The next step is to make a rose ruching for the edge. The material is a bright scarlet velvet, cut bias and doubled to bring the raw edges into the middle of one side. This band, three inches wide after it is folded, is gathered by a strong thread through the middle, one raw edge overlapping the other, so to hold them both with one thread. It is gathered very full, twisted, and then with a stitch here and there is made into rose

rosettes all around the frame (see c and d). A porcupine bow of velvet ribbon of the same shade, confined by a jet slide (see e), is made for each side and attached as in f, the strings being made long enough to be tied natively under the chin by the wearer after the bonnet is adjusted. A Prince of Wales cluster of glossy black ostrich tips is set up proudly in front, and then the bonnet is complete (g).

The French milliner on the fashionable shopping thoroughfare asks thirty-five dollars for this bonnet, without blushing.

The cost to make at home depends upon the quality of the materials. The frame will cost twenty-five cents; three eighths of a yard of velvet (one half of a yard will be needed if the bonnet be lined with it in the crown) at two dollars a yard will be seventy-five cents. It may be said in defense of part of the price asked by the French milliner that she uses a five-dollar velvet, and if one can afford it, it looks enough better to

make it worth while to do so. It will take two and one half yards of velvet ribbon for the strings, and this will cost from thirty-five to fifty cents a yard. The jet slides will cost anywhere from fifteen to fifty cents apiece, according to the place and grade. The jet crown may cost five dollars; it need not cost more than one dollar and twenty-five cents. The feathers can cost one dollar and twenty-five cents or two dollars. So on upward. It is hardly worth while ever to quote prices, for it so often happens that the day following the quotation of a given price, precisely the same quality of the same thing can be picked up somewhere at a greatly reduced figure.

DINAH STURGIS.

APPRECIATED.

I find your patterns a perfect fit. Hope you will still continue to keep them.

MRS. ELLA KERLIN, Walcott, Ind.

See new patterns on page 13.



FIG. 5.—STOLE COAT.

DETAILS OF FRENCH BONNET.

twisted around tightly several times. Dressmakers some time ago learned that by winding a bow with thread it falls into prettier folds than if it be sewed, but the milliners find fine wire more to their purpose. Bow-making has come to be a business by itself, practically. The shops devoted to the sale of ribbons have one department nowadays devoted to the sale of ready-made bows, ready to be adjusted upon any hat or bonnet. The Golf cape, to go back to that, is fastened at the neck only, with a small fancy clasp, or else one button and a loop of cord, the other ends of the cord being held by another button. A stylish toilet for the early fall, and one that can be made useful in the coldest weather by the addition of a long fur wrap, is shown in Fig. 3. It is a dress toilet suitable for afternoon receptions and similar occasions. The gown itself is of soft woolen cloth in dull green. Bottle-green velvet forms the folded belt, sash and sleeves. The wide, corselet-like sash is partly overshadowed by Zouave fronts

instead of having been carefully adjusted. A new model for a hat for a young miss is shown in Fig. 4-a. The hat itself is of black felt, the brim at the sides rolling up sharply against the conical-shaped crown, yet not touching it. The trimming is a dumb-bell bow of scarlet and black miroir or mirror velvet, the tints in which blend so richly. There is a jet slide on each side of the front, and there is a little bow set at the exact back of the hat that is made separately and tied carelessly. The loops of the big dumb-bell bow are carried up on the hat in the opening between the crown and the brim.

A velvet bonnet that is very stylish is shown in Fig. 4-b. Dull blue velvet is twisted scantily over the crown. A soft, puffy Alsatian bow of velvet, with a larger one of cream guipure lace behind it, is set in front, with a large buckle of pearl and turquoises holding the velvet in place. The lace is wired into shape with a fine silk-wound wire, which is threaded in and out of the meshes of the lace, and

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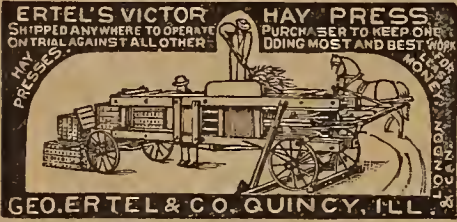
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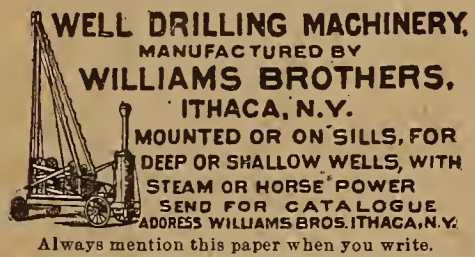
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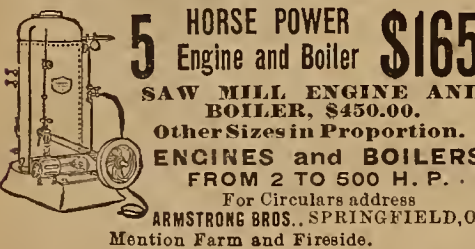
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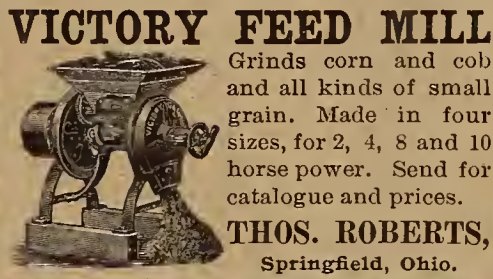
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